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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AND HIS WIFE

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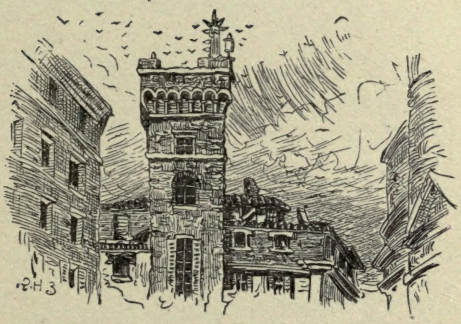
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AND HIS WIFE

A Biography

BY

JULIAN HAWTHORNE

VOL. II.



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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AND HIS WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST MONTHS IN ENGLAND.

We are told, truly enough, that goodness does not always command good fortune in this world, that just hopes are often deferred until it is too late to enjoy their realization, that fame and honor only discover a man after he has ceased to value them; and a large and respectable portion of modern fiction is occupied in impressing these sober lessons upon us. It is pleasant, nevertheless, to believe that sometimes fate condescends not to be so unmitigable, and that a cloudy and gusty morning does occasionally brighten into a sunny and genial afternoon. Too long a course of apparently perverse and unreasonable accidents bewilders the mind, and the few and fleeting gleams of compensation seem a mockery. One source of the perennial charm of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" is, I think, that in it the dividing line between the good and the bad fortune is so distinctly drawn. Just when man has

done his utmost, and all seems lost, Providence steps in, brings aid from the most unexpected quarter, and kindles everything into brighter and ever brighter prosperity. The action and reaction are positive and complete, and we arise refreshed and comforted from the experience.

It was somewhat thus with Hawthorne, though the picture of his career is to be painted in a lower and more delicate tone than that of Goldsmith's brilliant little canvas. Up to the time of the publication of "The Scarlet Letter," his external circumstances had certainly been growing more and more unpromising; though, on the other hand, his inner domestic life had been full of the most vital and tender satisfactions. But the date of his first popular success in literature also marks the commencement of a worldly prosperity which, though never by any means splendid (as we shall presently see), at any rate sufficed to allay the immediate anxiety about to-morrow's bread-and-butter, from which he had not hitherto been free. The three American novels were written and published in rapid succession, and were reprinted in England, — the first two being pirated; but for the last, "The Blithedale Romance," two hundred pounds was obtained from Messrs. Chapman and Hall for advance sheets. There is every reason to believe that during the ensuing years other romances would have been written; and perhaps they would have been as good as, or better than, those that went before. But it is vain to spec-

ulate as to what might have been. What actually happened was, that Hawthorne was appointed United States Consul to Liverpool; and for six years to come his literary exercises were confined to his consular despatches and to the six or eight manuscript volumes of his English, French, and Italian Journals. It was a long abstinence; possibly it was a beneficent one. The production of such books as "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of the Seven Gables" cannot go on indefinitely; though they seem to be easily written when they *are* written, they represent a great deal of the writer's spiritual existence. At all events, it is better to write too little than too much.

This outlet to Europe was for both Hawthorne and his wife the unlooked-for realization of the dreams of a lifetime. Few Americans ever journeyed thither better equipped than they for appreciating and enjoying what lay before them. They might have said of England or Italy what Tennyson's Prince says of the Princess, — "Ere seen I loved, and loved thee seen." What can be more agreeable than to be born with tastes which cannot be fully gratified in the land of your birth, and then, when the bustle and struggle of life are over, and your faculties and judgment are ripened, to find yourself all at once in actual contact with the things, the scenes, and the people that have so long constituted the substance of your meditations? Such enjoyment repays much waiting; indeed, it can hardly exist save on that condition. And yet, I suppose, the best part

of the enjoyment was the immediate anticipation of it. If for no other reason than that the climate of England is depressing, and that of Italy treacherous, those countries fail quite to fulfil the best that one has expected of them.

On the other side, a number of people who had made his acquaintance through his books, as the phrase is, were looking forward with hospitable pleasure to Hawthorne's arrival. Four or five months before the date fixed for sailing, Mrs. Hawthorne in a letter to her father quotes the following passage from a letter written by Miss De Quincey: —

"We lately received a letter written to a friend by one of De Quincey's daughters, who expresses herself very warmly about Mr. Hawthorne. This is what she says: 'Your mention of Mr. Hawthorne puts me in mind to tell you what *rabid* admirers we are of his. I am sure it was worth while saving his manuscripts from the flames, if his only reward was gaining one family, not millions, of such adorers as ourselves. There is no prose writer of the present day in whom I have half the interest that I have in him. His style is in my mind so beautifully refined, and there is such exquisite pathos and quaint humor, and such an *awfully* deep knowledge of human nature, — not that hard, unloving, detestable, and (as it is purely one-sided or wrong-sided) false reading of it that one finds in Thackeray. He reminds me in many things of Charles Lamb, and of heaps of our rare old English humorists, with their deep, pathetic

natures. And one faculty he possesses beyond any writer I remember (not dramatic, for then I could certainly remember Shakspeare), — namely, that of exciting you to the highest pitch without ever, as I am aware of, making you feel by his catastrophe ashamed of having been so excited. What I mean is, if you have ever read it, such a case as occurs in the "Mysteries of Udolpho," where your disgust is beyond all expression at finding that all your fright about the ghostly creature that has haunted you throughout the volume has been caused by a pitiful wax image! I merely give this as an exaggerated case of what I feel in reading most books where any great passion is meant to be worked upon. And no author does work upon them more, apparently with no effort to himself. But it may be only his consummate art to succeed so effectually. I cannot satisfy myself as to whether I like his sort of essays contained in the "Twice-Told Tales" best, or his more finished works, such as "The Blithedale Romance." Every touch he adds to any character gives a higher interest to it, so that I *should* like the longer ones best; but there is a concentration of excellence in the shorter things, and passages that strike in force like daggers in their beauty and truth, so I generally end by liking that best which I have read last. Will you tell him how much we love and admire his gracious nature? There are other stars in your firmament, all of whom we admire, some *greatly;* but *he* outshines them all by infinite degrees.'"

—"This is very pleasant," adds Mrs. Hawthorne; and it is certainly as appreciative as one could wish, and, like most such eulogies, throws more light upon the eulogist than the eulogized.

A year or two later, when we were settled in England, this same Miss De Quincey wrote to Mr. Hawthorne from Ireland, enclosing a note from her married sister, Mrs. Craig, at whose house she was staying. Although at the sacrifice of chronological order, I subjoin the letters here. So far as I am aware, Mr. Hawthorne never happened to meet either De Quincey himself or any of his family.

PEGSBORO', TIPPERARY, IRELAND, Nov. 13, 1854.

MY DEAR MR. HAWTHORNE,—I received a letter to-day to forward to my father, with the Liverpool postmark, and "N. H." on the seal. Partly hoping and partly fearing it may be from you, I write to explain to you why it is not already answered, and why it may *not* be answered for some time longer. Papa retired early this summer to the wilds of an Edinburgh lodging-house, in order to be nearer his publishers, and to be rid of the interruptions to which he was liable at home; and my youngest sister and I have taken advantage of his absence to shut up our house for a month or two, and to come over here to visit my eldest sister, and to worship our first niece, a very lovely little atom not yet two months old. Papa's letters are sent to me here to be forwarded to him, which will account for your letter not yet

being answered; and should it still continue unanswered, this too will be accounted for, should you have heard anything of papa's shortcomings in the way of letter-writing, and of letter-reading too, as he very often does not open his letters unless he knows he has one of us at hand to answer them. We are all very much afraid your letter may be to offer a visit while we are from home, which we have been looking forward to so long. Should this be the case, I can at least give you papa's address in Edinburgh, that he may not miss the pleasure of seeing you, which — as I shall feel particularly savage at our own misfortune in doing so — is a stretch of generous consideration that I hope you and he will recognize. I feel as if we knew you, or rather as if you knew us, so intimately and so tenderly in your works, that I cannot finish my letter but as

Your affectionate friend,

FLORENCE DE QUINCEY.

— Here is the enclosure: —

MY DEAR MR. HAWTHORNE, — Though I have given up my claim to be "Miss De Quincey," I hope I have not given up the chance of becoming acquainted with you. I was included in the promise of introduction to you; and if I, then my husband too, for we are "one flesh." Mr. Craig desires me to say how heartily he joins me in hoping we may have the pleasure of welcoming such guests in our Irish home. I have a private reason of my own for wishing it too. You

are a *baby-fancier*, and I want to compare notes with you about our little "Puck" as we call her; being made by nature as nearly like a little angel as anything I ever saw, she chooses to make herself, when we want to show her off to any one, like Puck and those gargoyle faces on the outside of churches, — all to put her poor parents in confusion. But I suppose I had better stop this subject. So with our kindest regards to you all, I beg to remain, dear sir,

Faithfully yours,

M. Craig.

— Mr. Hawthorne always enjoyed De Quincey's writings. I remember his reading the brown-covered volumes of Ticknor's American edition, as they came out one after another; and he often recurred to them afterwards. The music of the style pleased him, and the smoothness and finish of the thought. After the return of the family to Concord, in 1860, he gave his son a passage from the essay on "The Cæsars" to learn for his first school-declamation. It was a very eloquent piece of writing; but there is no record of its having produced a deep impression on the school. On another occasion Mrs. Hawthorne, who shared her husband's fondness for the author, read aloud to her children the whole of the story, or historical sketch, entitled "Klosterheim." It was good reading, — I do not know when I have listened to better; and it fixed the tale forever in the memory of the auditors. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne seem to have been born good readers; there were music, vari-

ety, and expression in every tone, and the charm of feeling that the reader was in sympathy with the reading. While we were in England, Mr. Hawthorne read to us Spenser's "Faerie Queene;" and his children were knights-errant and princesses for years afterwards. Again, two or three years before his death, he read aloud the whole of Walter Scott's novels, taking up the volumes night after night, until all were completed. That, too, was something to remember. All the characters seemed to live and move visibly before us. The expression of his face changed, as he read, in harmony with the speech or the passage. It was very pleasant to see him sitting with a book; he would settle himself comfortably in his chair, and hold the book open in his left hand, his fingers clasping it over the top; and as he read (whether aloud or to himself), there was a constantly recurrent forward movement of his head, which seemed somehow to give distinctness and significance to the sentences and paragraphs, and indicated the constant living *rapport* between him and the author. These movements were very slight and unobtrusive, but they were among the things which conveyed to the beholder that impression of unfailing spiritual vitality and intellectual comprehensiveness which always characterized Hawthorne.

What De Quincey thought of Hawthorne's writings, or whether he ever read them, we have no record. De Quincey's own countrymen do not seem, as a rule, to have cared as much for him as his Amer-

ican admirers did. Mr. Henry Bright writes: "In 1854 I had written a review of De Quincey in the 'Westminster,' and Mr. Hawthorne wrote to me, quite indignant that I had not praised De Quincey more warmly." At this time, however, there was, I believe, no complete English edition of the man's writings; they were scattered through various reviews, and of course lost much of their collective effect.

But this is a digression. In February, 1853, Mrs. Hawthorne had more news of expectant English admirers to tell her father: —

"Mr. Hawthorne received the other day from Sheffield a very thick letter, and it contained one of his sketches, 'The White Old Maid,' rendered into *verse;* and with the poem, a letter from the poet, in which he expresses the greatest admiration and delight in his works. It is signed 'Henry Cecil.' He begins the letter 'My dear Brother;' and he says he attempted this poetical version because of a dispute that the spell of the tale could not be retained in rhyme. Lately Mr. Hawthorne also had a letter from Bennett, an English poet, — a very loving and admiring letter; and at the end he says his 'Baby May' bids him 'send Mr. Hawthorne a kiss for his promise of a Wonder Book; and her love to Una and Julian and little Rose — bud as she is. I am ordered too by Mrs. Bennett to be sure and tell you what an admirer you have in her.'"

— Hawthorne met both of these gentlemen after his arrival in England. I do not remember what

became of Mr. Henry Cecil, and have found no letters of his; but Mr. Bennett became, and remained to the last, among the most cordial and agreeable friends of the American author.

The months preceding departure were occupied in preparations, whereof there seemed never to be an end. And yet Hawthorne did not anticipate so prolonged an absence as proved to be before him; and it was moreover intended to "run home" occasionally, and so break the spell of exile. But an ocean voyage is even now something of an undertaking, and was still more so then. Besides, Time is fertile in deceptions; he never gives us a fourth part as much leisure as he promises us. Furthermore, Atlantic journeys cost money, and the Liverpool Consulate turned out to be very much less of a gold-mine than it was thought to be. In a certain sense, too, all partings in this world are final: we never find on our return the same thing or person that we left; at any rate, we never bring the same person back. Certainly the Concord of 1860 was a very different place, to Hawthorne, from the Concord of 1853. But fortunately we perceive this sober truth only in the retrospect; the outlook forward is much more agreeable, as may be judged from this letter to Dr. Peabody from his daughter, written in May, — six weeks before sailing: —

". . . I very much hope you are more glad than sorry at the turning up of our wheel of Fortune. I hope

to come back from England and make you a visit before our final return to America, and show you the children before they are grown too big. Ericsson's caloric ships will soon be crossing the Atlantic; and they will be as safe as a parlor, you know, and so people can make calls across the ocean with composure of mind. The two older children are filled with delighted wonder and hope; as to Rosebud, what matters it to her whether she stand on one hemisphere or the other, so long as Papa, Mamma, Oona, and Dulan are within sight? I do not intend to bid any one farewell. There is really no *distance* now. I do not feel as if Liverpool were far off. I can write to you by every steamer, and you will know exactly about us, as if you were in Newton and we in Concord. And soon the telegraph will take news by lightning between the Old and the New Worlds, and we can be well advised of one another.

"We receive the pleasantest and most cordial assurances from all quarters upon this Consulate. It was a very noble act of General Pierce; for the office is second in dignity only to the Embassy in London, and is more sought for than any other, and is *nearly* the most lucrative, and General Pierce might have made great political capital out of it if that were his way. But he acts from the highest and not lowest motives, and would make any sacrifice to the right. Mr. Charles Sumner sent a note written in the Senate Chamber at the moment of confirmation, that fairly shouted as with a silver trumpet, it was so cordial and

strong in joy. So from all sides. Mr. Hawthorne seems chosen by acclamation, as General Pierce was.

"Mr. Hawthorne got back from Washington last Thursday. He says he should have seen and learned much that was desirable for him to know and see if he had stayed three weeks longer; but he was tired out with even so much of it, being lionized to a painful degree everywhere he went. He received fifty letters while there, I forget how many telegraphic despatches, and a vast number of cards, and was introduced to everybody of any note. He had the satisfaction of accomplishing a good deal for others, and it proved a most fortunate moment for himself to be there. Many things he told me that teach me a great deal about the difficulty and delicacy of judging men in high positions, with wide responsibilities, *justly*.

"Mr. Hawthorne says he was very glad to look at the country from a central point. I can conceive how much he could gain from the right point, with his harvesting eye, generalizing and concentrating all things. When he had once turned homeward, he came as fast as steam could bring him, though he had intended to remain in New York and then in Boston. This strong tendency towards home saved him from that terrific accident on Friday, — which he escaped so narrowly that it makes me shiver to think of it, — though, to be sure, I cannot believe in chances. He arrived at noon. Julian was out of doors. Mary Herne, our cook, was sewing under the pine shrub-

bery. Julian rushed past her with a face of red fire, shouting 'Father! Papa!' with such a tremendous emphasis that everybody in and out of the house heard him at once. The stage drove up. Baby was asleep; and when she waked, she was dressed and put into the room, and unexpectedly saw Papa. It was too much for her. Her eyes twinkled and closed exactly as if a dazzling sun had blazed upon her; and when her father moved towards her, she burst into tears and clung to me and hid her face. It took a good while to tranquillize her; but finally, when she could manage her emotions, she shook hands with him, and then got up in his lap with an expression of the utmost satisfaction —

"*Monday Morning.* — I was interrupted yesterday by Mr. Alcott coming, and he stayed to tea; so I send my letter this morning as it is."

— On a hot July morning Hawthorne, with his wife and children, left Concord and went by train to Boston, where they embarked on the Cunard steamer "Niagara," which was commanded by Captain Leitch. The captain was a very charming personage, as the children soon found out; he was rather below the medium height, slender, with a handsome countenance, bushy black whiskers, and very quiet and courteous manners. It so happened that he commanded the vessel on which, seven years later, Hawthorne made the return trip to Boston. That vessel, however, was not the "Niagara:" the latter

was chartered by the British Government, during the Crimean war, to convey soldiers to the Black Sea; and Hawthorne took his son down to the Liverpool wharves to see her depart on that occasion, loaded down with red-coated heroes, — very few of whom, by the by, ever saw Liverpool again. The "Niagara" was, of course, a paddle-wheel steamer, and must have been something less than three hundred feet in length, though her beam was scarcely less than that of the great screw-propellers of the present day. She was a palace of wonder and delight to the young people; and she carried, as part of her crew, an amiable cow and a brood of clucking hens. The weather, at starting, was very fine; we passed several ships becalmed, outside Boston Harbor, their crews lounging over the bulwarks and giving us a parting cheer as we steamed seaward. Some of us were in high spirits, and longed to see the last headland of America vanish beneath the horizon; but Hawthorne, standing on the deck with his hands behind him, rebuked this unsentimental mood, and intimated that we should view with regret the disappearance of the land that we might never see again. After we were fairly at sea, however, his gravity lightened, and he gave himself up to the free enjoyment of the ocean he so dearly loved. Though his forefathers followed the sea, and he himself had scarce ever lived out of sight of blue water, this was the first extended voyage that Hawthorne had ever made, and he found the fullest satisfaction in it and was sorry when it was over. He never

enjoyed such good health as when he was afloat, was never sea-sick, spent all his days on deck, and was never weary of watching the dance and rush of the waves and the changing hues and the lights and shadows of sea and sky. The voyage was, comparatively, an uneventful one; with the exception of one sharp squall, a few days before reaching Liverpool, it was fine weather nearly all the way. The only journalizing done during the voyage is comprised in a brief passage in Mrs. Hawthorne's note-book, which I subjoin.

"Steamer Niagara, *July* 8, 1853.—This morning at one o'clock we left Halifax; and we are now careering on to England on a lovely summer sea, with summer air. Yesterday it was very cold. We entered the harbor of Halifax at eleven last night, and Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. Ticknor and I remained on deck to see all we could by the light of stars and lamps. The blue lights that were burned on the prow and on shore kindled up the rigging and fine ropes in the forepart of the vessel, and against the black-blue sky they looked like spun glass, glittering and white and wholly defined. The most brilliant stars, with a fine sharp twinkle, penetrated the dark; and the many faces, appearing and disappearing as the torchlight waved to and fro, were very picturesque. The salute of four cannon greeted the Queen's dominions, and Mr. Ticknor said that two were for my husband. There was no fog, which is very uncommon, for the fogs usually delay the

steamers both in entering and leaving the harbor. Out of our smoke-stack poured a column of steam like a procession of snowy plumes waving off into the distance; relieved against the deep-toned sky, it was wonderfully beautiful. I wished to go towards the gangway of the steamer, in and out of which many people were passing (for we landed fourteen and received seventeen, I believe); and, behold! my husband pressed on to the pier and on and on up into the streets of Halifax, till I was quite alarmed, and feared we should not get back. But I have really been to Halifax now! Her Majesty's subjects stood about the streets and on the pier. Then we went to our state-rooms; but I did not sleep till nearly morning, and heard the parting salute. I was very sorry not to see Halifax by day, or at least by moonlight, though it was very picturesque by starlight and torchlight. This morning it is milder weather, and there is a fair breeze. We have lost the British Minister Plenipotentiary, who landed at Halifax; and I do not see our unknown friend yet this morning, though I thought he was going to England. I miss the fine presence of Mr. Crampton, the Ambassador, very much; and I liked much to talk with him. This deep blue circle of sea is untiringly beautiful and satisfactory. We still . . . [illegible] . . . the motion makes it not possible to write."

— On the 18th of July, or thereabouts, the "Niagara" came to anchor in the Mersey, and it was a rainy day. Our first resting-place on English soil

was at a hotel in one of the lower streets of the city, — gloomy, muddy, and grimy, but with the charm that belongs to the first experience of a foreign land. The most interesting objects to the children were, however, two or three gigantic turtles, lying half immersed in a large tank in the basement of the hotel; it did not seem credible that such creatures could be made into soup, which we were assured was their destiny. They were very different from the little creatures with variegated carapaces which we used to find in the Concord ditches at home. A few days later we left the hotel, and went to Mrs. Blodgett's boarding-house, in Duke Street, — unquestionably the most comfortable, reasonable, hospitable, and delightful boarding-house that ever existed before or since; nor has nature been able to afford such another boarding-house keeper as Mrs. Blodgett, — so kind, so hearty, so generous, so unobtrusive, so friendly, so motherly. Never, certainly, has the present writer consumed so much food (in proportion to his weight and size) or of better quality than it was his good fortune to do during his sojourn beneath this excellent lady's roof. She was stout and rotund of figure, rosy and smiling of countenance, with brown curls on each side of her face, a clean white cap, a black dress, and (for the most part) a white apron. She also wore spectacles. Her cuisine was superb; her servants perfectly disciplined; everything went with the regularity and certainty of the solar system; she loved all her boarders, and

they all loved her. Her house was the rallying-point of the better class of American captains who made voyages to Liverpool; and to her care some good friend of Hawthorne recommended him. We stayed there only a month on this first occasion; but afterwards, when Mrs. Hawthorne and her daughters visited Portugal and Madeira, Hawthorne returned to Mrs. Blodgett's with his son; and they lived there, in great comfort and plenty, the better part of a year.

Meanwhile he had made acquaintance with the Consulate, and with his duties there, which are sufficiently described in "Our Old Home." The windows of the Consul's office were on the left as you entered the room; the large double desk-table was placed against the wall between them; and Hawthorne sat facing the door. The opposite side of the desk was unoccupied, except when (as occasionally happened) the Consul had taken his son to the office with him. On those days a couple of volumes of Congressional Proceedings were placed in the seat of the chair, and the boy mounted upon them, thus bringing his head at an elevation above the table sufficient to admit of his using paper and pencil, scrawling letters to his relatives in America, staring out of the window at the cotton bales going up the sides of the opposite warehouse on long ropes, — an unfailing resource from ennui, — and pestering his father with questions. The latter generally had a book with him; and often it was a book-catalogue, a species of literature which he was very fond of

reading. He had been elected a member of the Liverpool Book Society, to which Roscoe and Sheppard had once belonged, and which circulated all its books among its members. Sometimes he would take paper and write, driving the pen rapidly, with brief intermittent pauses, and making corrections by smearing out the wrong word with his finger. At other times he would pace to and fro across the little room, with his head bent forward and his hands behind him; or, still with his hands behind him, he would stand in front of the fireplace, his feet apart, now swaying forward slightly on the front part of his feet and back again, now giving his body a sidewise movement. This had always been a habit of his, and is connected with his son's earliest memories of him. It was before the fireplace that he usually stood when receiving a deputation of sailors or captains. One day a captain — a dark, short, thick-set man — came in to make a complaint against a sailor who had assaulted him with a marlin-spike, or some such nautical weapon. He brought with him the hat he had worn on the occasion, — a dilapidated "stove-pipe," with a hole crushed through the crown. "First," said he, "there's my hat!" Hawthorne glanced at it and said, "H'm!" "Next," continued the captain, "there's my head!" and stooping forward he parted aside his hair with his hands, and exhibited a bloody wound on the scalp. "H'm!" said Hawthorne; but instead of looking at the wound he turned his face quite away, and

kept it averted until the captain, satisfied that he had been sufficiently inspected, regained his perpendicular. The boy (who did see the head) never forgot the incident, because it was for many years incomprehensible to him how his father could have had the self-denial voluntarily to abstain from examining a wound in a man's scalp.

But there were other and more agreeable visitors; most welcome among whom was Mr. Henry Bright, who had been introduced to Hawthorne in Concord, by Emerson, in the autumn of 1852, and who came to be perhaps the most intimate of his English friends. "Bright," says Hawthorne, in the "Consular Experiences," playing upon his friend's name,—"Bright was the illumination of my dusky little apartment as often as he made his appearance there." Mr. Bright seldom used to sit down, but stood erect on the hearth-rug; tall, slender, good-humored, laughing, voluble; with his English eyeglass, his English speech, and his English prejudices; arguing, remonstrating, asserting, contradicting, — certainly one of the most delightful, and delightfully English, Englishmen that ever lived. And Hawthorne would launch at him such appalling and unsparing home truths of democracy and republicanism as would utterly have choked and smothered any other subject of her Majesty; but they only served to make Mr. Bright laugh, and declare that it was impossible anybody should seriously entertain such opinions. I doubt if the American Consul ever expressed himself to any one else so

forcibly, explicitly, and fluently as he did to this English friend; and the consequence of it all was, that they never could see enough of each other.

At one o'clock Hawthorne would sometimes put on his hat and take his son through one or two narrow back-streets to a certain baker's shop, where there was a lunch-counter at which one could stand and eat excellent bread and butter and cheese. Or, if the day were fine, and there were nothing going on at the office, they would go to the museum, or the Zoölogical Gardens, or to some other place of amusement; or take the ferry-boat and steam over to New Brighton, and stroll about on the beach. The last incident of the official day would be the entrance into the little office of old Mr. Pearce or young Mr. Wilding, with a paper full of coin, the proceeds of the day's labor. The gold and the silver Hawthorne would put in his pocket; but if there were any coppers, he would hand them over to the little boy, who used to wish that copper had been the only current coinage of the realm. Then they would walk home to Duke Street; or, after the final change of residence, go down to the steamboat landing, and get into the "Bee" or the "Wasp," and be steam-paddled over to Rock Ferry, about two miles up the muddy river. On Sundays Mrs. Hawthorne, with the two elder children, would go to the Unitarian Chapel in Renshaw Street, and listen to eloquent sermons from the Rev. W. H. Channing, the American; but Hawthorne himself never attended church, that I remember.

Rock Ferry was a pretty, green, quiet be-villa'd little suburb, consisting of one large hotel and a number of small private residences. Hawthorne first moved to the hotel; but on the 1st of September he took up his permanent abode in a villa in "Rock Park," a house (writes Mrs. Hawthorne in her journal) "in castellated form, of stone, with large pleasant rooms, a pretty, trim garden, and tolerably furnished." But it is time to insert the following batch of letters. The first is from Henry Bright.

CONISTON, Sept. 1, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR, — You see I am taking you at your word, and am about to inflict a letter upon you. However, should your patience fail before getting to the end of it, why, then consign it to the river Mersey as you recross in the evening to Rock Ferry, and exonerate me from my promise. We are delighted with our quarters here, — a most comfortable hotel, with the calm, clear lake in front of us, and such a grand, weather-worn old mountain behind. Nothing could be better, if only — a sadly too important "if" — it would stop raining. With the exception of Monday, it 's rained for a blessed week, and we are boxed up, the whole day and the whole family, in one hotel parlor. This is not the most exhilarating existence in the world, as you may imagine. Our chief amusements are letter-writing and oat-cake eating; my sisters sketch out of window, and I read up for an article I 'm contemplating

on De Quincey for the "Westminster." Post-time is of course particularly welcome, — I need hardly say how welcome, were you some day to spare me some few lines, if only to say how you all are, and how the mayoral hospitalities went off, and whether you have yet found a house. By the way, I heard from one of my American friends the other day, — Charles Morton; he gives a very poor account of his father's health, I am sorry to say. The Professor must now, I suppose, be an old man; but still it grieves one to hear of the increasing weakness of one whose writings we English Unitarians (at least) hold in such esteem, and for whose character we have so great respect.

Among the drawbacks of this wretched weather is that I have not yet been able to get to Ambleside to see Miss Martineau. When she has dined with us, or been at all to Liverpool, I have always missed her by being at Cambridge; and I own myself a little curious to hear from her, *viva voce*, some of her experiences. Her latest "craze" (to use a word of De Quincey's) is the establishment of a shop in London for the sale of — in plain English — infidel literature. She complained most bitterly the other day to my brother-in-law that whenever her book on "Man's Nature and Development" is inquired for, the shopman pulls it stealthily out from under the counter, as if ashamed of selling it, and fearful lest some bystander be scandalized; so that there's to be a shop in a central situation full of Miss Martineau,

and Auguste Comte, and Froude, who wrote the "Nemesis of Faith," and Frank Newman, who wrote "Phases of Faith;" and (as Clough said) the world is to receive the unbiassed truth "that there 's no God, and Harriet is his prophet."

William Gray is also at the lakes; he is busily occupied in an article on "Madame de Staël" for (I think) the "North British;" and another on the "New Reform Bill" for the "Edinburgh," which is to feel the public's pulse on the question, for the Government's guidance.

The only author — and she is now all but forgotten — who ever dwelt at Coniston was a Miss Elizabeth Smith, friend of Hannah More, and mentioned in all books about British authoresses or the English Lakes, as the female Mezzofanti of her time, "a living polyglot." She only wrote translations of Job and such like, and is known chiefly through the kind offices of others, and their fond memory of her as a *woman.* Tennyson, however, sometimes visits Coniston, staying with a Mr. Marshall who owns a beautiful place at the head of the lake. The Marshalls are now from home; so last evening we strolled through their grounds (last evening having actually three rainless hours of its own). These grounds are nearly perfect; the park with its fine park trees is backed by hills covered with larch wood, and topped by mountains of bare gray crag, with some few purple patches of heather coloring them every here and there. As we came back from our walk, about eight

o'clock, we found a party of miners from the copper-mines above, rowing along in front of the hotel, and playing on some half-dozen wind instruments in most capital time and tune; and whenever they stopped for a moment, the "Old Man" mountain sent back upon the lake the most jubilant of echoes, repeating and vying with the music of the horns. But now I spare you any more, — indeed, I've but little more to tell; for I could not, "an I would," describe the spot which we visited on Monday, and which is immortalized in "Christabel." It is a gloriously wild fell! — and *since* Monday we have done nothing. Pray remember me most kindly to Mrs. Hawthorne, and tell the children that they are not to forget me.

Believe me, dear sir, yours very faithfully,

HENRY A. BRIGHT.

Is the English edition of "Tanglewood Tales" out yet?

— The next extracts are from Mrs. Hawthorne to her father.

MY DEAREST FATHER, — I was afraid I should not have time to write to you by the "Canada" and Mr. Ticknor; but accidentally he has not arrived from Chester so early as I expected, so I have time to say a few words. We were all to go to Chester together to-day; but the weather was so threatening that the rest of us stayed behind, and only Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. Ticknor went. On Wednesday Mr. Henry Bright came over to dine. He visited Miss

Martineau at Ambleside, and found her very entertaining, and in a very singular state of doctrine, — for she now professes to believe and declare that there is no God and no future life! He says it is wholly impossible to argue with her, because she is so opinionative and dogmatical, and has such a peculiar advantage in putting down her ear-trumpet when she does not choose to hear any reply to her assertions. She has been making some beautiful designs for the windows of her brother's church in Liverpool, which are accepted and to be painted thereupon; but she is at enmity with her brother, and has no intercourse with him. Tennyson often visites Coniston, but was not to be seen at that time, and seldom is to be seen at any time, being "vox et præterea nihil." Mr. Bright says that he and his family were imprisoned a great deal in the hotel by rain, but yet enjoyed themselves; and his sisters sketched out of window. Mr. Ticknor has been to see Mr. De Quincey, and says he is a noble old man and eloquent, and wins hearts in personal intercourse. His three daughters, Margaret, Florence, and Emily, are also very attractive and cultivated, and they are all most impatient to see Mr. Hawthorne.

We feel pretty much in order now in our house. My dinner-party on Wednesday went off quite elegantly. When the gentlemen joined me in the drawing-room, I had some tea ready for them, and Una requested to be the Hebe of the banquet. Mr. Bright thought it was lovely to have such an attendant.

He told us all about the gayeties of Liverpool, — the splendid balls and concerts. There is one ball given by the Roman Catholic nobility and gentry, which is a dazzling display of old family diamonds. So I can go there and see a galaxy of stars, as well as if I went to the prorogation of Parliament. He says the old dowagers blaze with jewels. But there is something more interesting than balls and jewels to be told of England now. The nation seems awakened to the importance of reform in several important matters. One is the state of the gaols, which is frightful. The torture and cruelty are lately discovered to be awful, and the governors and minor officers are brought for trial before the courts. The revelations are appalling; and as light breaks in upon the diabolical practices, they must be put an end to. The "Times" also is now full of the extortion of hotel-keepers, and hundreds of letters from private individuals are printed to show how dishonest the charges are and have been. The pent-up wrath and indignation of all the victims of this high rate of charge seem to burst forth at this first chance, and it will not cease till there is a change. The customs and railroads are also under a keen inspection, for many accidents on railroads happen here also, — loss of life from carelessness; and the shareholders complain much that though the receipts are enormous, they get no dividends, and want to know where the money is. A great many new and old abuses seem to be undergoing repairs on a sudden. The Queen's

visit to Ireland is considered of great moment. Ireland is reviving from various causes; and one cause is the potato-blight itself! The immense immigration has thinned the population, and the Irish in America have sent really vast sums of money to their friends; and this Mr. Dargon rises up all at once like a savior to the land. It will be deeply interesting to watch on the spot all these progressive movements; and the "Times" is an extraordinary organ of expression for all good things. It is very just generally, I think (it is not of much importance what I think, however), and seems full of humanity and wisdom.

Last week Mr. Hawthorne was invited to dine with the magistrate in West Derby, and he met there a gentleman who wishes to introduce him to the two sons of Burns, and to-morrow evening is the time appointed. I expect another dinner-party this evening, and must now go and dress. Mr. Ticknor came from London rich in gifts: to Julian, a superb book, called "The Country Year Book," with a hundred and forty fine engravings; to Una, a green and gold morocco portfolio with "Una" in gilt letters impressed upon it, and quires of note paper and envelopes; to Rosebud, a real waxen doll; to Mr. Hawthorne, a pair of superfine razors, made to order in Sheffield, with ivory handles, and "N. Hawthorne" finely marked in the steel of the blades; and to me, a case of scissors made for me in Sheffield, with my name on the blade of each, and a very superb book of Flowers. . .

SOPHIA.

". . . It takes a great while every day to keep so large a house as this of ours in proper order. The children dine and sup at separate hours from ours. They have their supper after our dinner; so the table has to be laid four times. Mr. Hawthorne eats a biscuit in his consulate office at noon, and I eat a morsel of bread at the children's dinner. But oh, no, dear father, we do not 'live in grand style,' neither do we intend to have much company. We could not afford it; for, though so many persons at home, who might be supposed to know, account the consular income here to be so great, and the arrival of ships so abundant, they are sadly mistaken. Elizabeth wrote me last week that the number of ships that arrived from the United States to Liverpool was nearly ten thousand, from each one of which Mr. Hawthorne must receive four dollars, making at once forty thousand dollars a year. So far is this from the truth, that it is really funny and melancholy at the same time. Instead of ten thousand ships, not quite seven hundred arrive yearly from the United States here; and so, instead of the income from the vessels being forty thousand dollars, it is not quite twenty-eight hundred dollars. Most of the income comes from the invoices of the great steamers. Ten and twelve thousand dollars has been hitherto the amount of the *whole* yearly income from whatever source, — about a quarter part of the estimate made of it. It is hoped that the business may increase; but perhaps it will be too late for us. And Mr.

Hawthorne must lay aside a good part of this income, or we shall return ruined, not benefited, by this office; for he cannot write, and all that would remain for us would be the 'Wayside,' which would be a home, but not bread and butter and clothes and means of educating the children. Living is much more expensive here than at home: meat never below fourteen cents, and some kinds twenty cents; potatoes thirty cents a peck; no tea below a dollar a pound; grapes are a penny apiece, and the fruit here is not good. England cannot grow fruit, with a sun crying its eyes out every day.

"We gain one thing here, and that is an open fireplace. Coal is comparatively cheap, and it blazes delightfully, and we can really sit round a glowing hearth. Mr. Hawthorne truly enjoys it. It is what he always wanted. It is certainly a gloomy custom to bury the fire in tombstones, and then set up the graves on our very hearths. Over our marble mantelpiece hangs Mr. John Campbell, the former occupant of this house, now dead. He was Scotch, and perhaps of the family of the noble Campbells. He was a gentleman of fortune. He is not a very lovely looking person, but yet angelic compared to his brother, who hangs opposite him, and who looks as if he would keep his mother on very short allowance. In the recesses on each side the fireplace are pictures, — one a Magdalene in an oval frame, and the other an Italian scene in a hexagon frame. Opposite the two tall windows, which open to the floor, hang two fruit-

pieces and a landscape with figures. Not one of any of these pictures is good. Beneath Mr. William Campbell is the sideboard, upon which stands a pretty tea urn, which you may one day see, as we shall take it home. I am writing at a great centre-table, at which we dine. It is as heavy as a small planet; for in England things are made *solid*, not half pine. The chairs are also solid, and cost much pain to lift. Two or three lounging-chairs, a light mahogany stand for the dinner-tray, and a very rich Brussels carpet of dark blue, brown, and rose colors complete the furnishing of the dining-room. There are full blue and orange damask curtains to the windows, hanging from a broad gilded cornice with a valance and fringe, which set off the room very well. There are, besides, an alabaster vase beneath Mr. John Campbell's picture, a bronze vase in which is always a rose, two bronze candlesticks, and just now our new Taylor's moderator lamp, which is as tall as Bunker Hill Monument, and looks like a lighthouse."

—It takes some time to get accustomed to the rain and clouds in England; and as to the people, Hawthorne's acquaintance with them was not as yet extensive; he had seen them for the most part only superficially. He wandered about Liverpool streets, and saw the shops and the public buildings, the well-to-do population and the poor; he ate dinners with the mayor, and made speeches; he visited hospitals and asylums in the interests of

American seamen (genuine or spurious); and once in a while he went on little excursions with Henry Bright, or spent a night at the latter's house (Sandheys), or at Norris Green, the residence of the Heywoods, relatives of Mr. Bright. But he did not like Liverpool, and he had not as yet made up his mind whether or not to like the English people. Speaking of Grace Greenwood's departure for America, after a year spent in England, he says: "Her health seemed not good, nor her spirits buoyant. This doubtless is partly due to her regret in leaving England, where she has met with great kindness, and the manners and institutions of which she likes rather better, I suspect, than an American ought. She speaks rapturously of the English hospitality and warmth of heart. I likewise have already experienced something of this, and apparently have a good deal more of it at my option. I wonder how far it is genuine, and in what degree it is better than the superficial good-feeling with which Yankees receive foreigners, — a feeling not calculated for endurance, but a good deal like a brushwood fire. We shall see!"

One gloomy winter's day, Mr. Francis Bennoch (who tells the story) called on Hawthorne at Rock Park, and found him in a chair before the fire in the sitting-room, prodding the black coals in a disheartened fashion with the poker. "Give me the poker, my dear sir!" exclaimed Mr. Bennoch, "and I'll give you a lesson." He seized the implement

from Hawthorne's hand, and delivered two or three vigorous and well-aimed thrusts straight to the centre of the dark smouldering mass, which straightway sent forth a rustling luxuriance of brilliant flame. "That's the way to get the warmth out of an English fire," cried Mr. Bennoch, "and that's the way to get the warmth out of an English heart too! Treat us like that, my dear sir, and you 'll find us all good fellows!" Hereupon Hawthorne brightened up as jovially as the fire, and (Mr. Bennoch thinks) thought better of England ever after.

Mr. Bright and Mr. Bennoch were, at all events, the men of all others to bring him acquainted with the brighter and more genial aspects of the Old Country; they were overflowing with activity and energy, and insisted upon making Hawthorne do things which he would never have undertaken of his own accord, but which, being done, he was very glad to have accomplished, On one occasion he dined in company with the two sons of the poet Burns. "Late in the evening," he writes, "Mr. Aikin and most of the gentlemen retired to the smoking-room, where we found brandy, whiskey, and some good cigars. The sons of the poet showed, I think, an hereditary appreciation of good liquor, both at the dinner-table (where they neglected neither sherry, port, hock, champagne, nor claret) and here in the smoking-room. Both of them, however, drank brandy, instead of the liquor which their father has immortalized. The Colonel smoked cigars; the Major filled

and refilled a German pipe. Neither of them (nor, in fact, anybody else) was at all the worse for liquor; but I thought I saw a little of the coarser side of Burns in the rapturous approbation with which the Major responded to a very good, but rather indecorous story from one of the gentlemen. But I liked them both, and they liked me." And, in general, his conclusion was that the worst of an Englishman is his outside, and that to know him better is to like him better too.

Of course, the chief ostensible bonds of sympathy between him and his English friends were wrought from his literary achievements; they were never tired of telling him how much they admired his books. "I have to-day received," writes Mary Russell Mitford, "a copy of another of those charming books by which, in addition to that walk of prose poetry which is so peculiarly your own and which reproduces in so exquisite a manner the history, you have contrived to blend your own name with some of those lovely classical fables which are among the most valuable bequests of the Greek poets. How many thousands will think of you as the name of some glorious old classical legend comes across them! It is a fine thing to make a holiday book of that which to schoolboys has too often been a dry lesson; and the popularity which is sure to follow it was never more richly earned. . . . Very little of me is now available, except the head and the heart; but I hope next spring, if not before, to have the great

pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of one whom I can never think of except as a friend."

There were many similar assurances of good feeling continually coming in from all sides; and Hawthorne was far from being insensible to such kindness. He even seems to have desired to bring some of his own countrymen into similar pleasant relations with the British public. "I send you," he writes to Henry Bright, "an American book, 'Up-Country Letters,' which I beg you to read, and hope you will like. It would gratify me much if you would talk about it or write about it, and get it into some degree of notice in this country. England, within two or three years past, has read and praised a hundred American books that do not deserve it half so well; but I somewhat question whether the English mind is not rather too bluff and beefy to appreciate the peculiar charm of these letters. Yet we have produced nothing more original nor more genuine."

I will conclude this chapter with extracts from Mrs. Hawthorne's letters to her father.

JANUARY 19.

Yesterday and to-day summer has made us in England a flying visit. There was lovely sunshine this afternoon, and this morning the birds were in full chorus. In two weeks we shall have snowdrops and crocuses; and to-day we found in the garden a full-blown pansy! An English lady, who called here, said it was "very close" out of doors, as if it were a

dog-day; but yet it was agreeable to me to sit by the fire. One might imagine that the angry Czar had sent his snow and cold as Christmas presents to the rest of Europe, however. To-day has come the news of his rejection of the note, and therefore it is *War;* and we shall probably be witnesses of the greatest revolution that has ever yet convulsed the world. The English seem to be in some puzzle how to man their ships of war, and how to contrive to have commanding officers to rule them, who are of fit age and prowess. But I suppose Parliament will arrange all the difficulties. The Emperor Nicholas has spies all over Europe, — noble ladies as well as men in every society, in every court, who sow any kind of rumor and listen to everything. I never heard of such extraordinary espionage. The ladies accept his diamonds in return for being eavesdroppers and tools; but I suspect his vast network of gold and jewels will be early rent asunder. Somehow or other, I could never feel that the Czar was potent or fearful. He is a great north wind, — a northeast wind for Europe, — but a wind is emptiness when bravely met. Russia always seemed to me mere brute force. I have read lately such appalling accounts of the suffering and oppression of the people, that I think it is probably the hour for God to send his judgments down. It is anomalous, I hear, for a Russian to speak the truth, and a matter of course for him to cheat and deceive.

Julian returned with papa from Liverpool the

other day with four masks, with which we made merry. One was the face of a simpleton; and that was very funny upon papa, — such a transformation! Mary Herne frightened Emily (cook) nearly out of her wits, by putting one on one morning in the early dusk and sitting down quietly in the kitchen. Emily came along with her candle, and stumbled upon this glaring face of forlornness. "Oh, I'm dead!" said Emily.

Mr. Henry Bright entertained us with an account of a magnificent fancy ball which came off at Liverpool last Friday. He himself personated his ancestor, Sir Kenelm Digby, and nearly died beneath a heavy, long, curled black wig, and a hat upon the top of it; heated besides as he was by dancing nineteen times. His sword tore a lady's dress and assailed various persons while standing out straight in the whirling waltz. He had a distracting headache, and did not get home till five o'clock in the morning. People were powdered and rouged and patched so as to be quite disguised. He said he had not the slightest idea who the Earl of Sefton's son was, even when he spoke to him, though he knows him very well indeed. One of the Ladies Mainwaring was there, blazing with diamonds, and Nebuchadnezzar, and Sardanapalus, and all kinds of past worthies and dignitaries. He said his aunt Heywood, of Norris, was to have another fancy ball at her house to-morrow, and she wanted us to go to it. But I cannot leave home, and Mr. Hawthorne will not rig himself up in any strange finery. Mrs. Heywood is

a very warm admirer of Mr. Hawthorne's books, and though her law is that no one shall enter her drawing-rooms that night except in fancy dress, she said Mr. Hawthorne should go just as he liked, in a black coat if he preferred it. But he will not.

CHAPTER II.

FROM THE LAKES TO LONDON.

EARLY in 1854 Hawthorne met a gentleman who was at that period somewhat distinguished in literature; and he gave the following account of him: —

"Dined with Mr. Bramley Moore, to meet Mr. Warren, author of 'Ten Thousand a Year.' There were eight or ten gentlemen at dinner, principally lawyers now attending the assizes, and of no great interest. Mr. Warren is a man (on his own authority) of forty-six; not tall nor large, with a pale, rather thin, and intelligent face, — American more than English in its aspect, except that his nose is more prominent than ordinary American noses, as most English noses are. He is Recorder of Hull, an office which he says brings him but little; nor does he get much practice as a barrister on account of the ill-will of the attorneys, who consider themselves aggrieved by his depictures of Quick, Gammon, and Snap.

"On the whole, the dinner was not a very agreeable one. I led in Mrs. Bramley Moore (the only lady present). The family are violent tories, fanatics for the Established Church, and followers of Dr. McMill, who is the present Low-Church pope of Liverpool. I

could see little to distinguish her from a rigidly orthodox and Calvinistic woman of New England; for they acquire the same characteristics from their enmity to the Puseyite movement and Roman Catholic tendencies of the present day. The eatables and the drinkables were very praiseworthy; and Mr. Bramley Moore circulated his wines more briskly than is customary at gentlemen's tables. He seems to be rich, has property in the Brazils (where he was at one time resident), has been Mayor of Liverpool, an unsuccessful candidate for Parliament, and now lives at a very pretty place. But he alludes to the cost of wines and of other things that he possesses, — a frailty which I have not observed in any other Englishman of good station. He is a moderately bulky and rather round-shouldered man, with a kindly face enough, and seems to be a passably good man; but I hope, on the whole, that he will not ask me to dinner any more, — though his dinners are certainly very good.

"Mr. Warren, nevertheless, turned out agreeably; he sat opposite to me, and I observed that he took champagne very freely, not waiting till Mr. Bramley Moore should suggest it, or till the servants should periodically offer it, but inviting his neighbors to a glass of wine. Neither did he refuse hock, nor anything else that came round. He was talkative, and mostly about himself and his writings, — which I have no objection to in a writer, knowing that if he talks little of himself, he perhaps thinks the more. It is a trait of simplicity that ought not to be so

scouted as it generally is. Mr. Warren said nothing very brilliant; but yet there was occasionally a champagny frothiness of his spirits, that enlivened us more than anything else at table. He told a laughable story about an American who had seen a portrait of Warren's father, which was prefixed to an American edition of his works as his own, and was perplexed at the dissimilarity between this effigy of an old bewigged clergyman and the dapper, youthful personage before him. He appears to feel very kindly towards the Americans, and says somebody has sent him some of the Catawba champagne. Warren has a talent of mimicry, and gave us some touches of Sergeant Wilkins, whom I met, several months ago, at the Mayor's dinner.

"After Mrs. Bramley Moore had retired, Warren began an informal little talk to Mr. Bramley Moore, who sat between him and me, on my merits as a man and an author. Mr. Bramley Moore urged him to speak up, and give the company the privilege of hearing his remarks; and though I remonstrated, it gradually grew into almost a regular dinner-table speech, the audience crying, — in rather a gentle tone, however, — 'Hear! hear!' I have forgotten what he said, and also what I responded; but we were very laudatory on both sides, and shook hands in most brotherly fashion across the table. Anon, after a good while at table, Mrs. Bramley Moore sent to announce coffee and tea; and adjourning to the drawing-room we looked, among other pretty things, at

some specimens of bright autumnal leaves which Mr. Bramley Moore had brought with him from his recent visit to America. Warren admired them greatly. His vanity (which those who know him speak of as a very prominent characteristic) kept peeping out in everything he said."

— A Yankee boy who feels uneasy in his mind or finds his surroundings irksome is apt to pick up the first stick of wood he comes across, and try upon it how sharp his jack-knife is; and men like Hawthorne, when they become sensible of a deficiency of sympathy in their companions, are apt to turn upon the latter the sharp edge of their observation and criticism. Hawthorne was always very tender of the feelings of others; and though he could not help perceiving the oddities and frailties of those about him, the perception implied no uncharitableness on his part, and was recorded only for his private satisfaction. He apprehended the queer traits of his friends quite as keenly as those of indifferent persons. He once remarked of Mr. George Bradford, for instance, — than whom no man had a larger share of his respect and affection, — that "his conscientiousness seems to be a kind of itch, keeping him always uneasy and inclined to scratch!"

The author of "Ten Thousand a Year" afterwards wrote him the following note: —

INNER TEMPLE, LONDON, 7th April, 1854.

MY DEAR MR. HAWTHORNE, — By this post I send you a copy of "The Intellectual and Moral Develop-

ment of the Present Age," with divers manuscript corrections by myself. I hope you will like the book; for though small in bulk, it contains the results of many a long year's reflection. It gave me very great pleasure to meet, the other day, so distinguished an American brother in literature as yourself. I heartily wish you health and prosperity. I have an old — a very old — friend at Liverpool in Mr. Commissioner Perry, who lives at New Brighton. He occupies a highly honorable legal post, and is an amiable man, and also — *gives charming little dinners!* I have assured him that, if he called, you would like to see him. I hope this little book will reach you safely. Believe me, dear Mr. Hawthorne,

Yours very faithfully,

SAMUEL WARREN.

This day my gifted friend — that was — Professor Wilson, is buried, with public honors.

— As the spring advanced, Hawthorne, who was always a great walker, fell into the habit of taking occasional tramps about the country in the neighborhood of Rock Ferry and Liverpool, sometimes taking his son with him. On these expeditions he often talked quite freely, adapting his conversation, of course, to the calibre of his interlocutor. Among other matters which were discussed with animation, were the amazing adventures of a certain General Quattlebum, — a contemporary and rival of Baron Munchausen, and conversant with even greater mar-

vels than came within the experience of that eminent nobleman. He was, in fact, a magician and enchanter of the first rank; and there was a kind of lofty and chivalrous hostility and emulation between him and Hawthorne, who was also a mighty wizard, and who in the constant trials of skill and power that took place between them generally contrived to gain the advantage. Some of these combats were more than Homeric; the struggles of Jupiter and the Titans were child's play in comparison. Unfortunately, none of the exploits of these two heroes were ever reduced to writing; and the particulars of their achievements have, in the course of thirty years, faded from the memory of him who heard them related. The recollection of one slight incident has, however, survived the general obliteration, and I will give it here. Hawthorne and Quattlebum had intrenched themselves on opposite sides of a deep valley, about a mile in width, and all was ready for the bombardment to begin, — the cannon loaded and primed, and the aim taken. But the heroes, like two accomplished duellists about to engage with the small-sword, could not begin the conflict without having exchanged those graceful courtesies which should always accompany a truly heroic antagonism. Accordingly each mounted upon his largest cannon, and, standing at the very extremity of the muzzle, touched off the piece with the slow-match held in the left hand. As the missile left the gun, each leaped lightly upon it, and was borne through the

air with the speed of lightning. In a few moments they met, just over the centre of the valley. Each lifted his hat, and made the other a grave salute, at the same instant springing off his own ball and alighting upon that of his adversary, which swiftly bore him back to the place whence he started. Hawthorne returned without mishap; but General Quattlebum had not paid sufficient attention to his centre of gravity: he fell from a vast height to the bottom of the valley, and his mighty carcass dammed up a river which flowed through it, so that before he could extricate himself the valley became a lake, which is known as Lake Quattlebum to this day.

There was an indescribable charm about the telling of these stories, which never can be reproduced in the written narration, — an archness, an emphasis, an atmosphere of awe and mystery, and exhaustless imaginative resources. Nor was General Quattlebum a mere figure of the past; he was even now alive and active, although, by the power of his enchantments, he rendered himself invisible to all eyes save Hawthorne's. If any unaccountable or absurd mishap occurred, it always turned out that the General was at the bottom of it. Even in the walks above mentioned, the younger pedestrian would occasionally feel the light stroke of a cane across his back; looking round, no one would be there, and his father was walking at his side apparently in deep abstraction. "Father, somebody hit me with a stick." "Ah! it must have been Quattlebum!" And though the

person thus attacked was sometimes inclined to suspect that Quattlebum had contrived to incarnate himself in Mr. Hawthorne's form, — for the latter also carried a cane, — he was never able to surprise him *flagrante delictu.*

In April, John O'Sullivan, his wife, and his mother made Hawthorne a visit at Rock Park; they were on their way to Lisbon, to which place O'Sullivan had been appointed American Minister. Their presence stimulated Hawthorne to somewhat more than his usual social activity; people were invited to meet them, and they were invited to meet people. Hawthorne's circle of English acquaintances was expanding in all directions. All who had read a book of his, or written one of their own, were ready to open relations with him. It was at about this period, I think, that a work appeared, and attracted attention in England, entitled "Land, Labor, and Gold," by Mr. William Howitt. It was descriptive of the state of things at the Australian gold-diggings, which had lately been discovered, and whither Mr. Howitt had betaken himself. Hawthorne read the book, and was interested in it; and several little conspiring circumstances brought about an exchange of civilities between him and Mrs. Howitt, including this pleasant little letter:—

THE HERMITAGE, HIGHGATE RISE, May 14, 1854.

DEAR SIR, — I thank you for sending the little package for me to Mr. Miller's. I have written to

him about it, and I shall hope soon to receive it. If I were to meet you face to face, I should not say a word to you about the great pleasure we have derived from your works; but on paper may I not do so without offence? Of course you know the delight you have given to thousands. But you do not know how exquisite to our taste is all your minute detail, — your working out a character by Pre-Raphaelian touches, as it were, — if you understand my phrase; your delicate touch upon touch, which produces such a finished whole, — so different from the slap-dash style of writing so common nowadays. Yes, I assure you that independently of the intrinsic interest with which we read your books at first, we now refer again and again to them as exquisite works of art, the elaborate finish and detail of which are never exhausted. When I say *we*, I mean myself and my husband — now an antipode — and my daughter. In September — please God — I hope for the great happiness of seeing my dear husband once more in England. Then I hope you will be coming to London, if not before. And if you will give us an opportunity of shaking hands with you, I promise you that we will not bore you about your books, nor will we lionize or torture you in any way; only be right glad to see you, as we would be to see any other good man.

I am, dear sir, yours sincerely,

MARY HOWITT.

— Hawthorne met Mr. Howitt in London a few months later, and seems not to have found him quite so genial as his books. Mention of him will be found in the "English Note-Books."

In July it was determined that Mrs. Hawthorne and the children should spend a fortnight at the Isle of Man, — a small rock-bound spot midway between Liverpool and Dublin, in the Irish Channel. Hawthorne accompanied them thither on the Saturday, and spent the following Sunday, and came again the Sunday after that. The Isle of Man has the name of being a very rainy place; but during all the two weeks of our sojourn there, the sky was cloudless and the temperature delightful, though it did rain dismally both on the day of our arrival and on that of our departure. The island itself is a most picturesque and charming spot; the sea around it deep and clear, the cliffs abrupt and dark, and rendered additionally romantic by the ruined castles which surmount its tallest acclivities. A few hundred yards from shore, directly opposite the hotel, was a tiny islet, on which stood the ruin of a small tower, as if for the especial benefit of persons disposed to sketching. On the first Sunday a conveyance was hired, and the whole party drove about the island, which is of such limited extent that nearly all of it can be thus inspected in a single day. It turned out that the tradition that Manx cats have no tails is no more than the truth; and it was also discovered that Manx horses drink ale, — a bucketful of this beverage being

furnished them at each halting-place. The pastures are grazed by great numbers of partly wild cattle, a drove of which, infuriated by the sight of a red shawl worn by one of the party, charged down upon us twenty strong, and had nearly swept us from the island before the offending garment could be stripped off and put out of sight. The most imposing ruin was Peel Castle, which also had a historic reputation for being haunted; one tradition being to the effect that a huge black demon in the shape of a dog infested the premises, and that a soldier of the garrison, who had undertaken to confront it, was found by his companions next morning in a speechless state, and died without having spoken a word.

Many of the remains on the island are of unknown antiquity, — as old as the Druids, or older; and the place has quite as distinct a character of its own (as regards its inhabitants, their speech and manners) as Jersey and Guernsey in the English Channel. Hawthorne was very much captivated by it; but he never had an opportunity of jotting down his impressions, except the short description of Kirk Madden in the Note-Books. On the second Sunday we embarked on board a small steamer, and completely circumnavigated the island; it was a calm, sunny day, and the changing aspects of the coast were like a prophetic vision of Doré. So quaint, unique, and lovable a little region as the Isle of Man seldom rewards the industry of travellers. But this

was thirty years ago, and it may have become less primitive in the interim.

Hawthorne returned to Liverpool the next day, and on his arrival wrote the following letter to Mrs. Hawthorne. The Mr. Cecil alluded to therein is the same Mr. Henry Cecil whose brotherly overtures to the author of "The White Old Maid" have already been mentioned. It would seem that he had held out hopes of a personal renewal of fraternities.

LIVERPOOL, July 26, 1854.

DEAREST WIFE, — We had the pleasantest passage, yesterday, that can be conceived of. How strange that the best weather I have ever known should have come to us on these English coasts!

I enclose some letters from the O'Sullivans, whereby you will see that they have come to a true appreciation of Mr. Cecil's merits. They say nothing of his departure, but I shall live in daily terror of his arrival.

I hardly think it worth while for me to return to the Isle of Man this summer, — that is, unless you conclude to stay longer than a week from this time. Do so, by all means, if you think the residence will benefit either yourself or the children. Or it would be easy to return thither, should it seem desirable, or to go somewhere else. Tell me what day you fix upon for leaving, and I will either await you in person at the landing-place or send Henry. Do not start unless the weather promises to be favorable, even though you should be all ready to go on board.

I think you should give something to the servants, — those of them, at least, who have taken any particular pains with you. Michael asked me for something, but I told him that I should probably be back again; so you must pay him my debts, and your own too.

It is very lonesome at Rock Ferry, and I long to have you all back again. Give my love to the children.

THINE OWNEST.

— Much to the regret of the younger members of the party, — a regret scarcely modified by the steady down-pour of rain, — we bade farewell to the Isle of Man on the last day of the week, and reached Rock Park the same evening. There Mrs. Hawthorne found a letter from her father, — the last, I believe, that he wrote; for he died soon afterwards.

AMHERST, Friday, July 14, 1854.

DEAR SOPHIA, — I did not receive your letter of June 22 till last Wednesday, the 12th. I had given up hearing from you by the last steamer, and feared you might be too sick to write. Nat delayed sending it. I was very glad to receive it, and was entertained with your account of the splendid palaces you described. I hope when you write again to hear that your cough is going off. What a sad time you have had with your servants! I received a letter from Elizabeth, who expected to be in Brattleboro' this week. She has been everywhere. I had a very

pleasant interview with Mr. Hawthorne last night, after I had gone to sleep. He was on here from Liverpool, and appeared very well. Thank Una for her letter, and Julian for his nice letter. There is nothing to communicate from here. Horace Mann junior is very fond of chemistry, and makes gunpowder, and got his eyebrows and eyelashes burnt off and his face burnt by its igniting accidentally, — a good lesson for all the boys. We had a very quiet time on the Fourth of July, — only a few straggling guns fired, and a few crackers. I keep along as usual, but the hot weather operates upon me very sensibly. I have nothing here to stimulate my mind. I have a good appetite, however. To revert to your descriptions of the splendid places you mentioned in your last, how do you remember to describe them so minutely? It seems you must take notes as you go along.

Your uncle is building a new house. He is going to sell his present house and a large part of his land. I wish I had something interesting to write, but I have no genius and imagination to supply anything of the kind. So, with my love to you all, I subscribe myself as ever

Your affectionate father, N. P.

Don't let Rose forget me.

— The "cough" above spoken of was an attack of whooping-cough, which had seized upon the entire family several weeks before, and partly to promote

convalescence from which it was that the visit to the Isle of Man had been projected. Mrs. Hawthorne had been afflicted with bronchial troubles soon after her arrival in England, and was never free from them so long as she remained there; and they led to her making a prolonged visit to Lisbon and Madeira during part of the two following years; taking her two daughters with her, and leaving the boy with his father.

The next month (August) Hawthorne and his wife saw the cricket-match of Liverpool *vs.* Derbyshire, and Mrs. Hawthorne wrote to her father the following amusing description of it. No doubt cricket must seem a very abstruse game to those who behold it for the first time.

"The last thing that happened was Mr. Hawthorne's and my going to see a cricket match between Liverpool and Derbyshire. We sat in the carriage, and looked out upon a perfectly level plain of eight or nine acres,—a smooth, sunny, velvet lawn. In the midst of it the two wickets were erected at the distance apart of twenty or thirty feet, each composed of three sticks, with another stick laid transversely. The cricketers were all dressed in pale buff washleather or felt doublet and hose, with boots of duck and buff leather in strips over the instep; and those who stood before each wicket with a bat in hand were guarded from the severe blows of the ball by a peculiar coat-of-mail reaching from the ankles above the knee. This shin-guard was made of buff leather,

very much like a child's sun-bonnet; but instead of pasteboard sewed in, it is thickly padded with wool, and I do not know but a thin wooden board or whalebone besides, — making the limb look very clumsy. At each wicket stood, therefore, a well-padded man with a bat. Behind him and each wicket stood another man who threw the ball and tried to knock down the wicket, which the man with the bat was studious to prevent. In a vast circle from these four stood, I believe, eight men, at exact distances from one another, who were to catch the ball when a bat sent it off from either wicket. If the man with the bat was so fortunate as to drive it to a great distance, he and the other batman ran from one wicket to another; and just as many times as they could exchange places, so much the better for them, for each time counts one in the game. We alighted from the carriage, and went into the plain, and finally sat down under a tent, where were some ladies and gentlemen, or, more properly, respectable men and women; for in England there is great discrimination used in this nomenclature. If a batman hits the ball before it reaches the ground, and strikes it into the air, and it is caught by one of the outstanders, there is a loss. Once a young man who had been a bat-man and had failed to defend his wicket exclaimed near me, as an outstander caught the ball from the clouds, "Ah, what a shame. — and one of our own men too!" So it seemed that this man was obliged to play against himself in such circumstances. I was aston-

ished, all the time, to see the want of animation in the players. They lounged along after the ball upon the ground, as if they were taking an evening stroll, with a sort of Oriental languor."

— Here is another passage which should gratify English people, though it may be surmised that few of them could lay their hands upon their hearts and swear that Mrs. Hawthorne had not been exceptionally fortunate in her experience of the native English orthoepy.

". . . I am constantly struck here with the *correct English* which persons talk who are below the first rank, and even below the second rank. I very seldom hear a slang expression, and every word is well pronounced, well articulated and accented. It is only the very *first* circle with us who ever speak so well, and even with them one sometimes hears the wrong word or bad contractions. I do not believe that on English ground you would hear a person say "ain't," in any rank of life. "Had n't ought" is also an enormity never dreamed of in this island. I was always exceedingly annoyed by any incorrectness of language; but I never realized, till I lived in the mother country, what careless ways the daughter had contracted, what perpetual cold-blooded murders are perpetrated hourly on the Queen's English in the United States, by writers as well as talkers. I understand now why the English make so much account of Mr. Hawthorne's *language*, as being the only faultless English written by an American. Miss Wetherell,

Mrs. Stowe, Grace Greenwood, all write slang a great deal. They ought all to be put upon a strict diet of old English prose-writers before they are allowed to use the pen any more." . . .

— The rest of the summer was spent in little excursions of a day or so each, — once to Conway, in Wales, with Henry Bright; and once to Eaton Hall, near Chester, when Hawthorne was accompanied by his wife and George Bradford. These expeditions are fully described in the Note-Books. About the middle of September lodgings were taken at Rhyl, a small town on the Welsh coast; and the family remained there for six or eight weeks, making occasional visits to places in the neighborhood. Hawthorne had previously made the acquaintance of Lord Houghton (at that time Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes), and had met with very appreciative treatment at his hands. A few years ago, the present writer saw Lord Houghton in London, when that nobleman remarked, somewhat regretfully, that Hawthorne had never liked him. So far as I am aware, there was no ground for this impression. With one or two exceptions, Hawthorne liked all the Englishmen with whom he had more than passing intercourse. He was not a gushing man, but he was a uniformly genial and kindly one. He was reserved; and Englishmen do not seem to understand reserve in any one except themselves. But English reserve is not like the reserve of such a man as Hawthorne. The former is an external matter, connected with

caste and conventionality; the latter is innate. One is factitious; the other genuine.

Mr. Milnes used to write courteous little notes, like the following:—

CREWE HALL, CREWE, Nov. 7, 1854.

DEAR MR. HAWTHORNE, — I must have the pleasure of showing you this place before I go to Yorkshire. Lord Crewe begs me to say that he will be very happy if you can come here on *Monday* for a day or two; or if you are too busy to absent yourself from Liverpool on a week day, from Saturday to Monday. Do just which is most convenient for you. The rail brings you to the Crewe station in an hour and a half, and we will send to meet you there. You will probably find us all sole alone in either case; but as I am lately returned from Scotland and am soon to go away again, I do not like to lose this opportunity of seeing you. With Mrs. Milnes' best compliments, I remain

Yours very truly,
RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

— No doubt Hawthorne seldom accepted such invitations; but he was fully sensible of their kind intention, and never failed to make a suitable acknowledgment.

Rhyl is a region of illimitable sands, which at low tide are left bare beyond anticipation. Hawthorne enjoyed walking upon them, and gazing out upon the expanse, though they were very different from

the hard white beaches to which he had been accustomed in New England; but there was always the horizon, and he preferred the long sweep of meeting sea and sky to most kinds of prospects. One night, during a gale, a vessel came ashore opposite the town, and lay careened over on her beam ends, a full mile distant from the Parade. The crew, with one exception, were rescued and brought ashore, — a forlorn and bedraggled group. The next day there was a thin stream of visitors going and coming between the wreck and the shore. Hawthorne did not go; but as he walked along the coast with his son that afternoon, he spoke of other wrecks that he had seen, and suggested the awful possibility of our coming upon the corpse of the drowned sailor in some inlet of the sands.

After a visit to Conway Castle, where Mrs. Hawthorne came near being lost forever in the secret passages of the walls, which are of indefinite extent and perfectly dark, the family returned to Rock Park for the winter. Winter in this part of England is a dreary and depressing affair, and it did no good to Mrs. Hawthorne's cough. The only episode that broke the monotony was a brief visit from Miss Sarah Clarke, sister of James Freeman Clarke and an old friend of Mrs. Hawthorne. She was on her way to Rome, and was the occasion of the following communication from Mr. Russell Sturgis, who had known Mrs. Hawthorne before her marriage: —

LONDON, Dec. 19, 1854.

MY DEAR MRS. HAWTHORNE, — The Pope will not let us prepay letters to Rome, as he prefers to collect *there;* but we shall tell your friend Miss Sarah Clarke, that we credit her postage account with two shillings received from you, and she will get the benefit of your thoughtful regularity. "Rock Park" I take to be the pretty place where I saw you; but to be *sure*, I direct my letter to Liverpool. When we were running about in the rain, trying to find your whereabouts, the commander of the little steamboat could tell us nothing of "*Hawthorne;*" but the dignity of the "American Consul" had made its full impression, and he knew well where *he* lived. So much for fame, you see! I did not know when I saw you that your boy had the same name as mine. Where did you get it? With regards to Mr. Hawthorne,

Yours very truly and affectionately,

RUSSELL STURGIS.

— Early in the summer of the following year (1855) was held in Liverpool a meeting of the "Provincial Assembly of Lancashire and Cheshire." This assembly was a relic of the Presbyterian organization established by the Parliament of 1647; but, like other Presbyterian institutions, it had become entirely Unitarian. To the meeting in question Hawthorne was invited; and the letter he wrote, declining the invitation, has more than ordinary interest, owing to the reference it contains to religious matters: —

LIVERPOOL, June 15, 1855.

GENTLEMEN, — I regret that a long-contemplated and unavoidable absence from town will deprive me of the great pleasure of being present on the interesting occasion in the enjoyment of which you kindly invite me to participate. Few things have been more delightful to me, during my residence in England, than to find here the descendants (spiritually at least, and in many instances, I believe, the descendants by lineage and name) of that revered brotherhood a part of whose mission it was to plant the seeds of liberal Christianity in America. Some of that brotherhood sought freedom of worship on the other side of the Atlantic, while others reserved themselves to the perhaps more difficult task of keeping their religious faith pure and full of genial life beneath the shadow of English churches and cathedrals. And it seems to me a noble and beautiful testimony to the truth of our religious convictions, that after so long a period, coming down from the past with an ocean between us, the liberal churches of England and America should nevertheless have arrived at the same results; that an American, an offspring of Puritan sires, still finds himself in brotherly relations with the posterity of those free-minded men who exchanged a parting pressure of the hand with his forefathers more than two centuries ago; and that we can all unite in one tone of religious sentiment, whether uttered by the lips of the friend whom you have summoned from my native land

(Rev. W. H. Channing), or by the lips of your honored guests whose faith has ripened in the mother country. With great respect,

Sincerely yours,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

— This letter expressed the writer's genuine sentiments, as far as it went; but it was in some sense a public document (it was, I believe, published in the Liverpool newspapers of that date), and it has somewhat of the formality and style of a speech. No doubt his speech, had he been present to make one, would have been on the lines of the letter. Meanwhile it need not be forgotten that he was not a frequenter of his friend Mr. Channing's church; and it may be surmised that the above expression of his views was none the less cordial because it was written with the consciousness that circumstances would prevent him from delivering it in person.

On the 18th of June the "long-contemplated" departure from Rock Park took place. The journey was in the first place to Leamington. "Leamington," he writes, "seems to be made chiefly of lodging-houses, and to be built with a view to a continually shifting population. It is a very beautiful town, with regular streets of stone or stuccoed houses, very broad pavements, and much shade of noble trees, in many parts of the town; parks and gardens, too, of delicious verdure; and throughout all, an aspect of freshness and cleanness that I despaired of ever seeing in England.

The town seems to be almost entirely new. The principal street has elegant shops; and the scene is very lively, with throngs of people more gayly dressed than one is accustomed to see in this country; soldiers, too, lounging at the corners, and officers, who appear less shy of showing themselves in their regimentals than it is the fashion to be elsewhere.

"In the forenoon we took a walk through what looked like a park, but seemed to be a sort of semi-public tract on the outskirts of the town, — hill and glade, with a fair gravel-path through it, and most stately and beautiful trees overshadowing it. Here and there benches were set beneath the trees. These old, vigorous, much-nurtured trees are fine beyond description, and in this leafy month of June they certainly surpass my recollections of American trees, — so tall, and with such an aspect of age-long life. But the fact that these English trees are traditional, and connected with the fortunes of old families, — such moral considerations inevitably enter into physical admiration of them. They are individuals, — which few American trees have the happiness to be. Julian compared an oak, which we saw on our journey, to a cauliflower; and its shape — its regular, compact rotundity — makes it very like one: there is a certain John-Bullism about it. I have never anywhere enjoyed weather so delightful as such a day as yesterday; so warm and genial, and yet not oppressive, — the sun a very little too warm while walking beneath it, but only enough too warm to assure us

that it was warm enough. And, after all, there was an unconquered freshness in the atmosphere, which each little motion of the air made evident to us. I suppose there is still latent in us Americans (even of two centuries' date and more, like myself) an adaptation to the English climate, which makes it like native soil and air to us."

— About a month was spent in Leamington on this first visit; but Hawthorne returned there more than once, and seemed to conceive for it a more home-like feeling than for almost any other place in England. The environs, easily accessible, were indeed more interesting than Leamington itself; and Hawthorne never walked so much or with so much pleasure, while in England, as during his various sojournings at this pretty town.

One of the last days of June was spent in an excursion to Stratford-on-Avon, described in "Our Old Home;" and after a run up to Liverpool, and a visit to Lichfield and Uttoxeter, the family set forth, in the early part of July, for a fortnight among the English Lakes. Just before that event, however, the law had been passed by Congress, reducing the emoluments of the Consulate by a serious amount. Mr. Wilding had written to Hawthorne, under date of June 29, that it would be "put in force on Monday. What war-vessels," he adds, "are now in, must of course come under the old law. Under the Attorney-General's construction, I think the Consuls — here, at all events — may manage to make their expenses." Of

course this put an end to all possibility of laying up any considerable sum of money against the future. With economy, there would be enough to get through with, and no more. It took away from the Consulate the only feature that could render it tolerable, and Hawthorne began to grow restive in the traces. He wrote under date of July 5 : —

DEAR MR. BRIGHT, — I have come back (only for a day or two) to this black and miserable hole.

Truly yours,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

P. S. I don't mean to apply the above two disparaging adjectives merely to my Consulate, but to all Liverpool and its environs, — except Sandheys and Norris Green [these places being the residences, respectively, of Mr. Bright and Mr. Heywood].

— But the vacation among the Lakes compensated for a great deal of Liverpool. The weather was, for the most part, favorable, and the scenery wore its loveliest aspect. Our headquarters were made at the Newby Bridge Hotel, on Lake Windermere, whence every part of the Lake district lies within the limits of a comfortable excursion. The combination of mountain, water, and forest with reminiscences of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and the others of that conclave, was peculiarly grateful to the American man of letters; possibly, indeed, he more enjoyed the calm imaginative delight of this spiritual

communion with the spots which their memory made famous, than he would have cared for their concrete living companionship. It is among the most valuable qualities of places associated with famous names, that you find therein more of what you wish to find of the personages in question, and have it more at your leisure and according to your humor, than they themselves could ever furnish you withal. Wordsworth's grave had — what the poet himself did not always have — a charm worthy of his poetry; and the cataract of Lodore gave to our conception of Southey a freshness and beauty which might have failed to discover themselves in the man. But the tour has been amply treated of in the Note-Books and need not be further commented upon here.

For a time Hawthorne entertained some idea of handing in his resignation as Consul, and, after a short visit to Italy, returning to America. There were several arguments in favor of such a step. He had been in England long enough to obtain a distinct impression of it; and he could, in the course of a month or two, visit such places of especial interest in the island as he had not already seen. A longer tenure of office would not materially increase his pecuniary resources; and, finally, his wife's health made it necessary that she, at any rate, should not pass another winter in the English climate. He seems to have spoken of this intention to persons outside his immediate circle; for I find the poet William Allingham writing to him from Ireland:

"That Liverpool should be distasteful to you seems no marvel, and you are doubtless right to leave it. Men make much of their misery by what they call 'sticking to business,' — becoming human limpets. In England, at least, we are over-adhesive in our habits. Myself, I still laud (though relapsed) the virtue of Official Resignation; and I wish I could afford to practise it in my humble way."

But before the project could take definite shape, something occurred to materially modify it. John O'Sullivan was now United States Minister to the Court of Lisbon; and he wrote to propose that Mrs. Hawthorne should, with her children, spend the ensuing winter there. This would not only give her the advantage of the kind of climate most favorable to her complaint, but would effect some saving in expense. Hawthorne might then finish his term at the Consulate, and the visit to Italy would be only postponed, not abandoned. This plan, upon due consideration, appeared to combine so many advantages that it could not easily be put aside. The main objection to it was, of course, that it involved a separation which would certainly be prolonged, and might — having in view the uncertainties of life — be final. The husband and wife had never, since their marriage, been apart from each other more than a few weeks at a time, and the prospect of so grave an interruption of their companionship was hard to contemplate. It was at length decided that Mrs. Hawthorne should proceed to Lisbon in the autumn,

taking with her her two daughters; while the son should remain in England with his father.

Hawthorne returned to Liverpool about the end of July, and took rooms at the Rock Ferry Hotel, whither his family followed him a few days later, and where they remained during the month of August. In the first week of that month Henry Bright took his friend to witness the launch of the "Royal Charter," which is described in detail in the Journal. This large and superb vessel was afterwards wrecked disastrously, with great loss of life, off the coast of Anglesea. The only other event of importance, of this date, was the visit to Smithell's Hall, which was made in fulfilment of an old engagement. It is to this Hall that the legend of the Bloody Footstep belongs, which haunted Hawthorne ever afterwards. I am inclined to think that the legend was more of a nuisance than a pleasure to him, after all. From a literary point of view, the idea is one of those which seem very alluring at first sight, but, when one comes to deal with them, prove strangely difficult and impracticable. Having once made up his mind to use the incident, in some form, in a romance, Hawthorne would not easily forego his purpose, and nothing can be more interesting and instructive to would-be romancers than the repeated efforts he made to lick the incident into shape and harmony. But it is too fantastic to be made impressive, — at least, when incorporated in a narrative of any length. The symbol of the Scarlet Letter will

be memorable and fearful while our literature lasts; but the Bloody Footstep is a comparatively crude and shallow idea, — not fine and subtile enough to be properly assimilated by a genius so pure and profound as Hawthorne's.

He dined at Smithell's Hall, and made one or two reflections not given in the Note-Books. "Mrs. Ainsworth," he says, "talked rather copiously, but not particularly well. She seems to have pretensions to a knowledge of literature, and to take an interest in literary people; but her talk is quite superficial, and I must say I think her a silly woman. One anecdote which she told was very characteristic, not of the hero of it, but of herself and of the English people generally, as showing what their tone and feeling is respecting Americans. Mr. Bancroft, while minister here, was telling somebody about the effect of the London atmosphere on his wife's health. 'She is now very delicate,' said he, 'whereas, when she lived in New York, she was one of the most indelicate women in the city!' And Mrs. Ainsworth had the face to tell this foolish story for truth, and as indicating the mistakes into which Americans are liable to fall in the use of the English language. In other instances I have heard stories equally ridiculous about our diplomatic people, whom the English seem determined to make butts of, reason or none. It is very queer, the resolute quizzing of our manners, when we are really and truly much better figures, and with much better capacity of polish, for

drawing-room or dining-room, than they themselves are. I had been struck, on my arrival at Smithell's Hall, by the very rough aspect of these John Bulls in their morning garb, — their coarse frock coats, gray hats, checked trousers, and stout shoes. At dinner-table it was not at first easy to recognize the same individuals, in their white waistcoats, muslin cravats, thin black coats, with silk facings perhaps, as old Squire Ainsworth himself had. But after a while you see the same rough figure through all the finery, and become sensible that John Bull cannot make himself fine, whatever he may put on. He is a rough animal, and his female is well adapted to him."

— That is a frank and explicit bit of criticism, well calculated to augment the cordial understanding between the two countries. I have the more pleasure in quoting it, because the English have less to amend in their attitude towards our countrymen than was the case thirty years ago; and on the other hand, Mr. Lowell does, I believe, speak English with tolerable accuracy.

Leaving Liverpool on the 1st of September, Hawthorne took his family to London (pausing on the way at Shrewsbury), and hired lodgings at No. 24 George Street, Hanover Square. And now ensued a month of as great enjoyment as Hawthorne had hitherto known in England. No American better qualified than he to appreciate its sights, its historic and literary associations, its antiquities and its immensity,

had ever before lost himself in its streets. He rejoiced in the human ocean that flooded its thoroughfares and eddied through its squares and courts; he greeted as old friends its cathedrals, its river, its bridges, its Tower, its inns, its Temple, its alleys and chop-houses, — so strange were they, and yet so familiar; so old, and so full of novelty. He cast himself adrift upon the great city, and cruised whithersoever the current took him; and when he could keep his feet no longer, he would hail a hansom and trundle homeward in happy weariness, to begin his explorations afresh the next morning. His appetite for London, which had been growing during his lifetime, was almost as big as London itself; he could not gratify it enough. He enjoyed the vague and irresponsible wandering even more than the deliberate and premeditated sight-seeing; but he was always ready for either. London seemed to fulfil his expectations better than any other city, — better than Paris, or even Rome.

His son accompanied him in many of his otherwise solitary rambles, and noticed a marked difference between his demeanor then and in their country walks. On the latter occasions his expression was generally meditative and introspective, and therefore grave; but in the London streets his glance struck outward, gathering in all external impressions, and his face wore a look of subdued pleasure. Sometimes he would pause in front of some famous edifice or monument, and gaze up at it, — seldom for longer

than a minute or so, yet with an inspection so comprehensive and searching that one felt sure he carried the complete image of it away with him. In a few words he would tell his companion the event or the association that made the place memorable; but in a way so simple and yet vivid, that the latter would not have felt surprised to meet the burly form of Dr. Johnson rolling along beneath Temple Bar, or to behold Addison and Steele chatting in the famous coffee-house.

The month passed away very quickly; and in the second week of October we started for Southampton, whence the steamer which was to convey Mrs. Hawthorne and her daughters to Lisbon was to sail. The night was spent at the Castle Hotel, not far from the steamship landing. By noon of the next day we were all on board. "My wife behaved heroically," Hawthorne wrote; "Una was cheerful, and Rosebud seemed only anxious to get off. Poor Fanny, our nurse, was altogether cast down, and shed tears, either from regret at leaving her native land, or dread of sickness, or general despondency, — being a person of no hope, or spring of spirits. Julian bore the separation from his mother well, but took occasion to remind me that he had now no one but myself to depend upon, and therefore suggested that I should be very kind to him. There is more tenderness in his own manner towards me than ordinary, since the great event. For my own part, I was not depressed (trusting in God's mercy that we shall all

meet again); but yet the thought was not without a good deal of pain, that we were to be so long separated, — so long a gap in life, during which Una will quite have passed out of her childhood, and Rosebud out of her babyhood; for I shall not find them exactly such as I leave them, even if we are apart only two or three months. This will be a kind of era in their lives. My wife, I hope and pray, will meet me in better health and strength than for two years past."

The vessel steamed away; and the two who were left behind walked to the railway station, and took the train for Worcester. Spending the next night there, they proceeded to Liverpool the following day, where they were met by a driving rain-storm, complicated by rejoicings for the surrender of Sebastopol. It was comforting to get at last to Mrs. Blodgett's, and sit down, at nine o'clock, to a hearty supper.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. BLODGETT'S, LISBON, AND LONDON.

THE company at Mrs. Blodgett's, though not consisting of the most cultivated persons imaginable, was very hearty and genuine; and Hawthorne was as well content with it, for every-day purposes, as with any in England. He had, indeed, an hereditary sympathy with Yankee sea-captains, and found satisfaction in the downright simplicity and sagacity of their talk. "Captain Johnson," he writes, "assigned as a reason for not boarding at this house, that the conversation made him sea-sick; and, indeed, the smell of tar and bilge-water is somewhat strongly perceptible in it. Indisputably these men are alive, and to an extent to which the Englishman never seems conscious of life. It would do John Bull good to come and sit at our table, and adjourn with us to our smoking-room; but he would be apt to go away a little crestfallen."

The smoking-room was an apartment barely twenty feet square, though of a fair height; but the captains smoked a great deal, and by nine o'clock sat enveloped in a blue cloud. They played euchre with a jovial persistence that seems wonderful in the retrospect,

especially as there was no gambling. The small boys in the house (there were two or three) soon succeeded in mastering the mysteries of the game, and occasionally took a hand with the captains. Hawthorne was always ready to play, and used to laugh a great deal at the turns of fortune. He rather enjoyed card-playing, and was a very good hand at whist; and knew, besides, a number of other games, many of which are now out of fashion, but which he, I suppose, had learned in his college days. Be the diversion or the conversation what it might, he was never lacking in geniality and good-fellowship; and sparkles of wit and good humor continually came brightening out of his mouth, making the stalwart captains haw-haw prodigiously, and wonder, perhaps, where his romances came from. Nevertheless, in his official capacity, he sometimes made things (in their own phrase) rather lively for them; and it is a tribute to his unfailing good sense and justice, that his enforcement of the law never made him unpopular.

The talk was not entirely of ships and things maritime; one might hear there, at first hand, tales of all parts of the world, and anecdotes of all persons, from royalty downwards. "The Doctor," writes Hawthorne, "told a story of the manner in which the young Queen intimated to Prince Albert that she had bestowed her heart on him. All the eligible young princes in Europe had been invited to England to visit the Queen, — trotted out, as it were, for inspection; and all were suffered to take their leave,

in due time, — all but Prince Albert. When he came to pay his parting compliments, the Queen said to him, 'It depends on yourself whether you go!' This is rather pretty." He adds: "The Doctor avers that Prince Albert's immediate attendants speak contemptuously ('lightly' was his precise word) of him, as a slow, commonplace man."

Here is a passage on a more homely topic: "Last evening two or three young men called in fortuitously to see some young ladies of our household, and chatted in parlor, hall, and smoking-room, just as they might have done in America. They stayed to tea with us. In our party of perhaps half a dozen married women and virgins, there are two or three who may fairly be called pretty, — an immense proportion compared with what one finds among the women of England, where, indeed, I could almost say I have found none. The aspect of my countrywomen, to be sure, seems to me somewhat peculiarly delicate, thin, pale, after becoming accustomed to the beefy rotundity and coarse complexions of the full-fed English dames; but, slight as they look, they always prove themselves sufficient for the whole purpose of life. Then the lightness, the dance, the ebullition of their minds, is so much pleasanter than the English propriety! I have not heard such a babble of feminine voices, on this side of the water, as I heard last night from these ladies, sitting round the table in the parlor, — all busy, all putting in their word, all ready with their laugh."

Christmas day was observed with much heartiness at Mrs. Blodgett's; branches of mistletoe were hung up everywhere, and it was dangerous to pass beneath them. The Yankee captains were extremely gallant to the ladies of the household on this occasion; and something like a plot was organized to inveigle the American Consul into paying due observance to the ceremony. The cook and the maid-servants, especially (who were allowed exceptional privileges at this celebration), openly threatened to catch this grand-looking gentleman and kiss him; and the captains, and even Mrs. Blodgett herself, were prepared to assist them in their design. The Consul, nevertheless, managed to escape; but there was a great deal of uproar and merriment, and it was a standing joke among some of Hawthorne's English friends, long afterwards, that he had, in truth, succumbed. Henry Bright, in particular, wrote a poem containing a reference to this matter, which has fortunately been preserved. "Hiawatha" had lately been published in England, and had attracted a great deal of attention and comment, not always of a respectful or appreciative kind. Henry Chorley had a review of it in the "Athenæum," written in a highly unreceptive spirit. Mr. Bright employed the metre of "Hiawatha" in his verses, which run as follows:—

SONG OF CONSUL HAWTHORNE.

SHOULD you ask me, "Who is Hawthorne?
Who this Hawthorne that you mention?"
I should answer, I should tell you,
"He 's a Yankee, who has written
Many books you must have heard of;
For he wrote 'The Scarlet Letter'
And 'The House of Seven Gables,'
Wrote, too, 'Rappacini's Daughter,'
And a lot of other stories; —
Some are long, and some are shorter;
Some are good, and some are better.
And this Hawthorne is a Consul,
Sitting in a dismal office, —
Dark and dirty, dingy office,
Full of mates, and full of captains,
Full of sailors and of niggers, —
And he lords it over Yankees."

But you ask me, "Where the dwelling,
Where the mansion, of this Hawthorne?"
And I answer, and I tell you,
"'T is a house in upper Duke Street, —
'T is a red brick house in Duke Street.
Should you ask me further, saying,
"Where this house in upper Duke Street?"
I should answer, I should tell you,
"'T is the house of Missis Todgers, —
House of good old widow Todgers,
Where the noble Yankee captains
Meet, and throng, and spend their evening,
Hairy all, and all dyspeptic,
All of them with nasal voices,
Speaking all through nasal organs,
All of them with pig tobacco,
All of them with Colt's revolvers."

Should you ask me what they do there, —
What the manners and the customs
Of this house of widow Todgers, —
I should tell you that at Christmas
Mistletoe hangs in the parlors,
Mistletoe on hall and staircase,
Mistletoe in every chamber;
And the maids at widow Todgers',
Slyly laughing, softly stealing,
Whisper, "Kiss me, Yankee Captain, —
Kiss or shilling, Yankee Captain!"
Slyly laughing, softly saying,
"Kiss from you too, Consul Hawthorne!
Kiss or shilling, Consul Hawthorne!"[1] —
I should tell you how, at midnight
Of the last day in December,
Yankee Captain, Consul Hawthorne,
Open wide the mansion's front door, —
Door that opens into Duke Street, —
Wait to see the hoary Old Year
Pass into the frosty starlight, —
Wait to see the jocund New Year
Come with all its hopes and pleasures,
Come into the gas and firelight.

Do you ask me, "Tell me further
Of this Consul, of this Hawthorne"?
I would say, he is a sinner, —
Reprobate and churchless sinner, —
Never goes inside a chapel,
Only sees outsides of chapels,
Says his prayers without a chapel!
I would say that he is lazy,
Very lazy, good-for-nothing;
Hardly ever goes to dinners,
Never goes to balls or soirées;
Thinks one friend worth twenty friendly;

[1] A fib! — N. H.

Cares for love, but not for liking;
Hardly knows a dozen people, —
Knows old Baucis [1] and Philemon,[2]
Knows a Beak,[3] and knows a Parson,[4]
Knows a sucking, scribbling merchant,[5] —
Hardly knows a soul worth knowing, —
Lazy, good-for-nothing fellow!

This little *jeu d'esprit* pleased Hawthorne much; there are touches of true affection and discrimination hidden here and there in the doggerel. But before this date letters had been received from Mrs. Hawthorne in Lisbon.

LISBON, PATEO DE GERALDES, Oct. 27, 1855.

MY DARLING BOY, — Your letter delighted me extremely. It was very well expressed, and spelt pretty well. I am sure you cannot help being happy with papa, and I should think it would be a great encouragement to be good to be in his society. You must confide to him all your heart and life, so as not to be shut up and alone. You will find him ready to sympathize always with you, and his wisdom and experience will help you to do and to judge rightly.

I am really glad you did not come to Lisbon in the season of mosquitoes; and the fleas are still worse. We have mosquito-nets; but fleas are able to hop through pin-holes. We have not been very gay at the Pateo; but the other evening I went to the opera

[1] A. M. Heywood. [2] I. P. Heywood.
[3] I. S. Mansfield. [4] W. H. Channing.
[5] H. A. Bright.

with the "Señor Ministro" (as the Portuguese call Mr. O'Sullivan) and Aunt Sue, and I saw a beautiful ballet. It was as beautiful as the pantomime you saw in Liverpool, — "The Butterflies' Ball," — but different. It was all about flowers: each fairy was a flower; and the music was so wonderfully delicate and blossomy, that I think we all felt as if we were flowers tossing in a soft wind. It was like audible flowers, summer breezes, and bird songs all blended together in a delicious bouquet of sound. . . . After the ballet Mr. O'Sullivan wanted me to wait until the moment his carriage drew up, and so he left Aunt Sue and me in the box to go to tell Gregorio the footman about it. While he was gone, all at once out went the grand chandelier, and left us almost in darkness. And then the porter came and locked the door of our box! Upon this Aunt Sue sprang up and pounded the door, and called out "Espera!" and so the man unlocked it again. During the play I peeped at the King through the opera-glass; and just as I got his face well into my glass, he raised his glass to look at me and discover what new person was in the American Minister's box, and so in this way we could neither see the other. There was a great Duchess there, the Duchess of Palmella; and she is as big as a centre-table, and her features, in the midst of an acre of cheeks and chin, look as if they had lost themselves on a vast plain. Her arm is as large as Aunt Sue's waist, and her waist could not be measured very well. Though so huge and really

monstrous, this poor lady is very young, — only twenty-four, — while I thought she was sixty. She was married at twelve, and her young husband has epileptic fits. So you see a noble Duchess, the first noble in the land, with palaces and luxury, can be very uncomfortable and unhappy, as well as a poor beggar. — I hope you will excuse that ugly blot on the paper. I do not at all know how it came there, — it seems to have something to do with the blotted life of the poor Duchess of Palmella. I am sure she will be glad when her soul soars out of its vast and misshapen house of clay.

In a few days it will be a hundred years since the great earthquake in Lisbon, and there is to be a centennial celebration. If anything is done worth describing, I will write you about it. From the windows on the east side of this house we can see the deep valley that was made by the swallowing up of that part of the city. It is now the modern part, and built up very statelily, with straight streets crossing each other on a plain; while the rest of Lisbon is all up and down hill in a picturesque fashion, but tiresome for walking. Good-night; be good, and God bless you.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MAMMA.

When you see any spots on your clothes, be sure and ask some one to wash them off for you.

— Some intermediate letters have been lost; but the longer of the two following gives a very complete picture of the Portuguese Court.

NOVEMBER 13, 1855.

MY DARLING JULIAN, — I am much obliged to you for your important conclusions about the war. But not even the prospect of seeing the "Wayside" could make me welcome a war between mother and daughter, as I consider England and America; a daughter, to be sure, quite independent of her mother, — married to the eagle, that free citizen of the air, — but still inalienably her daughter. And I trust that neither your sword nor that of any other young or old American will ever find its way to an English heart.

I have been to another opera, and seen another ballet, but not so pretty a one as the "Spirits of the Flowers." The story was of a young sculptor who had made a statue of a Bohemian dancing-girl; and the evil spirit told him he would give it life if he would promise not to fall in love with it; and if he did, he would immediately turn her back into a statue. The young sculptor promises, and Mephistopheles gives life to the maiden, and she steps daintily down from her pedestal, dazzling with jewels and soft with lace, and dances about very bewitchingly. Troops of pretty dancing-girls join her, and the evil spirit — his cap and jacket slashed with fire — darts in and out among the airy forms, and plays the maddest pranks; and finally the sculptor forgets his promise, and loses his heart entirely to the brilliant Bohemienne, and so he loses her.

The King was not present that evening, which

made a great difference in the scene; but your friend, the big Duchess of Palmella, was there. I believe I have not told you that the late Queen, Doña Maria II., was so enormous in size that she exceeded even the Duchess; and her body was entirely too large to go through the great door of the royal burial vault. Do you not hope that your little mamma will not roll home to England in a spherical form? But, no! I cannot grow stouter while you and papa are a thousand miles away from me. It is impossible to be jolly unless we are all together. Tell papa I wish he would send poor me a photograph of you and of himself. It would be such a solace. Good-by.

YOUR OWN MAMMA.

LISBON, PATEO DE GERALDES, Jan. 22, 1856.

MY DEAREST JULIAN, — I left off my letter to you in the midst of my presentation to the King. Dom Fernando said he was going to Seville for the holy week, and it would be the first time he had left Portugal since he came to it. Then mamma turned to the young King and said, "Will your Majesty accompany your father?" He smiled sadly and shook his head, and his father spoke: "No; he has no permission, and he has had his journey. Now it is time for me." But he said it was very painful to him to leave Lisbon, because he must leave the princesses, his little daughters. Aunt Sue endeavored to comfort him with the joy of return. He then asked me whether I liked Lisbon; and I said

that the Pateo de Geraldes was Lisbon for me, and that I liked that very much. He replied with a laugh, and a glance at Aunt Sue, and said, "If I could go there, the sun would shine for me too." Was not that a pretty speech? He told me I had had no chance to see Lisbon in such weather; for never had been known such a winter as this. He asked me how long I would stay. I said, "Several months, Sire;" and then his Majesty was so polite as to say, "I am very glad of it." It would puzzle the Seven Wise Men to find out why the Regent should be glad of my presence in Lisbon. When he said the sun would shine for him if he could come here, Aunt Sue told him how happy she should be to receive him, and that she would make it as brilliant as she could. With the most animated air, he exclaimed, "Soon? now?" "Not this winter, Sire, on account of our mourning." "Ah, certainly!" he said. Aunt Sue and Ellie are such particular favorites of the King that he likes to see them as often as he can. And as Aunt Sue intended to have Quinzaines (fortnightly soirées) this winter, if it had not been for the death of Tom O'Sullivan and Ellie's illness, he expected to see them this winter, as he would have honored the Pateo de Geraldes with his royal presence sometimes. He is rather impatient of being "hedged in with greatness," and was very glad to give his sceptre into the hands of his son. The very day after he did so, Mr. Martin told me that he was seen, without state, going up Rua d'Oro with all the

little princes behind him, — breathing free breath for once. He slipped out of the palace without any one knowing it; and having never been out alone before, he declared he was a little afraid, though very happy. I suppose he felt very much as a little boy would feel who had never been untied from his mamma's apron, and who all at once cut the string and ran away, and found himself in the great world of a street with no nurse to restrain him, tremendously delighted, but exceedingly fearful of being lost, stolen, or killed.

Meanwhile the "old King" was leaning against a golden pier-table of this reception-room, much at his ease, close by Aunt Sue; and the "young King" stood in a pensive attitude near me, sad, but with an amiable shadow-smile on his face, and an expression of constraint. I did not find it at all embarrassing to be in private audience with two kings. I could have talked with much interest and animation to Dom Pedro V. if I had not felt a little anxious about whether I should say "your Majesty" often enough, being quite unused to a royal *tête-à-tête*. But just as I was endeavoring to arrange a sentence, Dom Fernando suddenly dismissed us with a graceful bow and "Good-by." Dom Pedro gravely bowed also, and then we commenced going backwards from the august presences. I accomplished my retreat without trouble some distance, when Dom Fernando, with an amiable consideration, turned his face—and so we could turn ours a little—till he and his son arrived at the threshold of the door they entered, when they both looked round, and

bowed, and smiled again, and vanished from our sight. Oh, I forgot that in the process of retreating face to face, Dom Fernando came towards us again, and said to Aunt Sue, "How are the cats?" — referring to the charming pen-sketch he made of five cats in Aunt Sue's album. I believe she replied, "Sire, they are waiting for the others;" at which he laughed and said, "I know what that means." He had promised her some etchings of his designs, which had not yet appeared.

The Count Linheres, Lord Chamberlain, received us in the anteroom; and then his Grace, the Duke de Soldanha, Prime Minister and Marshal of the Kingdom, met us, and Aunt Sue introduced me to him, and then had a very merry and spirited talk with him in English, which he speaks perfectly well. The Duke was in uniform, in undress, and is a very handsome old man, with very white mustachios and hair, and apparently in great vigor of health and spirit. He seemed fond of Aunt Sue, and enjoyed her *jeux d'esprit* exceedingly, and told her he was coming to her reception the next Wednesday, when he wished to pay his respects also to Madame O'Sullivan. After our interview with this illustrious person, we bade farewell to the lady of honor who had received us, and departed through the avenue of arches to our carriage.

And now I have access to the palace upon all occasions, and the next Sunday evening was obliged to go to a fortnightly private soirée, and pay my

respects with all the other peers and peeresses and the diplomatic corps. Shall I tell you how I was dressed for this mighty occasion? I will try. I wore that violet brocade (which color here is mourning), with a corsage of low neck and short sleeves, trimmed with Mechlin lace and violet ribbons by a Parisian *modiste*. Close round my throat was a black velvet ribbon, holding a pendant of diamonds in front. In front of my corsage was a pearl brooch, and a bouquet of white and purple violets. I wore jet bracelets on one arm, and on the other a gold one with a great carbuncle suspended from it; white kid gloves, and an India fan of ivory, delicately wrought. My hair was rolled in the coronet fashion; and four white feathers, two on each side, drooped downwards towards my neck. What do you think of mamma in this costume? Aunt Sue, being in deep mourning, wore a black velvet dress, with a white and gold feather in her hair. Uncle John never looked so well in full dress as in his home costume, and never so well as when buttoned up to his throat, with no appearance of white except his collar. The only sign of his rank that he allows himself is buttons with the eagle on his coat. But on that evening the diplomatic corps and officers (except the highest, and their aids) were not in full costume, because it was a social soirée, and not a state occasion.

Well, we drove off to the palace, and upon arriving found the staircase, with its beautiful border of bas-

relief, lined with scarlet and gold archers with shining pikes, as also was the first anteroom. On one side of this first anteroom was a stand of pikes, beautifully arranged in a fan-shape. Next to this was the robing-room, where were ushers in black, with small-clothes and black silk hose. There we took off our mantles. The first saloon was full of ladies, for we were a little late. We were arrested at the entrance by finding the Countess of Tarrobo, daughter of the Grand Duke, who is an intimate friend of Ellie, and wanted to know about her from Aunt Sue. All the ladies sat in a regular line round the walls of the saloon; for it is etiquette for the ladies constantly to sit, and for the gentlemen by no means to do so for a moment during the evening. Uncle John wanted to find us chairs, but there was not one to be seen empty; so he left us and went on to examine the next and larger saloon. There he found one seat, to which he conducted mamma; and then he brought a chair from some other place for Aunt Sue. Very soon I saw the Countess of Schlippenback, Madame d'Ozeroff, the Russian Ministress, and her lovely daughters, — the Moon and the Star, as I call Marie and Nadine. In a saloon on the side of that where we sat were crowds of gentlemen round the Kings and Serene Princes.

By and by Madame d'Ozeroff broke the iron rules, and came to speak to me, and asked me to wander with her through the throne-room and the late Queen's favorite little drawing-room. So then I

first saw a throne. It was a raised dais, two steps from the floor; and upon it were two sumptuous chairs covered with velvet and gold, with an ample overhanging canopy of velvet and gold. No chairs are in this room; for no one can sit in the presence of the King upon his throne. Magnificent chandeliers of crystal and gold, with wax candles, lighted this as well as all the rooms; and the windows were draped with red damask curtains, and the walls hung with vast mirrors. It looked lonely and desolate and grand. The next was the Queen's drawing-room. The walls were panelled, and very lovely pictures painted on the panels; and they were the charm of the room. A door in each of these rooms opened upon the great drawing-room of the Kings, which seemed crowded with uniforms and black-robed dignitaries. We then returned to our seats. Opposite me, just in front of a golden pier-table over which hung a vast mirror, sat the Baroness Regaleina, a stately dame in black velvet, in perfect toilette, in perfect attitude, in dignified, imperturbable repose and ease. I call her my Baroness Regular. She is a lady of a very proud and noble family, who had called upon me, and whom I had called upon, but had never yet seen. Her appearance was so very distinguished that no one else looked like anything at all on either side of her. My Baroness Regular ruled supreme at that end of the saloon. Midway on one side sat the Countess de Belmonte, daughter of one of the Infantas. She is a handsome statue,

with a look of proud indifference on her face. Next her sat her sister, the widowed Countess Linheres, a very different person, — dark, animated, and not so handsome, but with more vivid soul in her eyes. So we sat, and sat; and presently gentlemen came in from the Kings, and all who had been introduced to me came and said a few words; and the agreeable Countess Balsamas came and sat by me, and talked a little while.

Suddenly entered Dom Fernando, just beside Aunt Sue and me; and immediately caused a sensation, for he is a great favorite. He first approached Aunt Sue; and so she rose, and I also by her side; and, exceedingly to the surprise of the four lines of ladies, — all dazzled by the presence of his Majesty, being all subjects of kings or emperors, — Aunt Sue carried on a brilliant conversation with Dom Fernando, causing him so much merriment that he laughed aloud, and half whirled round on his royal heel. I am sorry to be obliged to say that this King has an imperfection in his organs of speech, which obliges him to give rather a nasal twang to his words; and it is a thousand pities that so charming a prince should have any blemish in his utterance. Aunt Sue dared to jest with him, and to pretend she was going to Paris instead of to Madeira; and to assure him that she could read his face, and knew that he already very well understood just what he was appearing to be ignorant of. I asked him whether he would not come to Madeira and reign over us

there; and he said he had too much to do here at present, and must assist his son. He asked how long we should stay. Aunt Sue told him six months; and he said that was a very long time, and she probably would never see him again, for he expected to die soon. He said he did not wish to grow old (he is thirty-five); for, said he, pulling his royal beard, which is long, "how would this look all white?" Susan told him it would look very venerable and handsome; but he shook his head and said, "No, no!" Everybody was astonished, and everybody curious and mystified; for we talked English, and all those around understood only French and Portuguese. After an unusually long interview, his Majesty suddenly bowed and passed on; but I did not once hear his merry laugh afterwards. Everybody looked very regular and proper as soon as his eye rested on them. He went all round, saying a few words to each group of ladies. As he entered the other saloon, our friend Carlos de Souza, one of the Duke's aids, was standing in the door, and he stooped his head and kissed the King's hand. It was the farthest end of the room from me; but after this act of homage he turned and met my eye, and bowed two or three times with an air of great content, and presently came across and talked awhile. He was in full uniform, with golden ropes hanging from his shoulder to his breast, showing that he was on duty to the great Marshal.

So we sat, and sat, I should think, nearly two hours more, not able to go or to rest until the young King

should see fit to come and speak to us. There was a great buzz now; for a great many gentlemen had come in, and were talking and laughing. But all at once there was an instant hush, for the youthful monarch appeared at the door of his drawing-room. Madame d'Ozeroff sat close to it, and so he commenced with her. But he skipped the ladies by sixes. When he approached Aunt Sue and mamma, a lady near us begged we would shelter her behind us, for she had not courage to face him. Every group upon which this sun of royalty shone rose up as if by magic until he turned his royal face another way. He stopped at Aunt Sue and me. He was in magnificent costume. On his breast was an order in such superb diamonds that they were positively dazzling,—blinding. Every part of him shone with gold and diamonds and fine scarlet. But his face was still sad, though very amiable and gentle. There is a dignity and thoughtfulness in his manner which makes it impossible to sport with him. He looks as if heavy care weighed on his heart. When I spoke to him about going to Madeira, he gave such a deep sigh, and such a shadow fell over his brow as he replied, "Ah, I have too much to do here!" that I felt quite oppressed, and he immediately bowed and turned away.

I must tell you something about him while he is making the circuit of the saloon. He is very eager and earnest to examine into everything himself; and one evening the Minister of Justice sent him a paper to sign, and a huge pile of documents

in which was written the whole matter in hand. He was expected to sign the paper without comment; but so he had no purpose of doing. He has a wise way of going to bed in reasonable season, which is one of the means he uses to preserve his admirable, blooming health. But he sat up all that night, reading that pile of papers, and making of them an admirable, clear abstract; and in the morning he sent for his ministers and told them what he had done, and requested that the next time any papers were submitted to him, they would be careful to prepare an abstract for him *in good Portuguese.* And one day he went to a foundry where they were making a huge mortar. He asked what it was for. He was told that it was made to fit some very large balls that were on hand. He remarked: "It is very well; in a country where *places are made for men,* mortars should be made for balls." He evidently intends to investigate all subjects; and if his head is wise and his heart true, as they appear to be, he must indeed "find too much to do here," — for corruption and abuse have become rife in affairs, and the nation is very poor. He has made a reform in the palace, so that it may go on at less expense, and seems to have a profound resolve and desire to effect good, and to see to it with his own eyes. He is very interesting to me. I am much more interested in him than in his accomplished father. — But by this time he has finished what is a heavy task for him; for he does not care for the ladies, and it is a terrible penance for

him to speak to them in such crowds. After going round the large saloon, he was returning to his drawing-room, and said he should go to bed. But his minister reminded him that he had forgotten the other saloon of ladies! And so he was obliged to go back, alas for him! He is only eighteen; but he is not gay, and mere ceremony is irksome to him, because his thoughts are fixed on something more important, and he doubtless wished all those fair dames had been in Jericho.

While he was doing penance out of our sight, his brother, His Serene Highness the Duke of Oporto, Dom Luiz, came in. He is fifteen, — a rosy, happy-looking youth. He was dressed in black, with a body-coat like a grown man, with a white waistcoat buttoned with diamonds, and his coat lined with white satin; his shirt-bosom and cravat richly embroidered. I was amused to see him while talking with the Misses Howard, daughters of the new English Minister; they are short and plump, and, being dressed in bright yellow, pointed with black, they reminded one of two brisk little canary-birds. They had just the air and motion of birds hopping. The Prince stood gravely before them, perusing them most strictly from beneath his brows; and I thought he seemed secretly diverted with their chirping appearance, and very much pleased with their fat, snowy necks, over the broad savannas of which his clear blue eyes wandered constantly while conversing. It seems to be the custom, the world

over, that no lady shall appear in the presence of royalty with her neck and arms covered. The venerable Countess Anadia, between eighty and ninety years of age, went to the last soirée with low waist and short sleeves.

Once, when Dom Fernando was in the room, the Duke of Baja, thirteen years of age, came in dressed as a major, and with the greatest animation went up to his father and kissed his hand. His father put his arm round him and gave him a little hug, —all in a very graceful and sweet way. I was much impressed with the brilliant health of the princes, from Dom Pedro downwards; and I have been told that the late Queen took good care of this, and brought them up admirably, though she did sonetimes in a pet box their ears so hard as to send them spinning across the room. This, I suppose, was only the viciousness of the Braganza blood, and her goodness and wisdom belonged to her individual soul.

During the evening grave servants, in blue with red facings, meandered about with trays containing black tea, bonbons, cake, spiced wine and water, and ice-creams. I took an ice whenever I could get a chance, so as to keep myself cool and superior to circumstances.

When their Majesties had gone from the saloons, we rose to follow. We were, however, arrested by the Duke Marshal; he was covered all over with stars, orders, ribbons, gold lace, cords, epaulettes, tassels, and

sashes. He was very cordial, and took Uncle John's hand, and finally embraced him with one arm, pressing him to his heart as something precious, and saying to Aunt Sue, "We all dearly love him, — from the King, we all love him." He told her that during her absence he should take him under especial charge, and see himself that he was safe and well, — "And if I say so, madame, I will do it; for I think it cannot be affirmed of me that I have yet broken my word." He was most affectionate, and said a thousand *sandades*, which means so much that I cannot translate it by one word. It signifies tender remembrances, loving regards, soft hopes, precious assurances, friendship, fondness, caressing love, etc. Aunt Sue told the Duke that we must have a band of music at Madeira. He replied that the regiment stationed there had none, but that he would try to send one that had one as soon as possible. Susan said, "I will ask the King;" upon which the all-powerful Marshal colored up to his white hair, and replied that it lay with himself; and Uncle John hastened to remind her that in such matters the Duke was the sole authority. I think Dom Pedro will need all his high head and brow, so indicative of what Dr. Howe calls "thundering thinking," as well as the stubborn Braganza will, to stem this mighty commander-in-chief, so long virtual sovereign of Portugal.

As we conversed, "the hall of dazzling light" became deserted quite, when suddenly the King Regent returned, and the Duke bade us farewell.

But after a few words with Dom Fernando, he left, and the "old King" followed us; and so we stopped and had a second interview, more informal and very animated. I think this prince reminds me of Mr. Tappan. He has the same way of throwing back his head with clustering hair, and the same earnest look in his dark eyes. But his eyes are by no means so beautiful and gazelle-like as Mr. Tappan's, nor does his hair cluster so richly. His dark mustachios and beard also help the resemblance, as well as the buoyancy of his step. But that evening I observed that his figure is not particularly fine or well-proportioned. I am sorry to be obliged, as a faithful limner, to say that his royal legs are too long for symmetry, though his head and shoulders are spirited and elegant.

Let me not forget to tell you that when the young King was leaving our great saloon to return to his drawing-room, his father met him in the door and embraced him with both arms, giving him an approving, loving patting with his right hand on his shoulder, as much as to say, "Bravo, my son, you have done well!" The Baron Kersler, the "old King's" physician, who came with him from Germany, says that the royal family are most affectionate, and now that the severe Queen is dead, of whom they were all afraid, they enjoy themselves very much. Not long ago, the eldest Infanta, Maria, dressed herself as a beggar-girl. The officers of the palace repulsed her quite roughly from the doors at which she was plead-

ing for alms, especially from the King's cabinet. She went into the garden. The guards asked her what she meant by intruding into those sacred places; and she said her father was there. "Your father, indeed!" they replied. At last her father came to the gate, and she begged of him. He gave her an alms; and just as she was turning from him, either her air or an arch expression of her face struck him, and he exclaimed, "It is my child!" You perceive that they seem to have a merry time.

If the King Regent had had a fancy to keep us in presence all night, we should have been obliged to remain his humble servants, and be as agreeable as we could find it in our wits to be; for it is the prerogative of majesty to dismiss all lesser dignities at will, and lesser dignities can never take leave of majesty. I suppose the idea is that it is not to be dreamed of that one can bask long enough in the rays of a royal countenance. But I must confess that *my* lesser dignity was weary even of a king, and that somehow I could not find that he was at all different from any other man; and that I was right glad when at last he suddenly said, "Good-by," and turned immediately towards his drawing-room, thus amiably allowing us to follow our noses out of the room, instead of our backs, like so many crabs. The robing-room and staircase were full of waiting guests, and I was rejoiced at last to hear that the carriage of the American Minister stopped the way.

I have written you a huge letter. I suppose you

think we are in Madeira now; but the floods have delayed our steamer. Within the memory of man there has not been such a deluge on the Peninsula. I wonder it is not broken off the Continent, by dint of soaking, so as to set us afloat on the high seas. It seems to be crumbling to pieces, and turning all into liquid mud. The seeds are all washed out of the ground, and no harvest can be looked for. All theatres and places of amusement are now closed; prayers besiege Heaven for a cessation of the rain all night long in the churches, and nightly processions of priests walk the streets. Lisbon is crowded with the starving peasantry and fishermen. Four hundred robbers were put in prison the other day, who were stealing something to keep them alive. The high walls in the city are falling down, crumbling under the heavy soaking water. Even walls of houses fall outwards, leaving the people exposed in their rooms. Drowned persons float down the river. The other day a babe in a basket, like another Moses, was picked up alive from the water. There was to be a musical soirée at the palace last week, at which the great Thalberg was to perform, and the King Regent to sing; but it is put off on account of the general distress. Our neighbor, the Conselheiro Baldeira, says we shall not be obliged to go in the carriage to the Tagus to embark in the steamer, for the steamer will be able to call for us at the Pateo de Geraldes. What stormy petrels we seem to be! We brought in our pockets — or under our wings — the worst weather England

had known, and we bid fair (or foul) to drown the Peninsula by our presence here. It is time we were thrown overboard, and so we shall be next week; and I hope Madeira will not suffer in consequence of our creeping ashore upon it. Farewell, dearest boy. Give our love to kind Mrs. Blodgett, Miss Williams, and Miss Maria, and be as good and happy as you can.

YOUR LOVING MAMMA.

A thousand *sandades* to you and blessed papa.

— There are two letters from Hawthorne to his sister Elizabeth, and another to his daughter Una, which may come in here.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 6, 1855.

DEAR E., — I was glad to see your handwriting again in a letter to Una, and I don't think it would do you any harm to write oftener. I have received letters from Lisbon this morning. Sophia continues to receive benefit from the climate, and I see no reason to doubt that it will quite restore her. She is very pleasantly situated, and sees the King and all the grandees of the realm.

I am getting tired of Liverpool, though not of England. It is not probable (though you need not mention this) that I shall remain here a great many months longer; for the consulate is not so profitable as it was, though it still yields a good income. But I have now got enough to live upon at home, with comfortable economy, and may besides reckon upon

a considerable income from literature; so that it does not seem worth while to waste a great deal more time in this consular drudgery. I mean, however, to retain the office till next summer or autumn, and spend a good deal of the intervening time in travelling about England and Scotland. Then I propose two years on the Continent, after which there will be nothing for it but to return to America,—which does not look like a very agreeable prospect from this side of the water. I send some of the latest "Athenæums," and am

Your affectionate brother,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 16, 1856.

DEAR E.,—I send you some "Athenæums," etc. Sophia and the two children have gone from Lisbon to Madeira, with Mr. O'Sullivan's family. Her health has very much improved, and I do not doubt that she will return to England perfectly restored, on the approach of summer. Julian is perfectly well. There is a good deal of talk of war between England and the United States; but I hardly think it will come to that.

There is no possibility of writing to such an impossible correspondent as you are.

Yours affectionately, N. H.

LIVERPOOL, March 19, 1856.

MY DEAREST UNA,—In answer to your criss-crossed note, I write you a very few words, and thank

you very much for your kind and agreeable correspondence. You write very nice letters, and Julian and I are always greatly interested in them. He cannot puzzle out the meaning of them by himself, and I always have the pleasure of reading them over at least twice, — first to myself and afterwards to him. And when your letters contain nothing private, I likewise read them to Mrs. Blodgett and Miss Williams. Julian has lately got acquainted with a gentleman named Dr. Archer, and with some nice little daughters of his. Dr. Archer is very fond of natural history, and he has given Julian a good many shells, and a little book describing them; so that Julian is growing more learned than ever about shells. He means to spend all his money in purchasing them; and he has quite as much money as he ought, for I give him all the pence and half-pence that I get at the Consulate. Dr. Archer also shows him things through the microscope, and, among other things, the wing of a fly, which looked as big as the wing of a goose.

I have not yet been to hear Mr. Channing preach; but, to make amends, I send Julian every Sunday. There is always some lady or other who is glad to take charge of him and put herself under his protection. But, last Sunday, there happened to be no lady going to Mr. Channing's; so, rather than go to Mrs. Blodgett's church, Julian chose to go to our chapel all by himself. There he saw Dr. Archer, who invited him to dinner and to spend the day, and sent one of

his daughters to ask my permission. Julian is very fond of society, and loses no opportunity of going abroad whenever he is asked. Sometimes Mrs. Warren asks him to her house; and I think he likes to go there better than anywhere else, for the sake of dancing with Mary. I often tell him that he will have to earn his living as a dancing-master; but he seems to think that that profession would be beneath the dignity of a Consul's son.

Tell Rosebud that I love her very much, and that I wrote her a letter a little while ago, and sent it to Uncle John, to be sent to her. She is the best little girl in the world, is she not? Does she ever get out of humor? Tell her that I wish very much to know whether she always behaves prettily, as a young lady ought. Is she kind to Nurse?

I am going to dine at Sandheys this evening, and I suppose I shall see Annie Bright.

YOUR LOVING FATHER.

—It was in February of the New Year (1856) that Hawthorne made the visit to the workhouse which is recorded in his journal, and where the incident of the child's attaching itself to him occurred, that made so deep an impression on him. He was accompanied by Mr. Mansfield and Mrs. Heywood. In relation to the child, he says: "If it were within the limits of possibility, — if I could ever have done such wickedness as could have produced this child, — I should have certainly set down its affection to the score

of blood-recognition; and I cannot conceive of any greater remorse than a parent must feel if he could see such a result of his illegitimate embraces. I wish I had not touched the imp; and yet I never should have forgiven myself if I had repelled its advances."

Hawthorne's spirits were very much depressed at this period; his loneliness weighed upon him, and he was in continual dread, as he says, "of ill-news from Lisbon that I may perhaps hear, — of black-sealed letters, or some such horrors." But it happened, fortunately no doubt, that he was more than usually involved in various forms of social activity. He lunched on board the "Princeton;" he visited the Mersey Iron Foundry, and was delighted with the great vat full of boiling iron; he called on Mr. Dallas, the new ambassador, who "had risen in life by the lack of two powerful qualities and by a certain tact," and who "must be pronounced a humbug, yet almost or quite an innocent one." He went to London, stopping over night at Mr. Bowman's, in St. James Place; and called on Mr. Bennoch, at the latter's office, where they talked of the war, and of Jerdan, whom Mr. Bennoch characterized as "a very disreputable old fellow, who had spent all his life in dissipation, and has not left it off even now, in his old age. I do not see," adds Hawthorne, "how such a man has attained vogue in society, as he certainly has; for he had no remarkable gifts, more than scores of other literary men, and his manners had, to my taste, no charm.

Yet he had contrived to live amongst and upon whatever is exquisite in society and in festivity." He and Bennoch visited Hampton Court, and dined at the "Star and Garter" on Richmond Hill; and the next day, still under Mr. Bennoch's guidance, he investigated Barber-Surgeon's Hall, and gives a minute description of the "Loving-cups" that he saw there, and of the ceremony in using them; and afterwards they took the rail to Greenwich, and mingled in the "Fair." The following evening he dined with Mr. Bennoch, meeting Mrs. Newton Crosland, who praised "The Scarlet Letter." "I would gladly have responded by praising her own works," he remarks; "but although she sent me one of them, three or four years ago, I had quite forgotten its subject, and so could not say anything greatly to the purpose. Neither would it have been easy, at any rate, to respond in due measure; for Mrs. Crosland was unusually lavish in her admiration, preferring poor me to all the novelists of this age, or, I believe, any other; and she and Mr. Bennoch discussed, right across me, the uses to which I had better put my marvellous genius, as respects the mode of working up my English experiences! — I suppose this may be the tone of London literary society. But I really do not think that I like to be praised, *vivâ voce;* at least, I am glad when it is said and done with, though I will not say that my heart does not expand a little towards those who rightly appreciate my books. But I suspect that I am of somewhat sterner stuff than many romancers,

and tougher of fibre; and the dark seclusion — the atmosphere without any oxygen of sympathy — in which I spent all the years of my youthful manhood, have enabled me to do almost as well without as with it."

Another day he strolled through the National Gallery, and remarks that his art culture had already advanced, so far that he was able to prefer some pictures to others; and he went to the British Museum, and wished, in his weariness, that the Elgin Marbles and the Frieze of the Parthenon were all burnt into lime! Then he got lost in the vicinity of Holborn, and "kept returning, in the strangest way, to the same point in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and I must say that I wished the Devil had London and them that built it, from King Lud's time downwards!" But he recovered sufficiently to go and see Kean play "Louis XI." the same evening, and liked him well. Mr. Bennoch now seized upon him once more, and whirled him off to Aldershott, where they sat down to a "splendid dinner" with the officers of an Irish regiment, — or, rather, the Irish officers of a regiment, — whom Hawthorne found capital company. Next morning they witnessed a sham-fight, and saw fifteen thousand men pass in review before the Duke of Cambridge, who lifted his hat as each regiment went by. "As he did so, there ensued a singular and half-ludicrous transformation. For the poor Duke had suffered a great deal in his Crimean warfare, and has grown bald and gray in conse-

quence, although his beard and whiskers are still of a rich brown; so that, while his hat remained on his head, you saw a florid gentleman in his very prime, fringed about with the brown beard of lusty manhood, but whenever the hat was lifted, behold! an aged head, gray, bald, forlorn! It was the battle of Inkermann that did this mischief; for the Duke had been in a terrible excitement then, and, besides, Lord Raglan had treated him very severely for some of his conduct. The Duke had an awfully quick temper, which breaks out whenever he is in command, and he blows up the officers right and left whenever anything happens not to suit him."

From Aldershott the two friends went, by previous invitation, to visit Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, the famous poet of the "Proverbial Philosophy;" and here follows an entertaining record of their experiences on that occasion.

April 2, 1856.

We reached Albany somewhere about ten o'clock, and were met by a boy of twelve years, a son of Mr. Tupper, who had sent him to escort us. He was a forward, talkative, intelligent lad, and kept chattering profusely with Bennoch (whom he already knew). As we entered Albany, the boy exclaimed that there was his father. "Yes," said Bennoch, "as large as life!" "As small as life, you mean," said the boy; and, indeed, Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper's size is best expressed so. He soon met us, and extended his arms with an affectionate greeting to Bennoch;

and then, addressing me, "Oh, great Scarlet Letter!" he cried. I did not know what the Devil to say, unless it were "Oh, wondrous Man of Proverbs!" or "Oh, wiser than Solomon!" and as I was afraid to say either of these, I rather think I held my tongue. I felt in an instant that Mr. Tupper was a good soul, but a fussy little man, of a kind that always takes one entirely aback. He is a small man, with wonderfully short legs, fat (at least very round), and walks with a kind of waddle, not so much from corpulence of body as from brevity of leg. His hair is curly, and of an iron-gray hue; his features are good, even handsome, and his complexion very red. A person for whom I immediately felt a kindness, and instinctively knew to be a bore. He took me by the arm with vast cordiality, and led me towards his home; and before we reached the gate, if I mistake not, he had asked me whom I meant by Zenobia in the "Blithedale Romance," and whether I had drawn my own character in Miles Coverdale, and whether there really was a tombstone in Boston with the letter A upon it!—very posing queries, all of them. Tupper's house is a very delightful one, standing in the centre of the village, yet secluded from it by its own grounds, and encompassed by a wall. He says it has seven gables, and led me round it in order to count them; but I think we fairly made out eight or nine. It is a house of some antiquity, and its gables make it very picturesque in a quiet way; and Tupper, as his family increased, has made additions

which are in good keeping with the original structure. He inherited it from an uncle. Mrs. Tupper — a plain, pleasant, cordial, lady-like person — was now standing at the door with some of her children, and gave us a warm and kind welcome; and we entered the hall, which had old cabinets and pictures in it, — century-old portraits, which Tupper said he called ancestral, though really they were not so. The family had been waiting breakfast for us; so, though Bennoch and I had eaten two chops apiece at the camp, we all sat down to table, seven children inclusive, and I made another pretty fair meal. Tupper's three eldest children are girls, from eighteen downwards; and their cheeks were as red as roses, and they seemed to be nice, affectionate, well-behaved young people. Mr. Tupper has chiefly educated them himself, and to such good purpose that one of them already writes for the magazines. Tupper is really a good man, most domestic, most affectionate, most fussy; for it appeared as if he could hardly sit down, and even if he were sitting he still had the effect of bustling about. He has no dignity of character, no conception of what it is, nor perception of his deficiency. His son has an instinctive sense of this, and presumes upon it, and Tupper continually finds it necessary to repress him. "Martin, do not talk so much!" he cries, — for the boy really bubbles without a moment's intermission; "Martin, your father was born a day or two before you were!" and a thousand such half-pettish, half-kindly admonitions, none of which

have the slightest effect. The girls, however, seem to respect him and love him.

In the dining-room are six fine lithographic portraits of the Queen's children, as large as life, and all taken at the same age, so that they would appear to have been littered at one birth, like kittens. They were presented by her Majesty, who is a great admirer of the "Proverbial Philosophy," and gives it to each of her children as they arrive at a proper age to comprehend the depths of its wisdom. Tupper is the man of all the world to be made supremely happy by such appreciation as this; for he is the vainest little man of all little men, and his vanity continually effervesces out of him as naturally as ginger-beer froths. Yet it is the least incommodious vanity I ever witnessed; he does not insist upon your expressing admiration; he does not even seem to wish it, nor hardly to know or care whether you admire him or not. He is so entirely satisfied with himself that he takes the admiration of all the world for granted, — the recognition of his supreme merit being inevitable. I liked him, and laughed in my sleeve at him, and was utterly weary of him; for, certainly, he is the ass of asses. Not but what he says sensible things, and even humorous ones; not but what he is a writer of strength and power, — for surely "The Crock of Gold" is a very powerful tale, — but, if it were not irreverent, I should say that his Creator, when He made Tupper, intended to show how easily He could turn a gifted, upright, warm-

hearted, and in many ways respectable person into a fool and laughing-stock even for persons much inferior to himself.

After breakfast we walked out to see a hunting-meet. The country is beautiful, swelling in long, high undulations, from the summit of one of which the diameter of the prospect is one hundred miles. There is a legend of saints connected with three of these Surrey hills, but I have forgotten it. On our way we saw here and there a red-coated horseman, hastening to the rendezvous. We heard now and then the sound of a horn and the voice of a huntsman; and by and by appeared the pack, nosing along the ground and scenting into the underbrush of furze to discover if any fox were there. The hunt followed (perhaps a score of huntsmen, some of them in red coats, and two or three ladies amongst them). Before we left the hill-top Tupper showed us some yew-trees of unknown antiquity, Druidical perhaps; their trunks were of immense size, upwards of twenty feet in girth. On our way home we passed through Albany Park, the seat of Mr. Drummond; within the park, and at no great distance from each other, stood two churches, a new one and an ancient, venerable one. The interior of the new church, which belongs to the Irvingites, is of Roman Catholic aspect, but very pleasant and soothing, with its stained windows, lamp, and holy symbols. The old church, though no longer used, is in excellent repair; and, gray and time-worn though it is, it might have answered its

original purpose for centuries longer. Mr. Drummond's house is a modern structure, but in the Elizabethan style, and looking antique enough to be in keeping with the rest of the scene.

The Tupper burial-place for generations past was here; and the graves of three of his children were covered with a garden blooming with flowers, and evidently constantly and carefully cultivated and weeded. Tupper looked earnestly at it, and was quiet for a moment; and seemed pleased to see the flowers growing so finely, and said, "Ah, we must tell mamma of this." Then we looked into the church window, and saw the monument of Mr. Drummond's three sons, — all the male posterity the rich man had. Tupper told us a story on this subject which might easily enough be worked up into a dark, impressive legend. Mr. Drummond had intended to pull down the old church, and level the stones in the graveyard. He was vehemently opposed, especially by Tupper, who said that if he persisted in his purpose of desecration, he might suffer the curse of Joshua on whomsoever should rebuild Jericho, — that his first-born and youngest sons should perish. The man holding to his purpose, all his three sons did die, one after another; and the bells of the old church, which he had transferred to the new steeple, tolled the funeral knell of his last son, who had died just as they were about to celebrate his coming of age. They had all been healthy and strong before. The old church was left untouched, and became the

mausoleum of his children. It is queer to think of little Tupper being the prophet of such a doom as this!

Reaching Tupper's house, he took us up into his study, which is a large room, with plenty of books, a great many of which are editions of his own beloved works. The most remarkable object is a beautiful marble figure of a child, asleep on a cushion; a little girl two or three years old, very delicately sculptured, enjoying a sweet repose. It is the statue of his dead child, whose grave we had seen in the old churchyard. Tupper looked at it with evident delight, as he might have done at his child alive; and it almost seemed as if, so far as his feelings were concerned, it were the real presence of his living child. He spoke about it without any reserve, and showed me the different points of view; but for my part, though it was a very sweet little creature, I could not say much of it, feeling that a stranger tongue has no right to infringe upon the delicacy and sanctity of such a subject. But Tupper probably felt nothing of the kind, and the presence of the little marble girl seemed to soothe and comfort him, and he is just as merry, when the mood serves, as if she was not there. Besides the tender marble, he showed me some certificates of honorary membership of certain American literary societies, glazed and framed and hanging against the wall. I never heard before of any of the learned bodies. Likewise he opened one of the bookcases, and showed it packed quite full of the Ameri-

can editions of his works, all splendidly bound and gilt, — talking with evidently intense satisfaction of his American fame.

We dined early, the whole brood of children sitting down to table with us, and the patriarchal Tupper chatting away during the meal. A very small man seems rather out of place at the head of a large family; the dignity of the situation is not in keeping with his figure and demonstrations. We had quite a good plain dinner, in such abundance as the large appetites of seven small people rendered necessary. I sat next to Mrs. Tupper, and, talking with her about her home and her husband, she observed that they two had played together on the spot, and gathered the nuts beneath the trees, in earliest childhood; "for we were cousins," she said. . . . It is wonderful what a sadness this one great misery threw over my whole contemplation of Tupper's life and character. I had already made a remark to him about the means of happiness he had around him, and had noticed, with some surprise, that he did not respond with any heartiness. There was, for that only time, a marked reserve in his manner, a something repining in his tone. . . . After dinner we set out for Wooton, Tupper bestriding a horse. He breeds his own horses, and is very proud of them, though they are by no means remarkably good. One very commonplace pony he calls "Wonder," and has other fine names for all the rest. He rides pretty well; but his wife kept calling out to him to be careful, to go slowly

down steep hills, and divers other affectionate admonitions, — for she is a truly good woman, and admires her husband just as much as if he were bigger and wiser. They are very kind people, all of them, and I heartily wish them well.

— Recommencing their travels, the pilgrims next went, *via* Tunbridge Wells, to Battle Abbey; the interior of which, Hawthorne says, "of all domestic things that I have seen in England, satisfied me most." From there they drove to Hastings, and called on Theodore Martin and his wife (*née* Helen Faucit), and, having lunched there, took the train back to London. But the gayeties were not yet over; for, the next day, Hawthorne was taken to dine at the Milton Club, where he met several distinguished persons, among them Mr. Tupper, Dr. Mackay, Tom Taylor, William Howitt, and Mr. Sidney Carter Hall, — concerning which gentleman Hawthorne appears to have suffered considerable mental disquietude. He says: —

". . . While I was waiting for Bennoch at the Milton Club, a tall, fine-looking gentleman with white hair entered, and was presently introduced to me by Mr. Tupper. Mr. S. C. Hall — for it was no less a personage — immediately began, in a tone audible to the whole room, to express his admiration for me as 'the first — yes, it was really so — the very first writer of the age.' He said that he had written fifty thousand (I think that was the number) criticisms

of books, but that, in all his vocation as a critic, he had never felt such delight as in recording his judgment of my merits. In short, I cannot possibly overstate what he said, and, for very shame, prefer not to record it any further; and it was all said in the most fluent, irrepressible, and yet quiet way, with a volubility of fine phrases, and with a calm benignity of face. I have never met so smooth an Englishman as Mr. S. C. Hall. He likewise presented me with a flower — a perfectly beautiful camellia — which his wife had sent me; for, it seems, her admiration is of the same intensity as her husband's. Good Heavens! what is a man to do in a case like this? By and by Bennoch entered, and, taking me by the arm, led the way to the dining-room. I besought him most earnestly to give me any other neighbor rather than Mr. S. C. Hall, for that I could not stand his incense. He put Mr. Charles Mackay (author of 'The Good Time Coming') between me and Mr. Hall; notwithstanding which the latter besmeared me with a great deal more butter and treacle before the dinner was over. God forbid that I should be other than grateful for true appreciation; but was this true? Did he speak because the fulness of his heart compelled him? Could he have said less if he had tried to restrain himself? for, if he could, he was utterly unpardonable for saying what he did. I verily believe that he had it all on his tongue and nowhere else. I ought to say that Bennoch strenuously affirms that he is a good and honest man, though with some absurdities

of manner; and he says that he has positively known both Hall and his wife to make greater personal sacrifices for the welfare of art and literature than he has known any other persons to make. Douglas Jerrold, on the other hand, and Dr. Mackay think him an arrant humbug; and I believe there is no doubt of his having been the original of Dickens's Mr. Pecksniff."

On rising from the dinner-table at eleven o'clock, Mr. Dallas — "lest I should starve before morning" — took him to supper at his house in Park Lane, where he was presented to Mrs. Dallas, formerly Miss Glyn. "Our party broke up soon after midnight, and Mr. and Mrs. Dallas made me promise to come again on Saturday to meet Mr. Charles Reade." Meanwhile, on the Thursday, he dined with Dr. Mackay at the Reform Club, meeting Douglas Jerrold; and it was here that the little misunderstanding with the latter occurred, which was afterwards so amicably made up. Friday was a day of rest; but on Saturday the supper-party at Mr. Dallas's came off. Hawthorne does not seem to have been particularly impressed by Charles Reade; though I have heard him, since then, express great liking for some of his books, and I remember his reading "Griffith Gaunt" with much interest when it was appearing serially in the "Atlantic Monthly." "A tall man," he calls him, "more than thirty, fair-haired, in good flesh, and not of especially intellectual aspect, but of agreeable talk and demeanor."

"Miss Glyn," he proceeds, "was not there when

I arrived, but soon came in, hot and wearied, from the stage; and when she shook hands with me, her own was moist, and gave me a strong idea of how exhausting stage exertions are. She is not pretty at all, either in face or figure, being broad and full, with a short neck; but I can conceive that she may have a great deal of power in her acting. She is more haunted by the trick, tone, and glance of the actress, than either of the other distinguished ladies whom I have met. I should say that she still retains a native goodness and simplicity. I sat next her at supper; and she alluded to the statement she had made to me a few evenings ago, that she had read 'The House of Seven Gables' thirteen years since, and inquired if she had not made a little mistake. I said that she had, but that I felt much flattered by it, because it could only have arisen from the book having made itself so much a part of the permanent furniture of her mind that she could not tell when she first became acquainted with it. She laughed, and seemed a little confused, as well she might."

On the 6th of April this indefatigable man of society went with Bennoch and Mackay to Woking, to dine and spend the evening. Mrs. Hall was "a dame of ripe age, midway beyond fifty, but still an agreeable object to look at, and must once have possessed beauty. Her husband loves beautiful things, and chose his wife, no doubt, on the same principle — in part at least — that guides him in other matters. She is tall and large and rotund, but not too rotund,

and was dressed in black, and is a good figure of a woman. As for Mr. Hall, he has his ridiculous side, and I cannot exactly judge what the depth of his heart may be; it may possibly be all surface, but still I do not think him insincere, even if he be all surface." At dinner Mr. Hall was delivered of a long tribute to Hawthorne's genius; and the latter replied in a short speech, of which he says "one half was in all probability very foolish, and the other half (God forgive me!) false."

Dr. Mackay next proposed the health of Mrs. Hall; whereupon "her husband returned thanks in another very long speech, enlarging upon her merits, giving an account of their courtship and engagement and early marriage and subsequent happiness, and incidentally treating of the excellences of Mrs. Hall's mother, who had lived with them upwards of thirty years and was only recently deceased. If there were any good in him, he said, he owed it to those two women; — and there certainly is good, mixed up with a vast deal of nonsense and flummery."

Escaping thence, Hawthorne next fell into the clutches of the Lord Mayor, but was more than repaid for any inconvenience he may have been subjected to, by the spectacle of the beautiful Jewess who sat opposite him, and whose aspect he has immortalized in the Miriam of "The Marble Faun." Then to the House of Commons, where he saw Disraeli — "a very unwholesome-looking person" — and Lord Palmerston, and listened to a debate. In the

Refectory they saw Disraeli again. "He don't look as if he had a healthy appetite. Bennoch says that he makes himself up with great care, and spends a long time picking the white hairs from his sable locks. He is said to be poor; and though he had property with his wife, it is all gone."

From the House they repaired to Albert Smith's "Mont Blanc" lecture. Mr. Albert Smith was "a gentleman of about forty, of the Dickens school, a little flashy and rowdy, but a good-hearted man and an agreeable companion. We went to Evans's supper-rooms, where I was introduced to the musical critic of the "Times," and to Mr. Lawrence, author of the "Life of Fielding." But the queerest introduction was that of the superintendent of the rooms, a Mr. Green, who expressed himself in the highest degree honored by my presence, and said if he could only have Emerson likewise, and Channing (the deceased Doctor, I presume), and Longfellow, the dream of his life would be fulfilled! It is a good place to see London life in, and I mean, sometime or other, to go there again, — perhaps with Longfellow."

Next day he dined with Henry Stevens, an American gentleman connected with the Library department of the British Museum, and again met Tom Taylor, whom he considered to be sensible and active-minded, with "a humorous way of showing up men and matters, but without originality or much imagination or dance of fancy." After dinner there was a reception in the drawing-room, where Hawthorne

was introduced to a great many ladies and gentlemen who, "so far as I could judge, had all been invited there to see me." "It is ungracious, even hoggish," he continues (to quote a passage already printed from the Note-Books), "not to be gratified with the interest they expressed in me; but then it is really a bore, and one does not know what to do or say. I felt like the hippopotamus, or — to use a more modest illustration — like some strange insect imprisoned under a tumbler, with a dozen eyes watching whatever I did."

This, however, was his final trial. The next evening a telegram arrived at Mrs. Blodgett's, announcing his intended arrival; and his son, sharp-set from a three weeks' abstinence from the paternal society, rushed off the following morning to the Waterloo Hotel, and found him seated at one of the small tables in the breakfast-room, looking much less depressed and heavy than before his excursion. I remember that day, just twenty-eight years ago, very well. It struck me then, perhaps for the first time, that he was the finest-looking man in the world.

In May, Hawthorne took another trip, this time to Scotland and the North of England, stopping at Abbotsford, and, on his way home, inspecting York Minster. He went over the same ground in 1857, in company with Mrs. Hawthorne and Julian. A few days after his return, he dined with Bennoch in Manchester, meeting Mr. Ireland, editor of the "Manchester Examiner;" Mr. Watson, a merchant; and the

poet Swain. The latter impressed Hawthorne pleasantly; he says that he had simplicity, feeling, "no great energy, good sense, — of which latter quality he makes perhaps but little use in his own behalf. Not that I take him for one of those literary men who make their very moderate talent an excuse for immoderate self-indulgence. I think him an irreproachable man, but probably a very inefficient one. He is an engraver, I believe, by profession; and as to his poetry, I had the volume, but I do not well recollect the contents. Mr. Ireland saw Mr. Emerson on his first visit to Europe, and directed him how to find Carlyle. When Emerson was again here, he spent some time as Ireland's guest. Ireland is one of the few men who have read Thoreau's books; and he spoke of Margaret Fuller, and of the 'Dial.' But, on the whole, I think the English Conservatives are the men best worth knowing. The Liberals, with all their zeal for novelty, originate nothing; and one feels a little disgusted to find them setting forth their poor little views of progress, — especially if one happens to have been a Brook-Farmer! The best thing a man born in this island can do is, to eat his beef and mutton and drink his porter, and take things as they are; and think thoughts that shall be so beefish, muttonish, portish, and porterish, that they shall be matters rather material than intellectual. In this way an Englishman is natural, wholesome, and good; a being fit for the present time and circumstances, and entitled to let the future alone!"

He wandered about Manchester the next day, and saw, among other things, "the new picture by Millais, the distinguished Pre-Raphaelite artist," of "The Huguenots." He then returned to Liverpool, and there remained until, on the 9th of June, he received a telegram announcing the welcome news that Mrs. Hawthorne and their two daughters had arrived safely, from Lisbon, at Southampton. The next day he and his son set forth on the journey southwards.

CHAPTER IV.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS BEFORE ROME.

It was very hot weather. We spent the first night at Birmingham, and, resuming our journey the next morning, passed through Leamington and Oxford, at each of which places we spent an hour or two. We reached Southampton in the dusk of the summer evening, and there, at the Castle Hotel, we found the travellers from Lisbon and Madeira, whom we had so longed to see.

Our plan was to spend two or three weeks at a country boarding-house near Southampton, and then to go up to London. The house in question was not officially a boarding-house; it was a young ladies' seminary, kept by a Mrs. Hume. This being vacation time, the young ladies, with the exception of two or three permanent boarders, had gone home, leaving plenty of accommodation. Mrs. Hume called upon us at the hotel; she was a small, agreeable, well-looking lady, and it seemed probable that our stay in her abode — Clifton Villa, it was called — would be very pleasant. So, after a week or so at the Castle Hotel, and a day at Salisbury and Stonehenge, we transferred ourselves thither. "We reached

the house," writes Hawthorne, "between six and seven o'clock. Looking a little more closely at the lady, I do not feel quite sure that the scheme of boarding with her for some weeks will be acted out. She seems to be a good and well-meaning little woman, with spirit, energy, and self-dependence; and, being at the head of a respectable school for young ladies, it would be natural to suppose her cultivated and refined. But (at this stage of our acquaintance) I should pronounce her underbred, shallow, affected, — not through a natural lack of simplicity, but because her position impels her to pretend to qualities which she does not possess, — and, on the whole, a wearisome and unintentionally annoying sort of person. As mistress of a school, her faculties must be administrative rather than instructive. If she fed us better, I suppose I might be more lenient in my judgments; but eight months at Mrs. Blodgett's table have not been a very good preparation for the schoolgirl's bread and butter, morning and night, and the simple joint of mutton at two o'clock, which the good lady sets before us."

The simple truth was, that Mrs. Hume starved us, and afforded us nothing, in an æsthetic or intellectual direction, to compensate for the lack of substantial nourishment.

A visit was made to Gloucester; and after inspecting the cathedral, we went to an inn, and ordered a solid repast of meat and ale, — "a very satisfactory and by no means needless refreshment," Hawthorne

remarks, "after such short commons as Mrs. Hume had kept us upon." And then he goes on to free his mind as follows: "I never was more tired of a house than of Clifton Villa; and for Mrs. Hume's sake, I shall forever retain a detestation of thin slices of bread and butter. She is an awfully thrifty woman, and nobody can sit at her table without feeling that she both numbers and measures every mouthful that you eat; and the consequence is, that your appetite is discouraged and deadened, without ever being satisfied. She brews her own beer, and it is inexpressibly small, and is served out (only to the more favored guests) in one very little tumbler, with no offer or hint of a further supply. There is water in the milk, and she puts soda into the teapot, thereby to give the tea a color without adding to its strength. Human life gets cold and meagre under such a system; and I must say that I cordially hate Mrs. Hume, — a little, bright, shallow, sharp, capable, self-relying, good woman enough. She seems to have a conscience; for she charged only four pounds a week, whereas we had paid nearly twenty at the Castle Hotel. The fare, I suppose, is a fair sample of the way of living in English boarding-houses; or, possibly, in economical English families generally."

Escaping from this Libby Prison of middle-class English propriety, we went to the suburban dwelling of Mr. Bennoch, in Blackheath, within arm's reach of London. Here we spent a month, comprising, says Hawthorne, "some of the happiest hours that I have

known since we left our American home." Mrs. Newton Crosland lived at Blackheath, and Hawthorne met at her house Mr. Bailey, the author of "Festus." Another day he visited the wine-vaults of the London Docks; and called on Mr. Durham, the sculptor, and examined his busts and other works. In the evening Dr. Simpson, a London physician, came to see Mrs. Hawthorne professionally. "He is a physician eminent in diseases of the throat and lungs; about forty years of age, a very pleasant, cultivated, quickly perceptive man, easy and genial-mannered. After a glass of excellent burgundy, he assumed his professional character, and gave hopeful opinions respecting Sophia's case, and ordered some allopathic medicines, which she has great scruples of conscience and judgment about taking; but for my part, I am inclined to put faith in what is tangible. After tea Bennoch, the Doctor, Julian, and I walked across the heath, and from one point we had a fine and dusky view of immense London, with St. Paul's in the midst, and the towers of the two Houses of Parliament, four or five miles off. On a bright morning it must form a splendid picture. Coming home by Greenwich Park, we saw many groups and couples wandering about, or sitting on the benches beneath the old trees, and decorously enjoying themselves. Continuing our ramble, Bennoch brought us to some ancient barrows, beneath which are supposed to be buried the slain of a great battle that was fought in the plain below, two or three centuries

after Christ. They are small mounds, ten or twelve feet in diameter, elevated only a few feet, and with a shallow depression on the summit; and it seems to be pretty certain that they are as much as sixteen hundred years old. When one of them was opened, not long ago, nothing was found but a tuft of hair and some small jewels, — no bones, nor aught beside."

He met Jenny Lind, and, "on the whole, was not very much interested in her;" Sir Emerson Tennent, Samuel Lover, and Miss Jewsbury. At a dinner at Mrs. Heywood's, he saw again Mr. Monckton Milnes, and his wife, who was of noble blood, and reminded him of "the best-mannered American women." She spoke to him of Tennyson, and said that Mrs. Tennyson was "a wise and tender woman, such as ought to be intrusted with such a fragile affair as Tennyson's comfort and happiness." Tom Taylor was there, and Hawthorne "liked him very well this evening; but he is a gentleman of very questionable aspect, — un-English, tall, slender, colorless, with a great beard of soft black, and, methinks, green goggles over his eyes."

Again, he breakfasted with Mr. Milnes, and met such persons as Mr. Ticknor (the historian of Spanish Literature), the old Marquis of Lansdowne, Florence Nightingale, Robert Browning, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whom he liked very much, and with whom he talked of spiritualism and of Miss Delia Bacon's theory regarding Shakspeare; and at last he saw, sitting next the host, a man of large presence, portly,

gray-haired, but scarcely as yet aged, with a face fit for a scholar, a man of the world, a cultivated intelligence, and became aware that it was Macaulay. Hawthorne writes: "I am informed that the respectable old Marquis of Lansdowne, as I innocently considered him, is a most disreputable character, and that he is the original of Thackeray's Lord Steyne. I thought that honor belonged to the Marquis of Hertford." His trust in appearances received another shock in the case of a gentleman who had shown him many courtesies, but who, it was said, "began life as a hairdresser; was afterwards an unprincipled adventurer, on the Continent, and had made money in most questionable ways; but, growing wealthy, he put on respectability, and was now an honest man. I never should have suspected this beforehand," says Hawthorne; "yet, now that I know it, it reconciles itself well enough with what I have seen of him. There is a kind of ease and smartness in his manner which I have never seen in any English gentleman; there is a trimness in his aspect very suitable for a hairdresser; and he wears what must be a wig, yet, if so, such an artful and exquisite one that no unprofessional man could so well have suited himself. In the presence of Lady Waldegrave he behaved like a footman; in short, I accept the statement about him, except as regards his deficient honesty. Well, his morality may have been scanty and ragged once, and have been pieced and mended as he rose in life. An Englishman with such facility and adaptiveness, so ready, so neat in his action, so devoid of the

national clumsiness, is a kind of monster to begin with. On the other hand, the English are possibly less tolerant than ourselves of men who attain wealth by any other than the ordinary and regular methods and may accuse them of dishonesty when they have only been dexterous and shifty. Our friend would be altogether more at home, and more in keeping with the society around him, in America than here. Come what may, I shall always feel him to be, at least, a kind and hospitable man; and, hairdresser or not, he was a gentleman to us."

A visit to Blenheim, made about this time, is recorded in "Our Old Home;" but one of the pleasantest excursions of the summer was to Oxford, where Hawthorne and his wife were very kindly received and entertained by Mr. Speirs, the ex-mayor of the town. They remained several days, and before departing, the whole party (including Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall) were photographed on Mr. Speirs's lawn. In this photograph Hawthorne stands on the extreme right, facing the spectator, with his feet apart and his hands behind him, and his black frock coat unbuttoned. So far as figure and pose go, it is an admirable likeness; but the photograph, *quâ* photograph, is execrably bad, and the faces of none of the group are recognizable.

About the middle of September Hawthorne and his family left Mr. Bennoch's, and betook themselves to Southport, a sandy seaside town on the northern coast of England. Lodgings had previously been engaged — or, rather, a house had been rented — on

the esplanade. Liverpool was only about twenty miles distant, and therefore easily attainable by train; and Hawthorne was able to go down to his office in the morning and return at night. The tide, as at Rhyl, retired to immeasurable distances at low water; the neighboring country was flat and uninteresting; and, the "season" being just over at the time of our arrival, the place was deserted. The original intention was to remain there only until December; but our stay there, altogether, extended over ten months, though Hawthorne and his wife and their son made a somewhat extended trip into Scotland, as well as to Boston and other places in England, during that period.

Before entering upon this, however, I will insert two letters, dating back to before the time we left Blackheath.

My dear Mrs. Hawthorne, — I write a hurried line to say that we shall be in town on Thursday — Friday, rather — for some two weeks or more, and shall trust to see yourself, Una, Julian, and Rose — some or all — at 22 Woburn Square, where we shall be on our first arrival. I am to preach on the 20th and perhaps also on the 27th, though I believe I am expected to preach at Essex St. on that day. Mrs. Channing will tell you, when she meets you, the deep regret with which she learned, the other day, when calling on a friend at Mrs. Blodgett's, that Mrs. Blodgett knew as little as we did of the reasons which

led Julian to leave us. We supposed that he had received directions to return, or we should have been more urgent with him to stay. I fear, however, he was not very happy; and he is a boy of so much independence and decision that we felt little inclined to interfere with his free choice. A very marked character he has, and I doubt not will be a high-minded and energetic man. But I must close. So with warm and friendly wishes, and the hope of soon meeting,

Yours faithfully, W H. CHANNING.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 16, 1856.

OLD BOY, — We have very good dinners at Mrs. Blodgett's, and I think you would like very much to be there. There are so many people that Charley sits at a side-table, and he lives upon the fat of the land; and so would you, if you sat at the side-table with him. Yesterday he ate roast-beef and Yorkshire pudding: but if he had preferred it, he might have had some chicken-pie, with nice paste; or some roast duck, which looked very good; or some tripe fried in batter; or some boiled chicken, — or a great many other delectable things. And we had two kinds of fish, — boiled salmon and fried soles. I myself ate salmon; but the soles seemed to be very nice too. And we had so many green peas that they were not half eaten, and string-beans besides, — oh, how nice! When the puddings, and tarts, and custards, and Banbury cakes, and cheese-cakes, and greengages, and

that kind of stuff, was put on the table, I had hardly any appetite left; but I did manage to eat some currant pudding, and a Banbury cake, and a Victoria cake, and a slice of a beautiful Spanish musk-melon, and some plums. If you had been there, I think you would have had a very good dinner, and there would not have been nearly so many nice things left on the table.

Tell mamma that, if she pleases, I have no objection to your taking riding-lessons along with Una. Mamma says you have been a very good boy. I am glad to hear it, and hope you will keep good till I come back.

Your loving father, NATH. HAWTHORNE.

— At Southport the chief event of interest during the winter was a visit from Herman Melville, who turned up at Liverpool on his way to Constantinople, and whom Hawthorne brought out to spend a night or two with us. "He looked much the same as he used to do; a little paler, perhaps, and a little sadder, and with his characteristic gravity and reserve of manner. I felt rather awkward at first, for this is the first time I have met him since my ineffectual attempt to get him a consular appointment from General Pierce. However, I failed only from real lack of power to serve him; so there was no reason to be ashamed, and we soon found ourselves on pretty much the former terms of sociability and confidence. Melville has not been well of late; he has

been affected with neuralgic complaints, and no doubt has suffered from too constant literary occupation, pursued without much success latterly; and his writings, for a long while past, have indicated a morbid state of mind. So he left his place in Pittsfield, and has come to the Old World. He informed me that he had "pretty much made up his mind to be annihilated;" but still he does not seem to rest in that anticipation, and I think will never rest until he gets hold of some definite belief. It is strange how he persists — and has persisted ever since I knew him, and probably long before — in wandering to and fro over these deserts, as dismal and monotonous as the sandhills amidst which we were sitting. He can neither believe, nor be comfortable in his unbelief; and he is too honest and courageous not to try to do one or the other. If he were a religious man, he would be one of the most truly religious and reverential; he has a very high and noble nature, and better worth immortality than most of us."

Melville made the rounds of Liverpool under the guidance of Henry Bright; and afterwards Hawthorne took him to Chester; and they parted the same evening, "at a street corner, in the rainy evening. I saw him again on Monday, however. He said that he already felt much better than in America; but observed that he did not anticipate much pleasure in his rambles, for that the spirit of adventure is gone out of him. He certainly is much overshadowed since I saw him last; but I hope he will

brighten as he goes onward. He sailed on Tuesday, leaving a trunk behind him, and taking only a carpet-bag to hold all his travelling-gear. This is the next best thing to going naked; and as he wears his beard and mustache, and so needs no dressing-case, — nothing but a toothbrush, — I do not know a more independent personage. He learned his travelling habits by drifting about, all over the South Seas, with no other clothes or equipage than a red flannel shirt and a pair of duck trousers. Yet we seldom see men of less criticisable manners than he."

Among the curiosities of Southport was Mr. Scarisbrook, the landlord of the township. "He is an eccentric man, and there seems to be an obscurity about the early part of his life; according to some reports, he kept a gambling-house in Paris before succeeding to the estate. Neither is it a settled point whether or no he has ever been married: some authorities utterly ignoring the point; others affirming that he has legitimate children, who are now being educated in Paris. He is a Catholic, but is bringing up his children, they say, in the Protestant faith. He is a very eccentric and nervous man, and spends all his time at the secluded Hall, which stands in the midst of mosses and marshes; and sees nobody, not even his steward. He might be an interesting person to know; but, after all, his character, as I have just sketched it, turns out to be one of the commonplaces of novels and romance."

Towards the end of February of the next year

(1857) our house was entered by burglars, who had come up from Liverpool, probably with splendid anticipations of the booty they would get at the residence of the American Consul. They did not get much, being frightened away prematurely by a noise; but, on coming down the next morning, we found the house in quite a dishevelled condition. Hawthorne was much amused, and chuckled a good deal over the misadventure, though the thieves had carried off, among other things, his boots and his top-coat. The police earnestly undertook the case, and, contrary to all anticipation, and not a little to Hawthorne's regret, they captured the two scamps, and we all went down to the police court to "appear" against them. They were young fellows; and although their appearance was that of thorough rascality, they steadfastly maintained a demeanor of more than infantile innocence; and one of them was something of a wag into the bargain, so that, altogether, the affair seemed vastly entertaining to the younger members of the Consul's family. But the thieves got five and ten years' imprisonment, respectively, which was probably no joke to them; and by this time they are probably in another and better world. English thieves seldom live long; the climate as well as the laws are against them.

On the 10th of April Hawthorne left his two daughters in charge of their governess, Miss Brown, at Southport, and took his wife and son with him on a three or four days' trip to York and Manchester.

Accounts of this journey, as well as of succeeding ones to Scotland and to Old Boston, are to be found both in the Note-Books and in Mrs. Hawthorne's "Notes in England and Italy."

Five days later, Hawthorne attended a banquet on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of Mr. Browne's free library at Liverpool. He met there Lord Stanley (the present Earl of Derby), then a young man; and seems to have taken a fancy to him, though he says, considered as one whose destiny it was to take a leading part in political life, he appeared to labor under certain natural or physical disadvantages. "I would not care to take his position," he says, "unless I could have considerably more than his strength."

The expedition to Old Boston now followed; and on the way back, a visit was made to Newstead Abbey, formerly the residence of Lord Byron, and at that time in possession of Colonel Wildman. Mrs. Hawthorne, in a letter written to her daughter Una, describes the abbey with much minuteness, and says that after they had returned to their hotel, the landlady came in and gave her many interesting particulars about the Byrons, with whom her mother and herself had had considerable intercourse, years before. "She told me that when Lady Lovelace, two years before her death, went to Newstead, Lord Lovelace brought her here (to the hotel), and remained here during her visit to her father's house, not being willing to accompany her. She said the

Lady Ada was not beautiful, and did not resemble her father at all; that she was extremely careless in her dress, not looking as well-appointed as her maid; and that she was very silent and gloomy. After her departure Colonel Wildman came to see Mrs. Browne (the landlady) and told her all about the visit. He did not invite Lady Lovelace to Newstead, he said, and was quite amazed to see her and to find she intended to stay. He presumed, however, she would make herself a pleasant guest, as he had heard of her accomplishments and learning; and bethought him of all his Latin and Greek and algebra, so as to be able to cope with her in conversation. But she appeared to be a perfect blank; her only response to all his efforts at talking with her were 'Yes' and 'No.' She kept her eyes cast down, and her thoughts and ideas to herself. So it went on for two days, till the kind Colonel lost patience; and when on the third morning she went down in the gardens, he followed her, and accosted her with resolute sociability. She then suddenly burst through her cloud of reserve, and confided to him her thoughts. She told him how sad and absorbed she had been at finding herself in her father's home, and that she was so oppressed she could not utter a word or respond in any way to his kindness, but that she regretted her apparent incivility, and would no longer hold herself aloof. So from that moment she was very communicative, and the Colonel told Mrs. Browne he had never before met with so agreeable and cultivated a lady. The

unfortunate Lady Lovelace had two sons, both of whom were wild young men; and I remember that Lord Lovelace called on papa at the Consulate to inquire after one of them, who had disappeared, he did not know where, but supposed he had gone to sea. He thought papa might know whether he had gone to America. With all her accomplishments, Lady Lovelace had great failings, like Lord Byron, and lost forty thousand pounds by gambling, a short time before her last illness. And Mrs. Browne believed that this loss caused her death. The good landlady had also entertained Lord Byron's beloved sister, Mrs. Augusta Leigh. She said she was not beautiful, but had a very gentle and amiable countenance. But she also had a son who was dissipated, and made his mother wretched. This young Leigh came here a great deal, and talked very freely with Mrs. Browne; and one day he told her he was going to be married. She begged him not to do so, because he was too wild and thoughtless, and could not make a wife happy. But he replied that it was too late, — that he had settled it all. So he soon brought to the George the Fourth Inn a lovely little fairy, whom he introduced as his wife; and he cautioned Mrs. Browne not to whisper a word to her about his true character, for she was loving and content, and he was going to be quite sedate and good. And this was the last she ever saw or heard of either him or his child-wife. Every one connected with Lord Byron seemed doomed, — for even Mary Chaworth, his first love,

became very unhappy in her marriage. Mrs. Browne talked a great deal about Colonel Wildman. He bought the estate six years before the poet's death, and Lord Byron was very glad that he should have it. On account of a mortgage, he bought it for only £80,000, and he has since spent many thousands of pounds in restoring and adorning it. He has also been at great expense in entertaining distinguished and even royal guests; the Duke of Sussex (with a train of lords and gentlemen) was very fond of going there, and nearly ruined the poor Colonel at every visit, especially as he had lost a large amount of money in the East Indies. So now he is not very rich, but still most generous and hospitable. He is easily excited; and she described very amusingly his terrible rage when he rushed into the hotel one day, and told her about Barnum's having offered him £500 for the tree on which Byron had carved his name."

This George the Fourth Hotel seems to have been a veritable Dionysius's Ear; and good Mrs. Browne would stand as the prototype of all the loquacious housekeepers, with prodigious memories, who work up the historical portions of the Mrs. Wood and Miss Braddon species of romances.

Now followed the Scottish expedition; but I can only add, to what has been already printed on the subject, this little passage, — they had spent the 9th of July in wandering all over Edinburgh, and had enjoyed themselves greatly. "As it was our

wedding-day," says Hawthorne, "and as our union has turned out to the uttermost satisfaction of both parties, after fifteen years' trial, I gave mamma a gold-and-amethyst-bodied cairngorm beetle, with a ruby head."

On the 20th of July we finally uprooted ourselves from Southport, and went to Manchester, where the Exhibition was in progress, and where we remained six weeks, in homely but not homelike lodgings at Chorlton Road. However, as we were most of the time at the Exhibition, that did not make so much difference. Hawthorne went diligently and repeatedly through all the galleries of pictures and sculptures, at first with weariness and distrust, but afterwards more cordially. The truth is, he did not enjoy pictures. The art seemed to him artifice; he wished the picture to be as good as nature in the first place, and then as much better as selection and arrangement could make it. He was inclined to ascribe great merit to the Dutch School, on account of the minute perfection of their technique; and he disapproved of them at the same time because they expended these pains on such undignified subjects. As for the "Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff," their failure was the reverse of this: they chose lofty subjects, but there was not enough illusion of reality. In the end he favored the latter class of painters rather than the former, and admired more than aught else the portrait of "Beatrice Cenci" (as it used to be called), the charm of which depends wholly on the expression

and pose; the brushwork being inferior. Mrs. Hawthorne, on the other hand, enjoyed the Exhibition without limit; she had vastly more artistic faith than her husband, and much less of the arrogant, uneasy, Puritan conscience, which would not let him unrestrainedly enjoy a rose unless he could feel convinced that both the rose and he deserved it.

While wandering about the galleries one day, with his friend Ireland, he had some glimpses of Alfred Tennyson, who was also strolling about in company with the sculptor Woolner. Hawthorne had the highest appreciation of Tennyson's poetry, and had long been desirous of seeing the man. "Tennyson," he says, "is the most picturesque figure, without affectation, that I ever saw; of middle size, rather slouching, dressed entirely in black, and with nothing white about him except the collar of his shirt, which, methought, might have been whiter the day before. He had on a black wide-awake hat, with round crown and wide, irregular brim, beneath which came down his long black hair, looking terribly tangled; he had a long pointed beard, too, a little browner than the hair, and not so abundant as to encumber any of the expression of his face. His frock coat was buttoned up across the breast, though the afternoon was warm. His face was very dark, and not exactly a smooth face, but worn, and expressing great sensitiveness, though not at that moment the pain and sorrow that is seen in his bust. His eyes were black; but I know little of them, as they did

not rest on me, nor on anything but the pictures. He seemed as if he did not see the crowd, nor think of them, but as if he defended himself from them by ignoring them altogether; nor did anybody but myself cast a glance at him. Mr. Woolner was as unlike Tennyson as could well be imagined; a small, smug man, in a blue frock and brown pantaloons. They talked about the pictures, and passed pretty rapidly from one to another, Tennyson looking at them through a pair of spectacles which he held in his hand, and then standing a minute before those that interested him, with his hands folded behind his back. There was an entire absence of stiffness in his figure; no set-up in him at all; no nicety nor trimness; and if there had been, it would have spoilt his whole aspect.

"Knowing how much my wife would delight to see him, I went in search of her, and found her and the rest of us under the music gallery; and we all, Fanny and Rosebud included, went back to the saloon of the Old Masters. So rapid was his glance at the pictures, that in the little interval Tennyson had got half-way along the other side of the saloon, and, as it happened, an acquaintance had met him — an elderly gentleman and lady — and he was talking to them as we approached. I heard his voice, — a bass voice, but not of a resounding depth, — a voice rather broken, as it were, and ragged about the edges, but pleasant to the ear. His manner, while conversing with these people, was not in the least that of an

awkward man, unaccustomed to society; but he shook hands and parted with them, evidently, as soon as he conveniently could, and shuffled away quicker than before. He betrayed his shy and secluded habits more in this than in anything else that I observed; though, indeed, in his whole presence I was indescribably sensible of a morbid painfulness in him, — a something not to be meddled with. Very soon he left the saloon, shuffling along the floor with short, irregular steps, — a very queer gait, as if he were walking in slippers too loose for him. I had observed that he seemed to turn his feet slightly inward, after the fashion of Indians.

"I should be glad to smoke a cigar with him. Mr. Ireland says that, having heard he was to be at the Exhibition, and not finding him there, he conjectured that he must have gone into the Botanical Garden to smoke; and, sure enough, he found him there. He told me an anecdote about Tennyson while on a visit to Paris. He had a friend with him who could not speak very good French, any more than the poet himself. They were sitting at the fireside in the parlor of the hotel; and the friend proposed a walk about the city, and finally departed, leaving Tennyson at the fireside, and telling the waiter 'ne souffrez pas le faire sortir.' By and by Tennyson also rose to go out; but the waiter opposed him with might and main, and called another waiter to his assistance; and when Tennyson's friend returned, he found him really almost fit for a strait-

jacket. He might well enough pass for a madman at any time, there being a wildness in his aspect which doubtless might readily pass from quietude to frenzy. He is exceedingly nervous."

Our residence in Manchester came to an end soon after this, and we next settled down in Lansdowne Circus, Leamington, where the months of September and October were passed. It was at this place that we were joined by Miss Ada Shepard, who acted as governess in the family during the ensuing two years, and who — if Steele's classic compliment to Lady Elizabeth Hastings was not quite applicable to her — was at all events a young lady of sound and varied accomplishments, which were yet less noticeable than her winning manners and pleasant aspect. This American girl of three-and-twenty added not a little to the pleasure of our Italian tour, and was invaluable as an interpreter of the various strange tongues one meets with on the Continent.

The weather at Lansdowne Circus was very pleasant, and the autumnal air was an invitation to walking, which was often accepted. Hawthorne's favorite direction was the immemorial village of Witnash, where the houses were of the Elizabethan period or earlier, with frameworks of oak filled in with plaster, and where, in front of the old church, stood the older yew-tree, with space for half a dozen persons to stand inside its hollow trunk. Another walk we often took was to Warwick, about two miles distant. I take the following acount of one of them from the journal:—

"On Monday, a warm and bright afternoon, Julian and I took a walk together to Warwick. It appeared to me that the suburbs of Warwick now stretch further towards Leamington than they did at our last visit; there being still some pretty reaches of sylvan road, with bordering hedges and overshadowing trees, and here and there a bench for the wayfarer; but then begin the vulgar brick dwellings for the poorer classes, or the stuccoed Elizabethan imitation for those a step or two above them. Neither did I find in the town itself such an air of antiquity as I thought I remembered there, though the old archway looks as ancient as ever. But the Hospital close by it has certainly undergone some transmogrification, the nature of which I cannot quite make out.

"We turned aside, before entering the heart of the town, and went to the stone bridge over the Avon, where such a fine view of the castle is to be obtained. I suppose I have described it already; but I am certain that there is nothing more beautiful in the world, in such a quiet, sunny summer afternoon, than these gray turrets and towers and high-windowed walls, softened with abundant foliage intermixed, and looking down upon the sleepy river, along which, between the bridge and the castle, the willows droop into the water. I stayed a good while on the bridge, and Julian mounted astride of the balustrade and jogged up and down like a postilion, thereby exciting a smile from some ladies who drove by in a barouche. We afterwards returned towards the town, and, turning

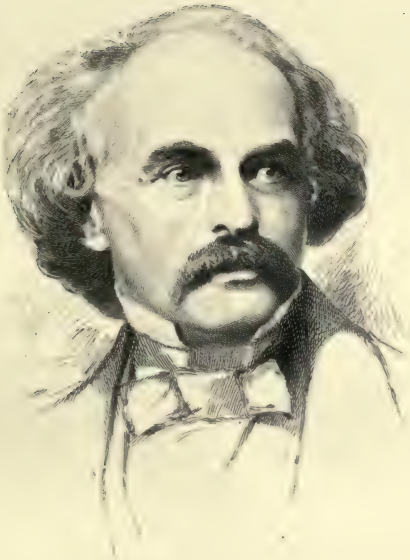
down a narrow lane, bordered with some old cottages and one or two ale-houses, we found that it led straight to the castle walls, and terminated beneath them. It seemed to be the stable entrance; and as two gentlemen and a groom were just riding away, I felt ashamed to stand there staring at the walls which I had no leave to look upon; so I turned back with Julian and went into the town. The precincts of the castle seem to be very extensive, and its high and massive outer wall shoulders up almost to the principal street. We rambled about, without any definite aim, and passed under the pillars that support the spire of St. Mary's Church; and thence into the market-place, where we found an omnibus just on the point of starting for Leamington. I have never yet seen — what those who have seen it call the finest spectacle in England — the interior of Warwick Castle; it being shown only on Saturdays. I do not blame the Earl; for I would hardly take his magnificent castle as a gift, burthened with the condition that the public should be free to enter it."

— I recollect a visit we made to Coventry about this time, because of a little incident that happened there, not much in itself, but which impressed at least one of those present in a manner not to be forgotten. Hawthorne, his wife, and son arrived in Coventry after dark, and took a cab, the driver of which was ordered to drive us to a hotel. Off we rattled accordingly, and presently pulled up at a place the outward aspect of which was not inviting. The cabby

got down to open the cab door; but Hawthorne told him to bid the landlord step out to us. The landlord came out in his shirt-sleeves, and, putting his head into our window, filled the vehicle with the aroma of inferior brandy. Hawthorne felt indignant, but asked the man, courteously, whether he could furnish us with a private sitting-room. "I don't know, sir," he replied; "I 'll see what we can do for you!" "Driver, this won't do," said Hawthorne; "take us somewhere else." We rattled along once more, and at length again halted, and the driver came to the window. We were in a shabby and ill-lighted part of the town, and alongside of an iron railing, with a gate through it. "If you 'll come with me, sir," said the cabby, "I 'll show you a place — " But here Hawthorne interrupted him. "Why should I go with you?" he demanded, in a tone that made the unfortunate jehu start as if he had been kicked; and then, in a voice as terrible as the blast of a trumpet, "Why don't you drive us to the best hotel in town, as I told you to?" As he spoke, there was an expression in his eyes — a sudden flame of wrath — which, together with the voice, not only sobered the half-tipsy cabby and sent him flying back to his box as if he had been blown thither by an explosion, but so appalled the other two auditors that they scarcely recovered their breath until they were safely ensconced in a good suite of rooms in "the best hotel in town." Mrs. Hawthorne afterwards said, "That was the first time I ever heard papa raise his voice

to a human being." But in the days before his marriage, when overseeing the perverse and conscienceless coal-shippers on the Boston wharves, Hawthorne had made his voice heard and his indignation felt as forcibly as now.

Leaving Leamington on the 10th of November, we went into lodgings at 24 Great Russell Street, nearly opposite the British Museum. We intended starting for the Continent before the end of the month; but all the children were taken with measles, and our departure was consequently delayed until the first of the New Year (1858). The physician who attended the invalids was Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson, the biographer of Swedenborg, and at that period somewhat involved in spiritism. Hawthorne went to a small evening reception at his house, when the Doctor showed him spirit poetry, and told him of marvels in the "materializing" line, and so forth. "Do I believe in these wonders?" Hawthorne asks himself in the Note-Books. "Of course; for how is it possible to doubt either the solemn word or the sober observation of a learned and sensible man like Dr. Wilkinson? But, again, do I really believe it? Of course not; for I cannot consent to have heaven and earth, this world and the next, beaten up together like the white and yolk of an egg, merely out of respect to Dr. Wilkinson's sanity and integrity. . . . Meanwhile this matter of spiritualism is surely the strangest that ever was heard of; and yet I feel unaccountably little interest in it, — a sluggish disgust,



and repugnance to meddle with it;" — a repugnance, we may venture to add, characteristic of a thoroughly healthy and well-balanced mind. Whether spiritism be true or false is of small moment; but it is eminently expedient not to meddle with it.

Dr. Wilkinson introduced Hawthorne to Coventry Patmore, the poet of "The Angel in the House," — a poem which Hawthorne had been greatly pleased with, as he now was with its author. He was the last person whom it was pleasant to think of as a friend, that we met previous to our departure for France and Italy.

It only remains to append some letters and documents referring to official matters. Hawthorne had sent in his resignation as American Consul early in the summer. During his term of office he had striven vigorously to improve the condition of affairs that obtained between the seamen and the officers on board American vessels. Mr. Henry Bright strongly sympathized with his action, and supported it in every way open to him; and he has kindly forwarded to me the extracts which I here append, and which explain themselves.

"Mr. Hawthorne," writes Mr. Bright, "took a warm interest in putting down cruelty at sea, especially in American ships; and I have a long letter from him on the subject. But he did not wish to come forward publicly in the matter. The question had disturbed me a good deal, and at that time (1859) I was preparing a pamphlet, and hoped to get a letter from

your father which I might quote; but he did not wish to be quoted, and all I could do was to allude to him and to the then Consul, Mr. Dudley. *Now* the evil is much abated. I enclose an extract from your father's letter (Rome, April, 1859)."

— The extract is as follows: "It is a very horrible state of things; there is an immense amount of unpunishable cruelty: but the perpetrators of it, as well as the sufferers by it, are the victims of a vicious system. At the bottom of the whole lies the fact that there are no good seamen to be had; the next worst thing is the mode of shipping seamen, and the payment of advance wages; lastly, there is the infinite absurdity of allowing our ships to go to sea without arming the officers with any legal means of enforcing their authority."

— In "Our Old Home" ("Consular Experiences") Mr. Hawthorne further remarks: "The newspapers all over England contained paragraphs inveighing against the cruelties of American shipmasters. The British Parliament took up the matter (for nobody is so humane as John Bull when his benevolent propensities are to be gratified by finding fault with his neighbor), and caused Lord John Russell to remonstrate with our Government on the outrages for which it was responsible before the world, and which it failed to prevent or punish. The American Secretary of State, old General Cass, responded, with perfectly astounding ignorance of the subject, to the effect that the statements of outrages had probably

been exaggerated, that the present laws of the United States were quite adequate to deal with them, and that the interference of the British Minister was uncalled for. . . . I once thought of writing a pamphlet on the subject, but quitted the Consulate before finding time to effect my purpose; and all that phase of my life immediately assumed so dreamlike a consistency that I despaired of making it seem solid or tangible to the public."

The "paragraphs in the newspapers" and General Cass's reply to them had reflected obliquely on Hawthorne's conduct in office, and drew from him the following very strong despatch to the Secretary of State: —

Despatch No. 90.

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
LIVERPOOL, June 17, 1857.

SIR, — There has recently appeared, in most of the English newspapers, what purports to be a letter from the Secretary of State of the United States, to Lord Napier, British Minister at Washington, in response to a communication from his Lordship on the treatment of American seamen. In making some remarks upon that letter, it is hardly necessary to say that I do not presume to interfere in a discussion between the head of a department, in which I am a subordinate officer, and the minister of a foreign power. But as the above-mentioned letter has been made public property, there is as much propriety in my

referring to it as to any other matter of public importance bearing especial reference to my official duties. I therefore take the liberty to address you, on the supposition that this document expresses the opinion and intimates the policy of our Government respecting a subject on which I have bestowed much thought, and with which I have had opportunities to become practically acquainted.

The sentiment is very decidedly expressed in the letter, that the "laws now in force on the subject of seamen employed on board the mercantile vessels of the United States are quite sufficient for their protection." I believe that no man, practically connected with our commercial navy, whether as owner, officer, or seaman, would affirm that the present marine laws of the United States are such as the present condition of our nautical affairs imperatively demands. These laws may have been wise, and effectual for the welfare of all concerned, at the period of their enactment. But they had in view a state of things which has entirely passed away; for they are based upon the supposition that the United States really possess a body of native-born seamen, and that our ships are chiefly manned by crews whose home is on our own shores. It is unfortunately the fact, however, that not one in ten of the seamen employed on board our vessels is a native-born or even a naturalized citizen, or has any connection with our country beyond his engagement for the voyage. So far as my observation extends, there is not even a

class of seamen who ship exclusively in American vessels, or who habitually give them the preference to others. While the present voyage lasts, the sailor is an American; in the next, he is as likely to be sailing under any other flag as our own. And there is still another aspect of the subject causing a yet wider discrepancy between the state of things contemplated by the law and that actually existing. This lies in the fact that many of the men shipped on board our vessels, comprising much the larger portion of those who suffer ill-usage, are not seamen at all. Almost every ship, on her trip from New York to Liverpool, brings a number of returning emigrants, wholly unacquainted with the sea and incapable of performing the duties of seamen, but who have shipped for the purpose merely of accomplishing their homeward passage. On this latter class of men falls most of the cruelty and severity which have drawn public notice and reprobation on our mercantile marine. It is a result, not, as one would naturally suppose, of systematic tyranny on the part of the constituted authorities of the ship, but of a state of war between two classes who find themselves for a period inextricably opposed on shipboard. One of these classes is composed of the mates and actual seamen, who are adequate to the performance of their own duty, and demand a similar efficiency in others; the second class consists of men who know nothing of the sea, but who have imposed themselves or been imposed upon the ship, as capable of a seaman's duty.

This deception, as it increases the toil and hardship of the real sailor, draws his vengeance upon the unfortunate impostor. In the worst case investigated by me, it appeared that there was not one of the sailor class, from the second mate down to the youngest boy, who had not more or less maltreated the landsmen. In another case, the chief and second mate, during the illness of the master, so maltreated a landsman, who had shipped as sailor, that he afterwards died in a fit. In scarcely a single instance has it been possible to implicate the master as taking a share in these unjustifiable proceedings. In both the cases above alluded to, the guilty escaped punishment; and in many similar ones it has been found that the sufferers are practically without protection or redress. A few remarks will make this fact obvious.

A consul, as I need not inform the Department, has no power (nor could he have unless by treaty with the Government in whose territory he resides) to inflict condign punishment for assaults and other outrages which may come under his official cognizance. The extent of his power — except in a contingency hereafter to be noticed — is to enable a complainant to seek justice in our own courts of law. If the United States really possessed any native seamen, this might be effectual so far as they were concerned; for such seamen would naturally gravitate homeward, and would there meet the persons who had outraged them under circumstances which would insure redress. But the foreigner can very seldom be prevailed upon

to return for the mere purpose of prosecuting his officers; and with the returning emigrant, who has suffered so much for the sake of obtaining a homeward passage, it is out of the question. In such cases what is the consul to do? Before the complainants make their appeal to him, they have ceased to be under the jurisdiction of his country; and they refuse to return to it in quest of a revenge which they cannot be secure of obtaining, and which would benefit them little if obtained. The perpetrators of these outrages are not men who can be made pecuniarily responsible, being almost invariably, as I have said, the lower officers and able seamen of the ship. In cases of unjustifiably severe usage, if the master of the vessel be found implicated in the offence, the consul has it at his option to order the discharge of the sufferer with the payment of three months' extra wages. But the instances of cruel treatment which have come under my notice are not of the kind contemplated by the act of 1840; not being the effect of the tyranny or bad passions of the master, or of officers acting under his authority, but, as already stated, of the hostile interests of two classes of the crew. To prevent these disorders would require the authority and influence of abler men, and of a higher stamp, than American shipmasters are now found to be. In very difficult circumstances, and having a vast responsibility of life and property upon their hands, they appear to me to do their best, with such materials as are at their command. So far as they lay themselves

open to the law, I have been ready to inflict it, but have found few opportunities. Thus a great mass of petty outrage, unjustifiable assaults, shameful indignities, and nameless cruelty, demoralizing alike to those who perpetrate and to those who suffer, falls into the ocean between the two countries, and can be punished in neither. Such a state of things, as it can be met by no law now in existence, would seem to require new legislation.

I have not failed to draw the attention of the Government to this subject on several former occasions. Nor has it been denied by the last Administration that our laws in this regard were defective and required revision. But the extent of those acknowledged defects and of that necessary revision was alleged as a reason why no partial measures should be adopted. The importance of the matter, as embracing the whole condition of our mercantile marine, cannot be overestimated. It is not an exaggeration to say that the United States have no seamen. Even the officers, from the mate downward, are usually foreigners, and of a very poor class; being the rejected mates and other subordinates of the British commercial navy. Men who have failed to pass their examinations, or have been deprived of their certificates by reason of drunkenness or other ill conduct, attain, on board of our noble ships, the posts for which they are deemed unworthy in their own. On the deterioration of this class of men necessarily follows that of the masters, who are promoted from it. I deeply

regret to say, that the character of American ship-masters has already descended, many degrees, from the high standard which it held in years past, — an effect partly due, as I have just hinted, to the constantly narrowing field of selection, and likewise, in a great degree, to the terrible life which a shipmaster is now forced to lead. Respectable men are anxious to quit a service which links them with such comrades, loads them with such responsibility, and necessitates such modes of meeting it. In making this communication to the Department, I have deemed it my duty to speak with all possible plainness, believing that you will agree with me that official ceremony is of little importance in view of such a national emergency as is here presented. If there be an interest which requires the intervention of Government with all its wisdom and all its power, — and with more promptitude than Governments usually display, — it is this. The only efficient remedy, it appears to me, must be found in the creation of a class of native seamen; but, in the years that must elapse before that can be effected, it is most desirable that Government should at least recognize the evils that exist, and do its utmost to alleviate them. No American statesman, being in the position which makes it his especial duty to comprehend and deal with this matter, can neglect it without peril to his fame. It is a subject which requires only to be adequately represented in order to attract the deepest interest on the part of the public; and the now wasted or destruc-

tive energy of our philanthropists might here be most beneficially employed.

In conclusion, I beg leave to say a few words on the personal bearing which the Secretary's supposed letter has upon my own official character. The letter expresses the opinion that the laws of the United States are adequate to the protection of our seamen, and adds that the execution of these laws devolves mostly on consuls; some of whom, it suggests, in British ports, may have been "delinquent in the discharge of their duty." Now it is undeniable that outrages on board of our ships have actually occurred; and it is equally well known, and I myself hereby testify, that the majority of these outrages pass without any punishment whatever. Most of them, moreover, in the trade between America and England, have come under my own consular supervision, and been fully investigated by me. If I have possessed the power to punish these offences, and, whether through sluggishness or fear or favor, have failed to exercise it, then I am guilty of a great crime, which ought to be visited with a severity and an ignominy commensurate with its evil consequences; and those, surely, would be nothing less than national. If I am innocent, — if I have done my utmost, as an executive officer, under a defective law, to the defects of which I have repeatedly called the attention of my superiors, — then, unquestionably, the Secretary has wronged me by a suggestion pointing so directly at myself. It trenches upon one

of the few rights, as a citizen and as a man, which an office-holder might imagine himself to retain. I leave the matter with the Department. It is peculiarly unfortunate for me that my resignation is already in the hands of the President; for, going out of office under this stigma, I foresee that I shall be supposed to have committed official suicide, as the only mode of escaping some worse fate. Whether it is right that an honorable and conscientious discharge of duty should be rewarded by loss of character, I leave to the wisdom and justice of the Department to decide. I am, sir, most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

GEN. LEWIS CASS, SECRETARY OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

— The General's reply is given below: —

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, Sept. 24, 1857.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, Esq., Consul, Liverpool.

SIR, — Your despatch, No. 90, of the 17th of June last, upon the maltreatment of seamen on board vessels of the United States, was duly received. The note to Lord Napier, which accompanied it, was correctly published in the English journals, but without the previous knowledge or consent of this Department. You seem to suppose that some of its expressions may have been intended to charge you with delinquency in your official duties towards seamen. No such intention, however, was entertained; and

now that you are about to retire from your position, I am happy to bear testimony to the prudent and efficient manner in which you have discharged your duties. I owe it to myself, however, to add that I perceive nothing in the letter to Lord Napier which justifies the construction you have placed on it. On the contrary, while it admits that some delinquency, on the part of our Consuls, in executing the laws of the United States concerning seamen, is not absolutely impossible, it expressly disclaims all knowledge of such delinquency; and where offenders have escaped punishment, it attributes the escape to causes over which our Consuls could exercise no control. What you say with regard to the evils that afflict our commercial marine, it is not now necessary to consider; but you quite misapprehend my views if you suppose that I am insensible to the magnitude of these evils, or could have ever intended to deny their existence. I concur with you in opinion, however, that they are not so much chargeable to defective laws as to the want of that very class of persons whom the laws were made to protect. While, therefore, our statutes may be, and probably are, as well adapted to their objects as those of any other country, it is none the less true that our merchant service suffers constantly from the want of American seamen. How this want can be supplied, is a question to which, in my note to Lord Napier, it was not my purpose to reply. I am, sir,

Your obedient servant, LEWIS CASS.

— Of the same date is the subjoined communication, accepting Hawthorne's resignation: —

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, Sept. 24, 1857.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, Esq., U. S. Consul, Liverpool.

SIR, — I have to acknowledge the receipt of your despatches to No. 95, inclusive, with their respective enclosures. In transmitting the enclosed communication, in which you are requested to deliver the Archives of the Consulate at Liverpool to Mr. Beverly Tucker, the gentleman appointed by the President to be your successor, it gives the Department pleasure, on your voluntary retirement, to express its acknowledgments for the valuable information and suggestions relative to our commercial interests, which you have, from time to time, communicated, and to assure you of its satisfaction with the manner in which you have discharged the laborious and responsible duties of the office.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

LEWIS CASS.

— The next two letters are from Henry Wilding, the head clerk of the Consulate, and Hawthorne's faithful friend and assistant during his incumbency. They refer to details connected with the office, and incidentally illustrate the spirit in which such things were conducted by the Foreign Office of that day:

LIVERPOOL, May 5, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR, — It required a search through the books, to find the names of the persons for whom the

unclaimed wages were paid, before I could answer your letter. I have been slow in doing it, as my health is still too precarious to admit of my working in the evening unless the need were very pressing. I now enclose a statement of the amount, and the names, which should be signed by you and sent to the fifth Auditor when you pay the money to Barings, when receipt should also be forwarded. There have been two letters about the disbursement accounts, one informing you that you had overdrawn for some three dollars against the account to September, 1856. You may remember this was drawn for while I was away, and it was found that only one part of the account had been drawn for, and neither yourself nor Mr. Pearce nor Mr. Shaw could tell what exchange had been drawn at; we drew for the rest of the account, leaving the exchange unsettled. No doubt the three dollars is the difference of exchange. The other letter was to say that the accounts (disbursement to June 30, 1857) had been adjusted, and that the amount charged for loss of exchange had been suspended, as there was no proof of your having actually sustained the loss on selling your drafts. I have been in communication with Baring, who informed me that you did not sell them your drafts, but only sent them out for collection; but they have furnished me with a statement which I think must satisfy the very particular Comptroller. I will forward it from here to Washington. A letter also informs me that your draft for office-rent has been paid, but

that the amount has been placed against you in the books of the Treasury "until you furnish vouchers." What will you do? I have obtained a voucher for what you actually paid, including rate, and enclose amended account for your signature, if you should determine to claim the amount, which I certainly should do. The amount drawn for was the full ten per cent, amounting to $583.56. Of the accounts for fees there is not a word. I hope their silence means assent. I should think if they are not satisfied about the protest money they would have written before this. However, I will write to you if I hear anything. There is a bill before the Senate to amend the Consular Law. I don't know the provisions, but I believe an attempt is being made to allow clerk-hire. Pity they can't make that retrospective! We have still the regular succession of complaints, — brutal officers and vicious sailors, suffering and misery before us all day, and not to be forgotten at night.

Yours truly,

H. WILDING.

U. S. CONSULATE, Nov. 14, 1861.

DEAR SIR, — The enclosed letter to you was received here three months since. While you were in Italy, letters were received informing you that the sums charged in your accounts for losses of exchange were disallowed for want of vouchers. On communicating with Barings, it appeared that you had not *sold* your drafts to them, but only left them with them for collection. I got such certificates

from them as they were willing to sign, and wrote to the Comptroller, showing him that although you had not sustained such loss in a literal sense, you had practically in the shape of interest commissions, etc. I heard no more of it, and supposed the matter settled. From this letter of the 8th inst. it appears that the certificates and explanation were accepted as to part of the amount only; why they were not for the rest, I cannot imagine. At this distance of time it is difficult to get at the accounts and vouchers among the mass of dusty accumulations, and one's memory affords but little help. I am therefore unable to ascertain the nature of all the items making up the $189.41, but believe they were all losses by exchange. I have found the vouchers for the $5.80, copies of which were ordered sent with the accounts. If you send these to the Comptroller he will have that amount brought to your credit, but I fear you will have to submit to the loss of the remainder, unless you can attack the present Comptroller more successfully than I did the other. It is a manifest injustice, as of course you had to pay Baring's commissions for collecting the drafts, and interest on the money advanced to pay the accounts. . . . I am still at the Consulate, battling with hard captains and sailors, — struggling to do right amid threats and discouragements, when the truth is hard to find.

With best wishes and affectionate regards to you all,

HENRY WILDING.

— The last letter received before leaving England was this cordial one from the Rev. W. H. Channing: —

7 MONTPELIER TERRACE, UPPER PARLIAMENT ST.,
Dec. 29, 1857.

MY DEAR MRS. HAWTHORNE, — Your most welcome note reached me this morning; and I at once reply, to tell you how rejoiced we all are that the communication between us is again opened. For I have felt as if the cable had snapped in the salt seas, and no message more might pass. What had become of you all we could not discover, and so fancied you as enjoying yourselves amid the gay splendors of Paris and the sunny scenes of Florence and Rome. But last week, one day, I met Mr. Wilding, — having called before at the office when he was ill, — and then learned with astonishment and sorrow that you were still in England, and that you had all been suffering from measles. How very sad your experience had been, however, I had no conception till your note arrived. Thank Heaven, the worst seems past. Please let me know your future movements, and your direction for the ensuing months; for we must not let the cable break again if we can help it.

Since I saw you I have made three charming trips, — to Wales, Devonshire, and Yorkshire. The last was especially interesting, as I visited Haworth and Bolton Priory. The day was dreary in extreme, with gloomy fog half veiling the mysterious hills, which, resting on their folded arms, bowed solemnly as we

swept by. Not a breath of wind was stirring; all was still, as if in sleep. As I stood on the doorstep of the parsonage, and gazed into the narrow garden enclosure, which separates the house from the desolate graveyard, with its green mounds and mossy monuments, it seemed to me that the black gnarled shrubbery, and the dank, brown flower-beds, where the wilted stalks hung heavy with the wet, wonderfully symbolized dear Charlotte Brontë's sorrows. And seeing the scene in its hour of desolation, it was easy to fancy the sunbursts and wild breezes from the heathery moorland, and the spotless, snowy moonlights. . . .

And so, with cordial and affectionate greetings to one and all of you, from each and all of us, I am

Yours faithfully,

W. H. CHANNING.

Happy New Year!

— On the eve of embarking, Hawthorne delivered his English journals into the keeping of his friend, Henry Bright, with the accompanying little note: —

DEAR MR. BRIGHT, — Here are these journals. If unreclaimed by myself, or by my heirs or assigns, I consent to your breaking the seals in the year 1900, — not a day sooner. By that time, probably, England will be a minor republic, under the protection of the United States. If my countrymen of that day

partake in the least of my feelings, they will treat you generously.

Your friend, NATH. HAWTHORNE.

— On the 3d of January, a gloomy and wintry day, we took the train to Folkestone, and two days later arrived in Paris.

CHAPTER V.

DONATI'S COMET.

It might be said, from one point of view, that Hawthorne was better satisfied with Italy than with England; the reason being that he cared for it and sympathized with it less. One is apt to be a more severe critic of one's blood relations than of strangers; and the characteristics of a remote antiquity touch our hearts less than those of a comparatively recent past, wherein, perhaps, inhere some roots of our own. Hawthorne's attitude towards England was that of a descendant jealous of his ancestor's honor; nothing in her less good than the best would satisfy him. Upon Italy, however, his eyes rested with no deeper sentiment than belongs to a respectful and intelligent curiosity. He had no personal stake in the matter; whatever faults or perfections Italy might possess, were merely phenomenal to him, not vital. The Italian genius had no affiliations with his own; it was objective to his mind,—something to examine into and speculate about, not intuitively to apprehend. The Italian people might be what they chose and do as they liked; his equanimity would remain undisturbed. But he could not be equally tranquil

in the contemplation of any English shortcomings or perversities.

In process of time, it is true, he conceived an affection for Italy, or, to speak more precisely, for Rome. But it was an entirely æsthetic affection, such as may be aroused by beautiful statues and pictures, by music, blue skies, and gentle atmosphere. It resembled the delight that one feels in poetry, in romance, in the aroma of a mighty and splendid civilization long since passed away. It was such an affection as gives pleasure, but is not profound enough to give pain; able to soothe the heart, but impotent to break it. Hawthorne has given full expression to his feeling for Italy in the romance the scene of which is laid there; and in his case the feeling happened to be deepened by the poignant anxiety and suffering which he underwent for many months, in Rome, by reason of the dangerous illness of his eldest daughter. This personal emotion, associated with the region in which it had come upon him, engrafted upon his merely Roman thoughts a tenderer and more sacred sentiment. It inspired in him a sort of dread, and even hatred, of the Eternal City; yet, having said farewell to it, he looked back to it with something of the yearning which one feels for a beloved grave.

The "Italian Note-Books," and "The Romance of Monte-Beni" — which is perhaps the most widely read of all Hawthorne's works, owing to its extensive circulation in Rome in the Tauchnitz edition — have made the public better acquainted with this

period of the author's life than with any other. It was, for the most part, a period of much quiet happiness. The annoyances and restrictions of office had been laid aside forever, and there was nothing to do but to contemplate and enjoy. Hawthorne had, from his youth, been deeply read in the ancient and mediæval history of Italy; and shortly before leaving England, he had caused his children to study Grote and Gibbon, and to learn by heart Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." Mrs. Hawthorne possessed, in addition to this, no little practical knowledge of classic and Italian art, and an almost inexhaustible capacity for seeing and appreciating such masterpieces as Italy overflows with. So that, upon the whole, the party was fairly well prepared for what was before them. It was the first complete holiday that Hawthorne had yet had; he was, as he expressed it, no longer a servant but a sovereign, and looked down "even upon the President." The people whom he was destined to meet with during his Italian residence were almost all Americans of the better class, with two or three of whom he formed lasting friendships; and his mind, having thrown aside the rights and wrongs of American seamen, began to concentrate itself upon the idea of a romance, detached fragments of which had been floating in his brain almost ever since his arrival in England.

Starting early in January, the cold weather met us at Folkestone, and did not altogether retreat until the ensuing March. The means of getting warm were

imperfect in France, and wholly deficient in Italy; and Hawthorne frequently alludes to the discomfort which this constant chilliness occasioned. "This morning," he writes (Jan. 10), "Paris looked as black as London, with clouds and rain; and when we issued forth, it seemed as if a cold, sullen agony were interposed between each separate atom of our bodies. In all my experience of bad atmospheres, methinks I never knew anything so atrocious as this. England has nothing to be compared with it." And again: "The wicked chill of the air, and the increasing rain, now compelled us to set out homeward on foot. We looked anxiously for a cab, but saw none; and called to passing omnibuses, but found them all full, or going in wrong directions. We invaded the little shop of a second-hand bookseller (a dirty hole, and of ill odor), and stayed there a considerable time, hoping for some means of escape; but finally had to plunge forth and paddle onward, through rain and mud, amid this old, ugly, and dirty quarter of Paris, till we reached the Arcade along the Rue Rivoli. There we were under shelter all the way to the Hotel."—The only warm recollections connected with this visit to Paris are of the great eider-down bedquilts in the hotel, a foot thick, covered with crimson silk and as light as a feather. Ten minutes beneath one of these would have produced a perspiration in Siberia.

Before leaving Paris, we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Miss Maria Mitchell, the

astronomer, who accompanied .us to Rome, and was our neighbor during the greater part of our stay there. There was a simplicity and a dry humor about this lady that made her company delightful and consoling; as if a bit of shrewd, primitive, kindly New England were walking and talking in the midst of the gray antiquity of Europe. Hawthorne also called upon Judge Mason, the American Minister of that epoch, who was just at the end of his official existence, — "a fat-brained, good-hearted, sensible old man. I fear the poor gentleman is going back, with narrow means, to seek some poor office at home for his livelihood. The Secretary of Legation is a man of very different aspect and address from the Minister: about thirty years old, dark-complexioned, with a black mustache, handsome, with a courteous but decided air, like a man of society and the world. I should think the heavy old Judge would often need some spirit more alert than his own. On the whole, (though I am sorry for him) there is no good reason why Uncle Sam should pay Judge Mason seventeen thousand dollars a year for sleeping in the dignified post of Ambassador to France. The true ground of complaint is, that, whether he slept or waked, the result would be the same."

On the 12th of January we left Paris, — "a very chill morning, and the rain began to fall as we left the hotel," — spent that night at the Hôtel de Provence in Lyons, and late the following day arrived at bleak and windy Marseilles. Here two uncomfortable days

were spent, and then we embarked on board the steamer "Calabrese" for Civita Vecchia. The sun shone during this voyage, and at night the stars were brilliant; but the temperature was more that of the North Sea than of the Mediterranean. We stopped at Genoa, and shivered through some of the palaces and churches there; and again at Leghorn, which was uninteresting as well as ungenial; and so reached Civita Vecchia, the forlornest spot of all. The railroad was not at that time in existence, and we must travel by *vettura*. The road was reported to be infested by brigands; and as the journey had to be performed after dark, it acquired something of the character of an adventure. Fortunately perhaps for us, the mail-carriage started at the same time that we did, and the mail officials carried arms. But our wretched steeds were hard put to it to keep pace with the nimble horses of the Government; and finally they gave up the chase, though not until the more dangerous part of the road had been passed. Hawthorne had with him a large sum of money in napoleons; and soon after starting he proceeded to bestow this in various improbable hiding-places, — I remember the inside of an old umbrella was made the repository of a good deal of it. Hawthorne laughed and joked while making these arrangements; and the children imbibed the notion that the whole affair was a game, played for their entertainment, and that the brigands were as mythical as the giants and enchanters of Spenser's "Faerie Queene." But, once,

the figures of two men, in conical hats, and each with a long gun in his hand, appeared outlined against the evening sky on a high bank beneath which we drove. They did not attempt to stop us, however, and we reached the gates of Rome, without casualties, somewhere near midnight, in a cold, sleety rain-storm. The hotel that received us was only a degree less chilly and dreary than the street; and none of the party became really warm for a month or more. Hawthorne suffered the most, having caught a cold before leaving Paris, which had developed into a virulent influenza. He sat by the windy and wintry cavern called a fireplace, muffled up in rugs and great-coats, and seldom ventured outdoors when he could help it. He was too much benumbed even to write his journal, although, as he remarks, his impressions during the first fortnight would have shown modern Rome in an aspect in which it has never yet been depicted. A suite of rooms was rented in No. 37 Palazzo Larazani, Via Porta Pinciana; and there we waited for Italy to appear, for this did not seem at all like Italy. "Old Rome," said Hawthorne, "lies like a dead and mostly decayed corpse, retaining here and there a trace of the noble shape it was, but with a sort of fungous growth upon it, and no life but of the worms that creep in and out."

A few sallies were made, during this arctic interval, to acquire some idea of what was to be seen hereafter; but without very promising results. Even the St. Petersburg atmosphere could not diminish the

grandeur of the Coliseum; but St. Peter's was, at first, a disappointment to Hawthorne. The fountains in the Piazza were frozen on our first visit, and boys were sliding on the ice. Of the church he says: "It disappointed me terribly by its want of effect, and the little justice it does to its real magnitude, externally; but the interior blazed upon me with altogether unexpected magnificence, so brilliant is it, with pictures, gilding, variegated and polished marbles, and all that splendor which I tried in vain to describe in the churches of Genoa. I had expected something vast and dim, like the great English cathedrals, only more vast and dim and gray; but there is as much difference as between noonday and twilight. I never saw or imagined so bright and splendid an interior as that of this immense church; but I am not sure that it would not be more grand and majestic if it were less magnificent, though I should be sorry to see the experiment tried." The narrow and dirty streets, with their uneven pavements, did not encourage pedestrianism. "Along these lanes, or gullies, a chill wind blows; down into their depths the sun never falls; they are bestrewn with the filth of the adjacent houses, which rise on each side to the height of five or six stories, generally plastered and whitewashed, and looking neither old nor new. Probably these houses have the brick and stone of old Rome in them, — of the Coliseum, and many another stately structure, — but they themselves look like magnified hovels. The lower regions of palaces come to strange

uses in Rome: a cobbler or a tinker perhaps exercises his craft under the archway; a cook-shop may be established in one of the apartments;" and similar miscegenations.

It was towards St. Peter's, however, that Hawthorne most often bent his steps in these days, partly, no doubt, because its temperature had none of the malignancy of the outer air, or even of other buildings; and partly, and chiefly, because the superb incarnation of religious faith which it presented powerfully fascinated him, — none the less because such an incarnation was so totally opposed to every religious tradition and association in which he had been educated. He has given expression to his thoughts on the matter in the description of Hilda's experience with the confessional; but it may be worth while to repeat his own words, untinged by the imaginative element. — "Saint Peter's," he says, "offers itself as a place of worship and religious comfort for the whole human race; and in one of the transepts I found a range of confessionals, where the penitent might tell his sins in the tongue of his own country, whether French, German, Polish, English, or what not. If I had had a murder on my conscience, or any other great sin, I think I should have been inclined to kneel down there, and pour it into the safe secrecy of the confessional. What an institution that is! man needs it so, that it seems as if God must have ordained it. The popish religion certainly does apply itself most closely and comforta-

bly to human occasions; and I cannot but think that a great many people find their spiritual advantage in it, who would find none at all in our formless mode of worship. You cannot think it all a farce when you see peasant, citizen, and soldier coming into the church, each on his own hook, and kneeling for moments or for hours, directing his silent devotions to some particular shrine; too humble to approach his God directly, and therefore seeking the mediation of some saint who stands beside the Infinite Presence."

With February came the Carnival, which Hawthorne conscientiously inspected, and accepted its liberties, so far as they affected himself, with great good humor; but he would scarcely have seen so much of it as he did, but for the obligation imposed upon him by his children, who, of course, thought it the most glorious frolic that had ever been devised. He used to stroll along the streets, with a linen duster over his black coat, looking at everything, and laughing whenever the *confetti* struck him, — occasionally, too, doing vigorous battle himself for a minute or two; and if the weather had not been so discouraging, he might have entered into the affair with more zeal, but as it was, he did not enjoy it much. "The festival," he says, "seems to have sunk from the upper classes to the lower ones; and probably it is only kept alive by tradition, and the curiosity which impels foreigners to join in it. The balconies were mostly filled with ladies, some of

whom sat nearly on a level with the passers-by, in full dress, with deep-colored Italian faces, ready to encounter whatever the chances of the Carnival might bring them. The upper balconies (and there was sometimes a third, if not a fourth tier) were occupied, I think, chiefly by English or Americans; nor, I fancy, do the Roman ladies of rank and respectability generally display themselves at this time. The *confetti* are very nasty things, resembling sugar-plums as the apples of Sodom do better fruit, being really made up of lime — or bad flour at best — with oats or worthless seeds as a nucleus; and they readily crumble and turn to dirty dust, making the hair irreverently hoary, and giving a miller-like aspect to hat and clothes. The bouquets were composed of the most ordinary flowers, and were miserably wilted, as if they had served two or three carnival-days already; they were muddy, too, as having been picked up from the pavement. Such were the flowery favors — the bunches of sentiment — that flew to and fro along the Corso, from lady to knight and back again; and I suppose they aptly enough symbolized the poor, battered, wilted, stained hearts, that had flown from one hand to another, along the muddy pathway of life, instead of being treasured in one faithful bosom. Really, it was great nonsense. There were some queer shapes and faces, — clowns, harlequins, apes' snouts, young men in feminine guise, and *vice versa*, and several samples of Italian costume; but either the masques were not very funny, or I was not in a

funny mood, — there was little or nothing to laugh at. Upon my honor, I never in my life knew a shallower joke than the Carnival at Rome; and such a rainy and muddy day, too! Greenwich Fair was worth a hundred of it. I could not make it out to be the Roman's festival, or anybody's festival. It was curious, however, to see how safely the Corso was guarded; a strong patrol of the Papal Dragoons, in steel helmets and white cloaks, were stationed at the street corners, and rode up and down the thoroughfare singly or in a body. Detachments of the French troops stood by their stacked muskets in the Piazza del Popolo, and at the other end of the Corso; and if the chained tiger-cat (meaning thereby the Roman populace) had but shown the tips of its claws, the bullets would have been flying along the street. But the tiger-cat is a harmless brute." — Hawthorne has drawn upon these notes in the description of the Carnival which appears in "The Marble Faun;" but he also does fuller justice, there, to the attractive features of the spectacle.

One of the first calls that Hawthorne made in Rome was upon William Story, whom he had met, as a young man, in America, and who now contributed not a little towards bringing him acquainted with what was worth seeing and knowing in Rome, and towards his general enjoyment. Hawthorne often talked and walked with him, and admired cordially the sculptor's own work, — the statue of "Cleopatra" had been just begun; and I remember Story's speak-

ing to Hawthorne about another classic subject he had in contemplation, — a figure of the Emperor Nero, as he lies in hiding, listening for the steps of his approaching executioners, and trying to screw up his courage to cut his own throat. It was Story, I think, who introduced Hawthorne to Miss Lander, who wished to make a bust of him. He gave her sittings, accordingly; and took her portrait while she took his. "Miss Lander," he says, "is from my own native town, and appears to have genuine talent, and spirit and independence enough to give it fair play. She is living here quite alone, in delightful freedom, and has sculptured two or three things that may make her favorably known. 'Virginia Dare' is certainly very beautiful. During the sitting I talked a good deal with Miss Lander, being a little inclined to take a similar freedom with her moral likeness to that which she was taking with my physical one. There are very available points about her and her position: a young woman, living in almost perfect independence, thousands of miles from her New England home, going fearlessly about these mysterious streets, by night as well as by day; with no household ties, nor rule or law but that within her; yet acting with quietness and simplicity, and keeping, after all, within a homely line of right. In her studio she wears a sort of pea-jacket, buttoned across her breast, and a little foraging-cap, just covering the top of her head. She has become strongly attached to Rome, and says that when she dreams of home, it

is merely of paying a short visit, and coming back before her trunk is unpacked." — The bust, which was a tolerable likeness in the clay, was put into marble in due course. But while it was undergoing this process, a mishap befell it. A gentleman — I will not mention his name, but he was an American and a person of culture — happened to be in Rome at the time the marble work was proceeding (of course under the hands of the regular workmen employed by sculptors for that purpose, and whose only business it is to reproduce accurately the model placed before them). Hawthorne and Miss Lander were both absent from Rome; and this critic, visiting the studio, noticed what he thought were some errors in the modelling of the lower part of the face, and directed the marble-cutters to make certain alterations, for which he accepted the responsibility. The result was, as might have been expected, that the likeness was destroyed; and the bust, in its present state, looks like a combination of Daniel Webster and George Washington, — as any one may see who pays a visit to the Concord Library, of which institution it is an appurtenance.

It was during the early spring that Hawthorne and his wife, straying one morning into the church of the Capuchins, saw the dead monk which figures so impressively in "The Marble Faun." Hawthorne himself was evidently much impressed by the spectacle, and dwells upon it at some length. "He had been a somewhat short and punchy personage," he says,

"this poor monk, and had perhaps died of apoplexy; for his face did not look pale, but had almost, or quite, the natural flush of life, though the feet were of such a yellow, waxy hue. His gray eyebrows were very thick, and my wife had a fancy that she saw him contort them. A good many people were standing round the bier; and one woman knelt and kissed the dead monk's beads. By and by, as we moved round from chapel to chapel, still with our eyes turning often to the dead monk, we saw some blood oozing from his nostrils! Perhaps his murderer — or his doctor — had just then come into the church and drawn nigh the bier; at all events, it was about as queer a thing as I ever witnessed. We soon came away, and left him lying there, — a sight which I shall never forget."

The weather moderated somewhat as March drew near, and Hawthorne made his first visits to many of the chief objects of interest in Rome. He saw "Beatrice Cenci," the sculptures of the Capitol, and of the Vatican, the Forum, the Pantheon, and numerous churches and picture-galleries. Hawthorne was inclined to prefer sculptures to paintings, — especially the paintings of sacred subjects. "There is a terrible lack of variety in them," he says. "A quarter part of the Borghese collection, I should think, consists of Virgins and Infant Christs, repeated over and over again, in pretty much the same spirit, and often with no more mixture of the divine in the picture than just enough to spoil it as a representation of maternity,

with which everybody's heart has something to do. Then half of all the rest of the pictures are crucifixions, subjects from the Old Testament, or scenes in the lives of the saints; and the remainder are mythological. These old painters seldom treated their subjects in a homely way; they are above life, or on one side of it. Raphael, and other great painters, have done wonders with sacred subjects; but the greatest wonder is, how they could paint them at all; and always they paint them from the outside, and not from within." — He relented somewhat from the severity of this opinion afterwards; but his Puritan conscience, more than his æsthetic sympathies, was, I think, responsible for much of his acquaintance with ancient pictorial art.

Slowly the Roman sun began to make its power felt; and its warmth inspired Hawthorne with a greater degree both of physical and of mental activity. Every day some fresh expedition was made; and the conceptions of a new romance were slowly assuming shape in the author's mind. The Faun of Praxiteles was to be the central figure of the story, which, as first imagined, was to have been brief and lightly touched. The description of the statue, in the romance, is an almost word-for-word reproduction of that in the Note-Books, even to the reproduction of a slight error respecting the position of the left arm. By degrees the original idea grew and developed, until, in its final form, it became the most elaborate and the longest tale that Hawthorne has

written. The latter attribute is, however, mainly due to the number of descriptions of Roman and Florentine scenes, which, as he remarks, he had not the heart to cancel; and he might have added, that, in addition to their intrinsic beauty, they afford a grateful relief to the terrible and darksome events which make up the tissue of the story.

Among the most intimate of our Roman acquaintances were the family of Mr. C. G. Thompson, the artist, who had painted Hawthorne's portrait just previous to the latter's leaving America. They had been resident in Rome for several years, and the children — a girl and two boys — were valuable acquisitions in the way of companions to the younger members of Hawthorne's household. Under the guidance of Edmund and Hubert, the present writer, at all events, became more familiar with Rome and its environs than he ever was with his native city. "They are a very kind and agreeable family," Hawthorne writes, — "both grown people and children. During an evening that we spent with them, Mr. Ropes and his wife came in, he being an American landscape-painter, from my own old town indeed; and likewise another American artist, with his wife. I suppose there is a class feeling among the artists who reside here, and they create a sort of atmosphere among themselves, which they do not find anywhere else, and which is comfortable for them to live in. Nevertheless they are not generous nor gracious critics of one another; and I hardly remember any

full-breathed and whole-souled praise from sculptor to sculptor or from painter to painter. They dread one another's ill-word, and scrupulously exchange little attentions, for fear of giving offence; they pine, I suspect, at the sight of another's success, and would willingly keep a rich stranger from the door of any studio save their own. Their public is so much more limited than that of literary men that they have the better excuse for these petty jealousies. I do not mean to include Mr. Thompson in the above remarks; for I believe him to be an excellent man, and know him to be most friendly towards me, and, as an artist, earnestly aiming at beautiful things and achieving them. In the course of our visit he produced several rich portfolios, one containing some sketches from nature by an eminent German landscape-painter, long resident in Rome, and now deceased; another contained the contributions of many artists, his friends, — little pencil drawings and water-color sketches, bits of landscapes, likenesses, — in short, an artistic album; another was a most curious collection of sketches, many of them very old, and by celebrated painters, which he had partly picked up at the shops of dealers in such things, but had bought the greater part in a lump for about two dollars. He conjectures that they were part of the collection of some old Cardinal, at whose death the servants had stolen them, and sold them for what they would fetch. Here were pen-and-ink sketches and pencil-drawings, on coarse and yellow paper of

centuries ago, often very bold and striking; the 'motives,' as artists say, or first hints and rude designs of pictures which were afterwards painted, and very probably were never equal to these original conceptions. Some of the sketches were so rough and hasty that the eye could hardly follow the design; yet, when you caught it, it proved to be full of fire and spirit. Others were exceedingly careful and accurate, yet seemed hardly the less spirited for that; and in almost all cases, whether rough or elaborate, they gave one a higher idea of the imaginative scope and toil of artists than I generally get from the finished pictures."—It was evidently upon this "sketch" that Hawthorne based his picture of the studio of Miriam, with her portfolios of drawings.

Mrs. Jameson, author of "Lives of the Painters," was likewise among the friends of this period; and it was impossible not to like and respect the venerable old lady, although, in her rôle of prophetess of Italian culture, it was not always easy for Hawthorne to keep pace with her. Bryant was in Rome, too; and somewhat detailed mention of him is made in the Note-Books, though his name, as well as that of Sumner, of whom he spoke to Hawthorne, is generally omitted from the published passages. Miss Bremer and Miss Harriet Hosmer also appeared, and left pleasant memories behind them. But the malarious season in Rome was now at hand; and after having made an engagement (not without much chaffering) with a *vetturino* to transport us to Florence,

all expenses included, for the sum of one hundred scudi, more or less, we set forth on the morning of the 24th of May, after a residence of little more than four months, and in the midst of an avalanche of curses from the servant whom we had employed during our sojourn, and her mother, prompted by Hawthorne's refusal to present them with a week's extra wages, in addition to the fortnight's warning which they had had. But the weather was superb, and the ten days' journey was accomplished without either death by apoplexy or any other misfortune.

The railroad has taken the place of the carriage-road since those days, and I suppose the charms of the latter are unknown to the majority of visitors to Italy. But nothing could be more novel or delightful. The scenery is at no point other than beautiful or striking, apart from the historical interest of the scenes; the early summer air is both soft and inspiriting; and ever and anon we arrive at strange, mountainous villages, remote and lonely, and looking as if they were but natural modifications of the gray rock on which they are built. The fare provided was always ample and good, and all the labor of attending to that and other minor details is taken off the traveller's hands by the *vetturino.* Whenever there was a hill to climb, — and that happened often, — Hawthorne would alight, and, accompanied by his son, walk on in advance, every step bringing us farther into the heart of the matchless Italian landscape. At night we had sound and comfortable sleep in

some grotesque old inn, perched aloft, perhaps, upon some naked hill-top, or nestling beside some famous lake or stream in the narrow valleys. The only drawback to enjoyment was the beggars, of whom the entire population of most of the towns on the route was composed. But after a while custom gives them a sort of semi-invisibility, and they scarcely interfere with one's appreciation of the sights and scenes amidst which they swarm, more than so many flies or mosquitoes. One cannot help wondering what has become of these innumerable mendicants, now that there are steam-engines to take foreigners out of the way.

"This journey from Rome," says Hawthorne, "has been one of the brightest and most uncareful interludes of my life." And the same may be said of the entire Florentine experience. The chilliness of Rome at first, and the languor of spring afterwards, robbed his residence there of much of its charm. But the five or six months now to come had in them nothing that was not delightful. There was a lovely ardor about the Florentine summer that is not met with elsewhere; and the city itself so overflowed with beauty that nothing more could have been desired. Such friends as Hiram Powers and Mr. and Mrs. Browning afforded all that nature and art could not supply; and the freedom from all present labor and all anxiety for the morrow gave an inward pleasantness to every moment. I believe this to have been, upon the whole, the happiest period of Hawthorne's life. To every life, probably, some such season

comes; and six months is perhaps as long a draught of it as any mortal has a right to expect. The illness of his daughter cast a dark shadow over the remainder of Hawthorne's Italian experience; and after that, his gradually failing health made existence not seem so sweet that he could feel much regret to have done with it.

The Casa Bella, a floor of which we occupied from the date of our arrival until the 1st of August, was a fresh and bright-looking edifice, handsomely furnished and fitted, built round a court full of flowers, trees, and turf. A terrace, protected from the sun by a rustic roof built over it, extended along one side of the interior, and low windows or glass doors opened upon it. The house was all light and grace, and well deserved its title: a room, giving upon the garden, was used by Hawthorne as his study; and there, when not wandering about the genial, broad-flagged streets or in the galleries and churches and public gardens, he used to sit and sketch out his romance, — the English romance, I think, not the Italian one. He did not write very much as yet, however; the weather would have made it difficult to stay indoors in the daytime, even had the other attractions to go forth not been so alluring; and in the evenings, Powers or some other friend was apt to come in, or he visited Powers's studio, or went to Casa Guidi, near by, where the Brownings were. The lazy luxury of Italian life made itself strongly felt. Looking from the street windows of our apartment, I used often to watch with

envy a young ostler, appertaining to a stable on the opposite corner, who was in the habit of lounging out, naked to the waist, with a broom in his hand, and spend an hour or two dawdling about the pavement and chatting with his acquaintances. His torso was statuesque, and his skin as smooth as a woman's, and he looked exceedingly comfortable and contented. In Powers's studio, across the way, were the statues which the world knows, and some which few, perhaps, have seen; and Powers himself, tall and strong, with his paper cap, his white apron, his immense black eyes, and his pleasant smile. But there also, within a five minutes' stroll, were the Duomo, most beautiful of Italian churches, and the Campanile, and all the noble charm of the Palazzo Vecchio and the Piazza del Gran Duca; and the Pitti and Uffizzi galleries, and the Boboli Gardens. And it was hard to linger even here, when one thought of the Ponte Vecchio, with its strange incrustation of old houses; and the Lung' Arno, and the Casino; and the sunny hills outside the walls, with their fragrant plantations of olive and vine. When mankind returns to the Golden Age, such cities as Florence will be the rule, instead of the exception.

Hawthorne began once more his study of pictures, with somewhat better success than heretofore. He appreciated Raphael more, and found some other painters losing their hold upon him. The "Madonna della Seggiola" seemed to him, at this time, "the most beautiful picture in the world;" and he speaks

harshly of Titian's "Magdalen,"—but from the moral, not the artistic, point of view. In fact, he had not got so far in his pictorial training as to analyze the composition of a picture; he observed the workmanship, whether it were finished or rough, and the colors, whether they were brilliant or dull; but, for the rest, he accepted the work as it was, and either liked it or not, as if it were a pleasant or a disagreeable person. Of technicalities,—difficulties overcome, harmony of lines, and so forth,—he had no explicit knowledge; they produced their effect upon him, of course, but without his recognizing the manner of it. All that concerned him was the sentiment which the artist had meant to express; the means and method were comparatively unimportant. He accepted and respected the Dutch masters because they came into direct rivalry with concrete nature, and he could test the accuracy of their rendering by his own observation; but in the higher spheres of the art he continually found the beauty of the idea obstructed by the imperfection of the materials, and could not be quite happy about it. He wished that the "Transfiguration" might have combined Raphael's breadth with Gerard Douw's minuteness; the more strongly his imagination was appealed to, the more conscious was he of the discrepancy of execution. This discrepancy does not exist in the writer's art; there, the refinement and purity of the texture keeps pace with the beauty or grandeur of the conception; so that Hawthorne could not reason from the one

to the other. I fancy, moreover, that he unloaded a good deal of his responsibility in this matter upon the shoulders of his wife, who rejoiced in pictures, not only for what they expressed but for what they were, and could take up his appreciation where it came to an end, and carry it on with enthusiasm. There is, in a letter of hers, written at this period, a description of the "Deposition" by Perugino, which may appositely be quoted here.

"It is a large picture, with perhaps twelve figures. The body of Christ, with Joseph of Arimathea at the feet, makes the base of a pyramidal group. At the head, tenderly holding it with both hands, — one low down at the back of the hair, and one at the brow, — kneels one of the Marys, looking earnestly at the dead face before her. The Virgin Mother kneels beside her Son, seizing the left arm, and gazing at him with lips apart, and deep eyes nearly quenched with tears, — an expression of boundless love; her grief communicates itself to all who see her, for it is a real and not a painted grief. Above the Madonna stands another Mary, looking down at the body with uplifted hands, with more passion in her attitude than the others; and she forms the apex of the pyramid. On the left kneels the third Mary, with folded hands, beautiful and absorbed, looking at Christ as if musing on the spectacle. These six make a perfect group, all with eyes fixed on the dead form. Behind Jesus kneels Saint Peter, a grand figure and head, supporting the body with both hands beneath the arms, but

turning away, as unable to bear the sight. Above Peter is the fourth Mary, with clasped hands and bowed head and falling tears, — and she, I think, is Mary Magdalene. At her side is one of the disciples, united with the rest by his expression of unutterable sadness. Above Joseph of Arimathea stands Saint John, perhaps the greatest triumph of genius of all. He does not look at Christ; his hands are locked, in desolation of spirit; his arms straight down, like iron, and his fingers strained and hard-pressed. But in his beautiful face is the marvel and the power. There is a strong passion of sorrow. He seems to gaze out of the picture, but his eyes do not meet your eyes. There is a bewilderment, an abandonment of grief, that causes a blank in his thoughts; also the calmness of that deepest emotion that cannot show itself by ordinary modes. He has gone into his own soul to mourn, finding nothing left for him without. A lovely landscape lies beyond, — the sun just gone down, even as the Sun of Righteousness has set. No one else need attempt to paint the 'Deposition.' Raphael's magnificent 'Entombment' does not equal this picture in sentiment, though in beauty and execution nothing could surpass it. Noble master! Noble pupil — also master! What immense magnetic force proceeds from a work like this, over which the artist lived and breathed for months or years, in devout, religious worship! Such pictures ought to be made eternal, for the benefit and culture of the nations."

— Hawthorne's success with sculpture was always better, the conditions upon which to base a judgment being more sure and simple. He saw as much in the "Venus de' Medici" as any one, not a sculptor, has seen; and the "Lorenzo di' Medici," of Michael Angelo, was, in his opinion, a miracle in marble. "To take a block of marble and convert it wholly into thought! . . . Its naturalness is as if it came out of the marble of its own accord, with all its grandeur hanging heavily about it, and sat down there beneath its weight." And not less deep and creative was his insight into the bronze statue of Pope Julius III., in the market-place of Perugia; and of Marcus Aurelius, on the Capitoline Hill, — "the most majestic representation of the kingly character that ever the world has seen." He had many long talks on the subject of sculpture with Hiram Powers, who had the venial infirmity of believing that "no other man besides himself was worthy to touch marble," but whose ideas were "square, solid, and tangible, and therefore readily grasped and retained; . . . but when you have his ultimate thought and perception, you feel inclined to think and see a little further for yourself." The substance of many of these talks is given in the Note-Books; and it is entertaining to note how Hawthorne would eliminate from Powers's assertions the personal element, and then submit what remained to an analysis which, though perfectly unassuming, and deferential to the artist's superior knowledge, is always keen and often very destructive. In truth,

Powers, in comparison with Michael Angelo and the great Greek sculptors, had learned only the alphabet of his art; he ended where they began, but was as bold and fertile in criticism as such incipient knowledge generally is.

The only external event that occurred during this month was the Feast of St. John, — in effect, a sort of carnival with the masks and the confetti omitted. Its only interest for Hawthorne and his wife was the opportunity it afforded them of having a glimpse of the Grand Duke and his court, who occupied the loggia of a house opposite our balcony, and who were resplendent in gold embroidery and diamonds, which last Mrs. Hawthorne described as "an indescribable fineness of fierceness, — so ethereal and so real, — like the crossing of wit in angels!" But the Grand Duke himself was not beautiful, — he "looked like a monkey with an evil disposition," and had "that frightful, coarse, protruding under-lip, peculiar to the Imperial race of Austria. It is worth while," adds Mrs. Hawthorne, "to extinguish the race for the sake of expunging that lip, and all it signifies." — I quote from her printed Journal.

The white sunshine, falling straight downwards upon the flat pavements of the Florentine streets, or striking against the stuccoed walls of the houses, and reflected thence upon the inhabitants, wrought a fervency of heat that was almost too much even for Hawthorne, tropic-loving though he was. But on the summit of the hill of Bellosguardo, a mile beyond

the Porta Romana, there was an ancient castle or villa, belonging to the noble family of Montaüto. The Count, the then bearer of the name and title, being, like so many of his peers, less rich in gold than in ancestors, was willing to rent his castle for what appeared to foreigners the unreasonably reasonable sum of forty scudi a month; the castle itself containing upwards of forty large rooms, besides a *podere*, or plantation of grapes and figs, a dozen acres in extent. There was, moreover, a historic tower, said to be haunted, and commanding a vast prospect of the valley of the Arno, hemmed in by distant hills; and whatever breath of air happened to be stirring was sure to find its way up to this height. Near at hand, across the gray groves of olives, was the tower to which Mrs. Browning had attached her poem of "Aurora Leigh;" and Galileo's tower was also visible from our battlements. Each member of the family had three or four rooms for his or her private use, and more than twenty were still left for our joint occupation. The podere was in charge of the contadini belonging to the estate, who were always ready to provide us with as many figs and grapes as we wanted. Each day after sunset the mighty and brilliant comet of Donati stretched itself across the valley in a great fiery arch, and remained in view till near morning. In addition to the ghost, the tower was tenanted by a couple of owls, who at dusk hovered forth on noiseless wings beneath the battlements with strange, melancholy hootings. It

was the custom of Hawthorne and his family to ascend every evening to the summit of the tower, and sit or recline there till bedtime, looking at the comet and the stars, or watching the progress of the distant thunder-storms on the hills. Meanwhile the distance to the city was so inconsiderable that almost daily expeditions were made thither; and if the hill sometimes seemed steep on the way home, every step upward was into a fresher and more invigorating atmosphere. Hawthorne used to regret the lack of water in the view; but the constantly varying phenomena of clouds and sunshine, storm and calm, which the breadth of the valley made visible, atoned for this defect. The villa of Montaüto was, as readers of Hawthorne know, the prototype of that of Monte Beni; though the latter is placed in another region, and the blue lakes and gleaming river, which were wanting to the former prospect, are supplied in the latter.

It was in this mountain stronghold that Hawthorne wrote the first sketch of "The Marble Faun," which he afterwards rewrote and elaborated in Redcar, on the northeastern coast of England. He had temporarily laid aside the idea of the English romance, which afterwards assumed at least three distinct shapes, but which he did not live to complete. His mind at this period was as fertile in imaginative conceptions as it had ever been in his life; and could he have spent four or five years in Montaüto, instead of a couple of months, he might have written as

many romances again as now bear his name. Probably he would have remained, had it not been for his children. But he wished his daughters to grow up in their own country, and his son to have an American education; nor could he free himself from a restless longing to see again the land of his birth. An exile commonly ascribes to his native country the best of the attractions of foreign lands and the attraction of home, besides. Hawthorne, however, looked forward to a return to Europe at some undefined date; and when he bade it farewell, he did not know it was forever.

About the beginning of October we set out on our return to Rome. It was Hawthorne's intention to finish his romance there, and then, passing rapidly through Switzerland and France, to stop in England only long enough to obtain his English copyright, and sail for America in June or July of 1859. But all these plans were upset by his daughter Una's illness. He wrote nothing while in Rome, and on reaching England decided to rewrite the book there; so that our return home was postponed one year.

We did not follow the same route in returning to Rome that we had taken in leaving it. There was a railroad between Florence and Siena, to which town the train took us in about three hours. William Story and his family were living in a country-seat — the Villa Belvedere — outside the walls, and their presence made the strange old place familiar and pleasant to us. Siena seemed to Hawthorne the most

picturesque town that he had seen in Italy, with the exception of Perugia, and he fancied that he would prefer it to Florence as a residence: "A thoughtful, shy man might settle down here with the view of making the place a home, and spend many years in a sombre kind of happiness." Mrs. Hawthorne was delighted with the frescos of Sodoma. Ten days were spent in Siena, though Hawthorne would scarcely have stayed so long but for Story's company and conversation. "We spoke," he writes, "of the idea, which has been realized in my own experience, that a piece of good fortune is apt to be attended by an equivalent misfortune, as its shadow or black twin. There seems to be a vein of melancholy in William Story which I was not aware of in my previous acquaintance with him. He acknowledged that for three years past he had lived in dread that some sorrow would come to counterbalance the prosperity of his present life. I hope not; for I like him particularly well, and indeed it is very hard if we cannot enjoy a little sunshine in this short and hard life without a deadly shadow gliding close behind. Old age, and death in its due time, will surely come; let those suffice. The notion, however, is a comfortable one or otherwise, according to your point of view. If the misfortune comes first, it is consolatory to think of the good that is soon to follow; in the other category, it is exceedingly disagreeable."

From Siena we pursued our way to Rome by vettura,—a five-days' journey, much the same in general

character as the former one, though the weather, of course, was cooler, and the first bloom of novelty was wanting to the experience. But the journey was enlivened by the magnificent aspect, rapid and skilful driving, and genial disposition of our vetturino, Constantino Bacci by name, — a massive, stately fellow, with black eyes almost or quite as large as those of Powers, and with a gentler expression. The children and the "Emperor," as Mrs. Hawthorne called him, became greatly attached to one another during their sojourn together, and were more than sorry when the hour of parting came. We met with no more favorable specimens of Italians during our residence in the country than our two vetturinos, — Gaetano and Constantino. The "Emperor," then, drove us to the door of the house No. 68 Piazza Poli, which Mr. Thompson the artist had engaged for us; and the last six months of our Roman residence began.

CHAPTER VI.

ROME TO ENGLAND.

THE Piazza Poli house was comfortable in itself, — though, of course, on an indefinitely compacter scale than the vast caravanserai to which we had accustomed ourselves in Florence, — and stood in a convenient place, nearly at the centre of Rome. At night we could hear the murmurous plash of the Fountain of Trevi, which was accessible from our piazza by a short alley; and in Carnival-time the more tumultuous roar of the maskers and merry-makers was plainly audible, surging up and down the narrow channel of the Corso, on our right. And the Piazza del Popolo, the Roman Forum, the Pincian, the Pantheon, — all were at short radii from our starting-point. Looking out of our front windows, we beheld an oblong space of perhaps two acres of cobble-stones, with a palace on the right hand and another on the left; and overhead the intensely blue Roman sky. Our short absence from the city led us to regard it in the peculiar light of a home in a foreign land, — a kind of home-feeling which has an element of the adventurous mixed up in it, and which carries with it no burden of responsibility.

We were in a better mood than before, too, to understand and enjoy Rome on her own terms. We had become accustomed to the Italian sentiment of things, and we knew where to go and how to observe. Altogether, therefore, the prospect was highly agreeable, and we anticipated a great deal of happiness in our snug little lodgings. Mr. Thompson the artist, who had engaged the house for us, accompanied us on our first visit to it; and I remember the miraculous way in which the door opened in response to our ring. The latch lifted, and the door swung inwards; but no human hand or form appeared. We mounted the dark and narrow stairs, and were greeted above by the elderly lady who acted in the capacity of servant during our sojourn; and found the solution of the mystery in a sort of bell-rope depending from the wall, which was attached to a system of wires that acted upon the latch.

The old lady aforesaid comprised within her own person the total retinue of domestics that we employed or required; for there was no kitchen-work done in the house: we had our meals brought from a neighboring restaurant. They came in a large tin box on a man's head; and very good meals they were, in the French style,—three courses and a dessert at dinner; and if the *brisée* beef appeared rather often, it was always very nicely cooked and flavored. In the evenings—which were long, for everybody was indoors by six o'clock, Roman air not being considered quite salubrious after that hour—it got to be the

custom to play cards, all the family taking a hand first or last. We played whist and euchre and old maid, and had great fun. Hawthorne was an incomparable companion at such times; he made the life and jollity of the amusement. Everybody wanted to be his partner, not because he always won, for he did not, but because either good or evil fortune was delightful in alliance with him. He was charming in victory; but I am not sure that he was not more charming in defeat. The true nature of a person is sure to discover itself in a long series of games of cards. He entered heartily and unreservedly into the spirit of the contest. When he was beaten he defrauded his opponents of none of their legitimate triumph by affecting indifference; and when he captured the odd trick he made no pretence of not caring. It was a genuine struggle all the way through, and refreshing, however it turned out. Perhaps there are few men of fifty-four years who have enough of boyish freshness left in them to sit down with their family, night after night, and laugh and exult through an hour or two's play, in which the only stakes were the honor of victory. It never occurred to me to think it remarkable then; but now it seems different. He never seemed old to us, however, even to the last. There was a primitive freshness in him, that was always arching his eyebrow and twitching the corners of his mouth.

I remember this the better on account of what occurred afterwards. The Roman malaria was not

supposed to be dangerous after October; nevertheless, in order to be on the safe side, our rule, as has been already observed, was to be in at six. But Hawthorne's eldest daughter, Una, was much devoted to sketching, and showed some talent for it; and was therein aided and abetted by Miss Ada Shepard, our young American governess. Roman ruins are tempting material; and one evening she and Una overstayed their time a little at the Palace of the Cæsars, in order to finish a drawing. A few days afterwards, Una showed symptoms of chills and fever, and the attacks returned intermittently. It was evident that she had caught the Roman fever, but for a time the attack seemed to be slight. Dr. Franco, the most prominent homeopathic physician in Rome, was in attendance; and the youth of the patient and the unimpaired vigor of her constitution were in her favor. The disease held on, however, gradually becoming more severe, and undermining her strength. After a month or two she was no longer able to leave her bed in the intervals of her attacks as formerly; and the matter began to look serious. Mrs. Hawthorne was, from the first, constantly beside her daughter, and a better nurse — more self-possessed, cheerful, tender, and exact — could not probably have been found in Europe. She was also unwearable so long as there was any need for nursing; and it would be difficult to say how little sleep she had during the four months that Una's illness was critical. It became very critical at length; and one morning Dr. Franco came out of the room looking unusually serious, and

spoke privately to Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne. After he had gone, we knew that Una was not only ill, but that the chances were now against her recovery.

Mrs. Hawthorne said afterwards that Hawthorne had never taken a hopeful view of the case. The grief he felt at the idea that perhaps his daughter might die was so keen that he could not endure the alternations of hope and fear, and therefore had settled with himself not to hope at all. Indeed, he was at no period of his life of a sanguine temperament; and whether from philosophic determination or by force of nature, he uniformly chose to anticipate the darker alternative of whatever event was developing. But when the physician was obliged to admit that his skill had done all it could, and that the rest must be left to fate, the shock found Hawthorne scarcely prepared. He had been grave before, but now a positive darkness seemed to gather over his face. He said nothing, — emotion never found verbal expression with him; but no one who looked in his eyes would have felt that there was any need of speech.

All this time, the card playing had been going on, evening after evening, just as usual. At the accustomed hour we would take our places at the table, even Mrs. Hawthorne and Una occasionally taking hands, before the latter was wholly confined to her bed; and Hawthorne always sat in his chair at the head. The rest of us laughed and enjoyed ourselves pretty much as before, and scarcely noticed how seldom Hawthorne contrived to smile. We thought that, so long as he could play

cards, there was no danger of an evil issue of the fever. And this, of course, was precisely his object in continuing the practice. Until concealment was no longer of use, he was resolved to keep us from suspecting any danger. At what cost to his own nerves and patience he had persevered in this daily infliction, one can imagine now, but we had no suspicion of it then. And so it went on, until Dr. Franco made the communication above mentioned. We did not expect to have any game that evening; but at seven o'clock Hawthorne produced the cards, and we sat down. The game was whist, and certainly it was silent enough to satisfy the most exacting disciple. One hand was played; and then Hawthorne put down his cards. He had gone to the limit of his possibility. "We won't play any more," said he. And neither at that nor at any future time was that rubber of whist decided.

Gloomy days followed, without and within. The winter was peculiarly dark and depressing, and there was nothing to lighten it in the sick-chamber. Mrs. Hawthorne, who, at the other extreme from her husband, never gave up hope until there was absolutely nothing left to hope for, had gathered herself up after the blow, and gone back to her patient with unfaltering strength and energy. Franco afterwards said that the girl would undoubtedly have died under any other hands than her mother's. There is a sympathy that does by intuition what no medical skill can advise. Mrs. Hawthorne had at least her duties to support her, but Hawthorne had nothing; there was no distraction

for his thoughts, from day to day. At length the crisis in the disease came. Unless Una's fever abated before morning, she would die.

With this sentence in her ears, the mother confronted her night's work. She had not slept for eight-and-forty hours, and had lain down but for a few minutes at a time. As she thought of what might be to come, she was conscious of a strong rebellion in her heart. She could not resign herself to losing her daughter. Una was the first-born, and on many accounts perhaps the dearest of the children. She had the finest mind of any, the most complex and beautiful character, and in various ways most strongly resembled her father. She was just emerging from childhood, and becoming a young woman. The struggle had been so prolonged that it seemed impossible to surrender now. And yet death or life lay in the beating of a pulse. For the first time in her life, the mother found herself at odds with Providence.

Una had been wandering in her mind for several days, and was continually talking in a vague unintelligible murmur, and recognized no one. If she were now to die, there could be no farewell, — no comprehension on her part of the end. As the night deepened, and the hour drew near which was to decide all, she ceased her mutterings, and lay quite still. Her mother was alone in the room with her. Hawthorne, whether awake or not, was lying on his bed in an adjoining chamber. Mrs. Hawthorne went to the window and looked out on the piazza. It was dark and silent; no

one was abroad. The sky, too, was heavy with clouds. She looked up at the clouds, and said to herself that she could not bear this loss.

All at once, however, her feeling changed. It was one of those apparently miraculous transformations that sometimes come over faithful and loving hearts. "Why should I doubt the goodness of God?" she asked herself. "Let Him take her, if He sees best. I can give her to Him. I will not fight against Him any more."

Her spirits were lighter than at any time since the illness began; she had made the sacrifice, and found herself not sadder but happier. She went back to the bedside, and put her hand on Una's forehead; it was cool and moist. Her pulse was slow and regular, and she was sleeping naturally. The crisis had passed, favorably. One can imagine the wife going to the husband, and telling him "She will live!" Such a moment would atone for many months of suffering.

The convalescence was long and tedious, but it proceeded without relapse. Roman fever is a disease from which one seldom recovers unequivocally, and the present case was perhaps no exception to the rule; though the ill effects of the large doses of quinine that had been taken were probably quite as lasting and injurious as those of the fever itself. But it was enough, for the present, that the peril to life was passed. Soon after the favorable change had set in, General Pierce, whose presidential term had lately concluded, came to Rome, and he and Hawthorne saw

a great deal of each other. "I found all my early friend in him," the latter said. I recollect the first evening that Pierce came to our house, and sat in the little parlor, in the dusk, listening to the story of Una's illness. "Poor child! poor child!" he said occasionally, in a low voice. His sympathy was like something palpable, — strong, warm, and comforting. He said very little, but it was impossible not to feel how much he cared. He knew of his own experience what it was to lose children. He stayed in Rome several weeks, and he and Hawthorne talked over all their former years and adventures, since they were boys in college together. There are some interesting observations on the ex-President's character in the Note-Books. "I do not love him one whit the less for having been President," says Hawthorne, "nor for having done me the greatest good in his power. If he only had been the benefactor, perhaps I might not have borne it so well; but each did his best for the other, as friend for friend."

The Carnival came again, and this time Hawthorne seems to have entered more freely than before into the spirit of the festival. Indeed, it fell in with a private festival of his own, for his daughter was often able to take part in the frolic. We had a carriage, and drove up and down, amidst bouquets and confetti, in the endless procession of the Corso; and Hawthorne flung his ammunition as zealously as any one. While he was actually engaged, he fell cordially enough into the humor of the sport; but as

soon as he became merely a spectator, he could perceive only the absurdity of it all. Absurd or not, and whether or no he contemplated making use of the Carnival in a romance, he studied it pretty thoroughly on the two opportunities that were afforded him.

As the spring advanced, he resumed his walks about Rome, sometimes alone and sometimes with a companion. On one occasion we were trudging along a road that skirted the outside of the walls, from one gate to the other, and the companion, who was always on the lookout for snail-shells and lizards, had fallen a couple of hundred yards in the rear. Hawthorne had disappeared round a bend of the road; and on catching sight of him again, his son saw that he was engaged in conversation with a dingy-looking personage, who had evidently just asked him what time it was. Hawthorne was not very fluent in conversational Italian, whereas his son, in his daily excursions about the city with his friends Edmund and Hubert Thompson, had picked up what he thought was a sufficiently practical knowledge of the language. Prompted, therefore, by a charitable desire to render his attainments useful, he shouted out to his father to wait till he came up, and he would translate the hour into the inquirer's native tongue; and at the same time he set out towards them at top speed. But the stranger immediately left Hawthorne, and continued on his way; and it appeared that the former had made shift to give him the desired infor-

mation. On reaching home, however, Hawthorne told the anecdote to his wife, and remarked that he had every reason to think that the man had intended to rob him. For, as he produced his watch, the man's hand had crept to the handle of a knife in his belt, and his countenance had assumed an ominous expression; but the sudden shout in the distance, and the apparition of a figure of indeterminate dimensions making all haste towards the scene of operations, had altered his intention; he had muttered, "Grazie, signor," and walked off. Within a few weeks there had been five or six highway robberies outside the walls of Rome. The moral of this story seems to be that a disinterested wish to air one's Italian may result in averting the blow of a stiletto.

Hawthorne appears to have enjoyed the last month or two of his Roman sojourn. His spirits had rebounded after the heavy depression of the winter, and had not yet settled to their normal level; nor was he as yet aware how fatally that period of anguish had told upon him. The weather was warm and sunny, and pleasant friends were around him. He saw a good deal of William Story, and it was in his company that he visited the farm on which the new statue of Venus had just been excavated, — that which was thought to be the original from which the Medicean Venus was copied. Then there were farewell visits to be made to all the familiar places of interest; and there is always a peculiar charm in a farewell visit, even if it be a melancholy one. Haw-

thorne was glad to leave Rome, and yet he was sensible of a strong affection for it. It endeared itself to him even by the suffering it had inflicted; and had his daughter died there, it is doubtful if he would have found it possible ever to return to America. As it was, however, he hastened to be gone.

We left Rome on the 26th of May, Hawthorne having taken an early walk that morning to the Pincian, and through the Borghese gardens, and to Saint Peter's; and "methought," he says, "they never looked so beautiful, nor the sky so bright and blue." The railroad to Civita Vecchia had been completed a few months before, and it was by that route that we departed. "We had great pother and difficulty in getting ourselves and our mountain of luggage taken to the station in season," Hawthorne wrote, "and I know not that we should have succeeded in leaving Rome, but for the good offices of Dr. Appleton, who took as much as possible of the rough and tumble of the matter upon himself, out of mere kindness of heart. On getting to our destination, we had further trouble in getting our luggage transported from the railway to the water-side; for the people of Civita Vecchia are absolute harpies of luggage, and cannot be hindered from laying their unclean hands upon it by any efforts of the owner. I think they are really the most pertinacious rogues in Italy, and the most exorbitant; and my remnant of Roman silver (with which I had expected to be burthened in Leghorn and further onward) melted away as if it were coined

of snow. After shouldering our way through this difficulty, a new one sprung up; for on applying at the ticket-office of the steamer, we were told that we could not be received, because my passport had not the visé of the French Embassy in Rome. This signature had not been obtained, because we meant to go, in the first instance, only to Leghorn; but as I had taken a through-ticket to Marseilles, with liberty of stopping at the intermediate places, the steamer agent declared it impossible to take us without the French visé. Here was great horror and despair on my part; for I do think life would scarcely be worth having at the expense of spending one night at Civita Vecchia; and besides, in these crowded times, there was some doubt whether we could have obtained a shelter. However, the agent (who had at first put on an immitigable face — to frighten us the more, I suppose) finally intimated that the signature of the French consul at Civita Vecchia might be sufficient, if there were time to obtain it; so I sent off a commissionaire forthwith, and the passport soon came back duly viséd. I must do the steamer-people and the commissionaire the justice to say that they seemed to be honest men, and not only asked for no undue fees, but returned (it was the commissionaire who did this unheard-of act) a slight overcharge which he had made. Having got on board, the female part of us were assigned a state-room to themselves, and Julian and I were put into a room with six berths in it, most of which were occupied; a hot place, too,

down almost to the water's edge, and aired and lighted only by a small round hole. We shortly left the port (which appears to be entirely an artificial harbor, built all round with stone), and I rejoiced from the bottom of my soul to see this hateful place sinking under the horizon. Dinner was served soon after our departure, but I think only Julian, Una, and I, of our party, profited much by it; and we had a beautiful sunset, and clear, calm evening till bedtime." These details of travel were always a great bugbear to Hawthorne, the rather since he was obliged to conduct his negotiations through an interpreter; and it seems a pity that he could not have been relieved of all such discomfort by the services of a good courier.

It had been our intention to spend a week or two (on Una's account) at Leghorn; but as she seemed benefited instead of fatigued by the voyage, and in order to avoid the inconvenience of having "all Tophet let loose upon us, in the shape of custom-house officers, gendarmes, commissionaires, luggage-harpies, and beggars," we decided to keep on to Marseilles. So, after spending the night on board the steamer in the harbor, we sailed next morning for Genoa, and thence proceeded without incident to Marseilles, "which was really," says Hawthorne, "like passing from death into life."

Our next objective point was Geneva, to which we travelled by way of Avignon, remaining several days at the latter town. On arriving there, "an omnibus

took us to the Hôtel d'Europe, where, on driving into the courtyard, we were received by an elderly lady in black, of brisk and kindly manners. She assigned us a suite of rooms, extending along a gallery that looks down into the court; a saloon and, I believe, four bedrooms, which number we have since diminished to save expense, and because our hostess cannot conveniently let us have so many, in view of some races which will bring her a great crowd of guests in a day or two. We dined at the table d'hôte at five o'clock with very little company; most of the guests dining at seven. It was a very good dinner; some claret, which appeared very tolerable to me after my experience of the sour old wines of Italy, was placed on the table in liberal quantity. The whole thing is far better managed than at the table d'hôte of an American hotel; and though the viands here were not half so good or so numerous, it was much easier to get a comfortable dinner."

The characteristics of Avignon are dwelt upon at some length in the Note-Books, and nothing need be added here. "We left on the 7th of June for Geneva, stopping on the way at Lyons, where, after a good deal of search, I found my way to the Consul's. Here it was my misfortune to encounter, instead of the Consul, two American ladies, with whom I stayed talking for above an hour, I should think, — to our mutual weariness, no doubt. By and by, however, the Consul came in, a Mr. White, an elderly, frank, agreeable gentleman, who received me with great courtesy when he knew

my name. After all, I needed no assistance from him, my passport having been viséd for Switzerland by the Consul at Marseilles; and this little republic makes everybody welcome. Returning to our hotel, I spent as much as an hour and a half in arranging to send four trunks to await us at Macon, instead of taking them with us on our journey. The same business would not have required five minutes on an American railway." In alluding to the scenery between Lyons and Geneva, which was very beautiful, Hawthorne observes: "I have come to see the nonsense of attempting to describe fine scenery. There is no such possibility. If scenery could be adequately reproduced in words, there would have been no need of God's making it in reality. And I have no heart any longer, as I have said a dozen times already, for journalizing. Had it been otherwise, there is enough of picturesque and peculiar in Geneva to fill a good many of these pages; but really I lack energy to seek objects of interest, curiosity even so much as to glance at them, heart to enjoy them, intellect to profit by them. I deem it a grace of Providence when I have a decent excuse to my wife and to my own conscience for not seeing even those things that have helped to tempt me abroad. It may be disease; it may be age; it may be the effect of the lassitudinous Roman atmosphere: but such is the fact." It was a fact to a certain extent; but much of the vigor of expression with which it is stated is due to the circumstance that Hawthorne was in the habit of journalizing in the evenings, when he

was fatigued by the labors of the day, and was thus liable to import into the recollection of what he had been seeing the weariness and distaste of the moment of writing. But there is no doubt that the springs of external enjoyment were beginning to run dry for him.

After a day or two at Geneva, we took the boat down the lake to Villeneuve, and put up at the Hôtel de Byron. Here again Hawthorne was stimulated to describe much and effectively; though, once more, looking back upon it all, he insists that he has not "any spirit to write, as of yore. I flag terribly: scenes and things make but dim reflections in my inward mirror; and if ever I have a thought, words do not come aptly to clothe it." Nevertheless, the whole of "The Marble Faun" was written after this date. But the Continental journal now comes to an end, and not more than twenty or thirty pages are added of the final English and the American experiences. Returning at the end of a week to Geneva, we went to Paris, and thence to London, and so found ourselves again in the Old Home, after a residence on the other side of the Channel of about eighteen months.

Hawthorne now decided to remain another year in England, in order to prepare the new romance for the English market; being the more moved thereto because he had unadvisedly made a loan to a friend of a large sum of money, which was never repaid, and the loss of which necessitated his insuring an English copyright. The English atmosphere — moral, if not

physical — revived him somewhat. He appreciated England the better for his absence from it. On the Continent he had neither felt nor known anything of the national social life. Always inclined even in his own country to be rather a spectator of society than an active participant in it, he had been more so than ever in England, while in Italy his estrangement had been absolute; and consequently he had been forced to confine himself almost exclusively to the companionship of art and archæology. Such association is, no doubt, educative and refining in moderate doses, taken in connection with social intercourse or in the way of relaxation therefrom. But to expect a man like Hawthorne to put up contentedly with nothing else, was too much. He was already a highly cultivated man, but his culture had proceeded in the direction of humanity and nature rather than of art. In studying works of art, he had been subjected to an inevitable disappointment. Understanding nothing of technique, — of the difficulties to be overcome, and the means adopted to overcome them, — he could only feel that the results were not commensurate with his expectations. The sky of the painter was not so bright as that of nature; the statue lacked movement and variety. He looked for the achievement of the impossible, and, not finding it, failed to give due credit to what was actually accomplished. Had his refinement been less, he would have been ignorantly pleased; had his technical knowledge and perception of relativity been greater, he could have felt conscientiously satis-

fied. A great part of specific art culture consists in learning the limitations of art, and judging, not absolutely, but comparatively. Hawthorne had never had opportunity for this; and the ideal notions of art which his noble imagination had engendered in his mind, and which had been nourished by the report of art-lovers, were bound to be discomfited. He succeeded best with architecture, because that is the most spontaneous and least artificial form that art assumes. His appreciation of the famous buildings and ruins of Europe was profound and cordial; yet even here he is continually finding the beauty enhanced by its connection with humanity and antiquity, — a connection, of course, not intrinsic, but created by the observer's imagination. During his residence abroad, he labored strenuously to attain a more complacent point of view: he succeeded in no small degree; but, as he constantly refused to say he was satisfied until he felt that he was so, and could explain why, his Note-Books rather understate his progress than the contrary. All the while, he was hungering (perhaps without knowing it) for human beings, — for a society which he understood and was congenitally in sympathy with. Such a society could exist, for him, only in New England. There only could he feel, without need of practically demonstrating it, that he was essentially at one with those around him. Elsewhere he would be anxious about the differences; there he could be confident of the similarities. He had felt the differences sensibly enough during his first resi-

dence in England; but the social comparison between England and the Continent was so much in favor of the former as almost to make him feel, on his return thither, that he was actually at home again. Here, at all events, were English friends whom he knew and loved; and friendly regards encompassed him wherever he went. For several weeks previous to retiring to Redcar to write, he stayed in London, and was half surprised to find himself meeting a good many people and enjoying it.

Henry Bright was in Cambridge at the time of Hawthorne's arrival in London, and lost no time in inviting him to come down and see that seat of classical learning. "It is settled," he writes, "that you must stay with me till Monday at Cambridge. Rooms are engaged in college, and you are engaged to dinner on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Had you been at S——'s last night, you would have met a charming madman who favored us with his company. Are you at the 'Derby' to-day?" Hawthorne, however, was unable to leave London, and presently received another communication beginning,

> "Consul Hawthorne, you 're a sinner —
> Make engagements — do *not* keep 'em!

What am I to say to S——? However, I find I can stay at Cambridge some time longer; so you must stay too. Can I see you here to-morrow at twelve?" Hawthorne could not go; and not many days later Bright came up to London, where, he writes to me,

"I saw much of your father. On July 8 we went together to the House of Commons, where Mr. Whitbread, the member for Bedford, got us places. We came in for a debate on the navy estimates, and heard Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Disraeli. On the 9th we all dined at Richmond; and I remember how amused Hawthorne was at a lady in a curiously antique costume who passed us in the street: she reminded him, he said, of a maid of honor of Queen Anne's time. On the 10th we dined at the Heywoods', at Connaught Place. On the 12th we went to call on Charles Sumner, though Hawthorne said, 'As we're neither of us the Lord Chancellor, he won't care about us!' Mr. Sumner had been very kind to me in America. We afterwards went to see Dr. Williams's library, then in Red Cross Street,—an out-of-the-way sight, but very curious for its pictures of Puritan divines and its manuscripts of Baxter. On the 13th we went for an hour to the Workingmen's College, where Tom Hughes had asked us. A number of men were sitting round the table, and Hughes read to them Tennyson's 'The Grandmother's Apology,' which had just come out. We also breakfasted with Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), but I forget the date."

— It was about this time, also, that Hawthorne first met Henry Chorley, who claimed the merit of having "discovered" him so long ago as the epoch of the "Twice-Told Tales." Mr. Chorley was the literary critic of the "Athenæum," which was then, I believe,

edited by Hepworth Dixon. He admired Hawthorne's genius, and had written cordial things of the three American novels. Personally he was an agreeable and brilliant little man, and he gave Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne a charming dinner at his tiny, but delightful house in London. I find this characteristic note from him, alluding to the occasion:—

DEAR MR. HAWTHORNE, — Put a card in the post, to say (as I hope) that you are no worse for having come to me. I cannot say *how* pleased I was to receive your letter. Surely, though one cannot believe in *spirits*, must one not in sympathies? Pray, recollect my readiness to do you both any pleasure; and also, that *if* I can't, I shall say I can't: so you cannot be strange with

Very gratefully and respectfully yours,

HENRY CHORLEY.

13 EATON PLACE, WEST.

— We shall see Mr. Chorley again after "The Marble Faun" has been published. Meanwhile Hawthorne and his family left London, and went first to Whitby, on the Yorkshire coast, in search of the seclusion necessary for writing the romance, which was at this time in pieces, as it were, ready to be remodelled and put together. Whitby was a moderately agreeable watering-place, with a high cliff, on which were the remains of an abbey built in past ages by Saint Hilda. The names of the personages in the new book were in their usual unsettled con-

dition; and I recollect that this abbey, with its tradition, suggested to Hawthorne the appellation which he bestowed upon the New England girl in the story. Hilda has, I believe, been supposed to have been based upon the character of Miss Ada Shepard, the young American governess before mentioned, who had returned to the United States before we recrossed the Channel. The hypothesis is more than usually infelicitous. Hilda — whose fault, if she have any, as a creation, is that she is too much of an abstraction — has in her some traits of Mrs. Hawthorne, though the latter, and perhaps Hawthorne himself, were not aware of it. Mrs. Hawthorne's was much the larger and broader nature of the two, and was remarkable for a gentle humor and sunniness of disposition, in which Hilda is conspicuously deficient. Nevertheless, Sophia Hawthorne, with her more winning and humane characteristics omitted, would have furnished ample materials for a Hilda; but of Miss Shepard the latter shows no trace.

Hawthorne did not remain long at Whitby; it does not seem to have suited him as a place to compose in. It was too much of a seaside resort, perhaps, and it did not possess any special facilities for undisturbed walks. The cliffs were neither of rock nor of chalk, but of a dirty kind of clay; interesting to geologists from the quantity of ammonites and other fossil remains contained in them, but not otherwise attractive. It was finally decided to go to Redcar, which was not far distant, but greatly more secluded. Here

the broad brown sands stretched for miles, with the sombre German ocean breaking over them; and inland there were long wastes of lonely country, with small, remote villages here and there. The place was little known then; and certainly it offered the strongest possible contrast to the scenes amidst which the Romance was laid, and therefore gave these the stronger relief in the writer's memory and imagination.

Owing, in great measure, to the exertions of Mr. Bright, who wrote a pamphlet on the subject, and talked with various personages in authority, an agitation was set on foot at this period relative to the old matter of the ill-treatment of sailors on board of American vessels. Hawthorne himself intended publishing something on the subject, but, with the exception of some letters to private individuals and his despatches to Congress, never found opportunity to carry out his purpose. The evil, in time, abated itself, chiefly owing to the decay of the commerce that had given rise to it. But the subject was discussed in the House, on the motion of Lord Houghton, as may be seen in the subjoined letter from Bright to Hawthorne: —

West Derby, Liverpool, July 29, 1859.

My dear Mr. Hawthorne, — A letter is waiting for you at Whitby, where I supposed you were. Monckton Milnes is bringing on the ship-cruelty question in the House on the 2d August, and he

wishes you very much to send him a few lines relative to the matter. Do please write to him at 16 Upper Brook Street, and tell him, if you will kindly do so, that the evils are very real, and the law quite inoperative. Mr. Ticknor, Mr. Jay, and Charles Morton are going to try what your Congress can do; and on this side, Mr. Milnes will move an address to the Queen, "praying her to enter into negotiations with the Government of the United States for the purpose of preventing the gross cruelties practised on merchant seamen engaged in the traffic between this country and the United States, and for bringing the offenders to justice." To this I hope no objection can be raised, either on this side or on yours. Please do not lose a post in writing to Milnes, or it may be too late. Tuesday is the day.

I am already longing to be with you all again, and must certainly come to see you if you 'll let me.

Ever yours,

H. A. Bright.

— At Redcar, Hawthorne used to write during the morning until dinner-time, which was at half-past one; and after dinner, except when it rained too heavily, he would take his son out to walk with him. We generally went northward along the sands; and at a certain point of the coast, where there was a sort of inlet, Hawthorne would seat himself, and allow the boy to go in swimming. Then they would resume their walk, and generally strike inland, and

return by a roundabout way to Redcar. The dark mass of the little town, with the red sunset sky behind it, presented quite a picturesque effect, of the solemn and dreary order. Hawthorne's health improved during his residence here; and upon the whole he seems rather to have gained than lost from this last year in England.

We remained between three and four months in Redcar, and, so far as I can recollect, we had the place entirely to ourselves. It was not the "season;" and even Henry Bright did not succeed in getting out to see us, although, as appears from the following letter, he had partly formed some such project in his mind: —

WEST DERBY, Sept. 8, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. HAWTHORNE, — How are you all, and how is the novel, and how is the Faun? Do write me a line, and tell me about your doings and beings and thinkings. I send Mrs. Hawthorne an American paper with an article in it on Mr. Horace Mann. Thank you most heartily for writing to Monckton Milnes on the cruelty question. You no doubt saw the papers of the 4th August with an account of the debate in them, and how Mr. Milnes quoted us both. I do hope your people (I mean the people who *were* yours, — you are an Englishman now) will help our Government in getting something done.

I have been staying with Mr. Milnes for a week at his place in Yorkshire. It was the pleasantest

time I ever spent, and I have to parody Tom Appleton's *mot*, and say, "If I 'm *very* good in this world, I shall go to 'Frystone' in the next." A beautiful park and gardens; a library — such a library, with tempting *readable* books, books you always wanted to see, just the by-paths of literature which lead nowhere in particular, but are leafy and flowery and fruity all the same; and then a large and pleasant party of people, each one of whom was interesting; and a good cook (!); and excursions; and, best of all, the kindest of hostesses, and a host who *is* a host, — a host in himself. There, does n't your mouth water? It ought to.

I saw Mrs. Gaskell the other day. She too is writing a novel, and the scene is to be somewhere near Redcar; so I think it is probable she may pay you a visit, and in that case the double magnet will draw me too. Would n't it be glorious? Only I 'm afraid the two novels might suffer; *still*, it would be so jolly, — *almost* as good as Frystone. I can't say more than that. By the way, how perverse you novelists are! Mrs. Gaskell is going to "smash" her hero's face, which she says is quite a new idea, and he is to be horrible to look upon, and then a young lady is to love him. It 's as bad as your Faun committing murder. But it 's no good arguing with you; as somebody says in one of Scott's novels, "a wilfu' and obstinate mon [or woman] will hae his [her] ain way!"

Dr. Lothrop was over here the other day. I did n't

like him quite so well as I fancied I remembered liking him. He is — well, never mind what he is; I don't like being censorious on paper, and he has certainly been very kind to me, and his daughter is certainly very beautiful. I have been showing my chirography to a woman who pretends to tell character from handwriting, and she has just sent such an account of me that I feel absolutely vain to think what opportunities I have of making my own acquaintance, and what pleasure it must be to my tailor to make clothes for so eminent an individual. Who now will venture to say anything uncivil of my pothooks and hangers? Shall we hand up *your* handwriting and see what comes of that?

Yours ever,

H. A. BRIGHT.

— In October we left Redcar, which was becoming somewhat too inclement for comfort, and made another visit to Leamington, which had become a comparatively familiar place to us. The house we occupied, however, was no longer in Lansdowne Circus, at the upper extremity of the town, but in the midst of the town itself, on the other side of the bridge. Here, with the exception of one or two brief excursions to London, Hawthorne remained until March of 1860, and finished the romance. Every day he walked out, visiting the towns in the neighborhood, — Lillington, Warwick, and Witnash. It was on one of these expeditions that we discovered the grave of John Treeo,

close beneath the wall of Lillington Church, as described in the Note-Books. Another day, at Warwick, "it was market-day: in the sort of colonnade of the town-house, or whatever they call it, there were people selling small wares, apples, vegetables, etc., and all through the market-place there was a little scattered trade of the same kind going forward; pigs, too, and sheep, alive or dead. All was very quiet and dull. We went into the museum, among the most interesting objects in which were some small portions of the auburn hair and beard of King Edward IV." Again, he went to Coventry, where his friend Bennoch was staying, and was entertained there by a retired manufacturer, Mr. Bill. "His house," writes Hawthorne, "is a very good and unpretending one, and Mr. Bill seems to live a most quiet and comfortable life, without coach-house or man-servant, though Mr. Bennoch says he has an income of three thousand pounds ($15,000), besides retaining an interest in his former business."

The weather, however, was very unpropitious, and Hawthorne cannot forbear referring to it. "I think," he says, "I never felt how dreary and tedious winter can be, till this present English winter, though I have spent four or five in England before. But always heretofore it has been necessary for me to venture out and look the dark weather in the face; whereas, this winter, I have chiefly moped by the fireside, and at most have ventured out but an hour or two in the day. It has been inconceivably

depressing: such fog; such dark mornings, that sulked onwards till nightfall; such damp and rain; such sullen and penetrating chills; such mud and mire; surely, the bright serenity of a New England winter can never be so bad as this. I have not really emerged into life through the whole season."

On one of his trips to London, to arrange the details of the publication of his book, he called again on Leigh Hunt, accompanied by his wife and Una. They found the old gentleman as cordial and agreeable as on the former occasion; and, Mrs. Hawthorne having accidentally left her cloak behind her, Hunt sent it back the next day, with this little note: —

DEAR MR. AND MRS. HAWTHORNE (for "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Indicator" will warrant me, I trust, in thus addressing you, to say nothing of gratitude for your visit), — Had there been any reason in time, weather, or any other contingency, for allowing me to expect the return of any one of you for the accompanying cloak, I would have kept it accordingly in that "look-out;" but as this is out of the question, I send it you by parcels' delivery, trusting that it will at all events be in time for you before your departure. I guess it belongs to the young lady, the look of whose face upon the old man (with the others') I shall not easily forget.

Your obliged visitee,

LEIGH HUNT.

— "The Romance of Monte Beni" was finished early in the spring of 1860; but I will close this chapter with the following letters from Mr. Samuel Lucas, the editor of "Once a Week," to which periodical George Meredith was at that time, I believe, contributing one of his remarkable novels. The journal was finely illustrated, and, though it had only lately come into existence, was taking a high place among the magazines of the day. Hawthorne entertained some thoughts of publishing his projected English novel in its pages; but the design was never fulfilled.

"ONCE A WEEK" OFFICE, No. 11 BOUVERIE ST., FLEET ST., LONDON, Nov. 5, 1859.

DEAR SIR, — Will you excuse the liberty which, as editor of "Once a Week," I take of addressing you without waiting for an introduction from any common friend, and will you permit me to trouble you, without preamble, on a matter of business?

It would give me the *greatest* satisfaction if you are at liberty to entertain a proposal to write a tale for "Once a Week," and I am confident that Bradbury and Evans would meet your views in a pecuniary sense, should that desideratum be attainable. For myself I may claim better opportunities than most of appreciating the profound truthfulness of the descriptions in "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of the Seven Gables;" for at one time I took a keen interest in cognate subjects, and must have gone

over much of your ground to write, for example, papers like that in the Edinburgh Review, three or four years ago, on "The Fathers of New England." I mention these circumstances by way of excusing myself for breaking in upon you thus abruptly. . . . Hoping for your favorable consideration of my proposal, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

SAMUEL LUCAS.

— Mr. Hawthorne replied with a doubtful and contingent affirmative, and Mr. Lucas promptly rejoined as follows: —

11 BOUVERIE ST., Nov. 17, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am both gratified and obliged by your answer to my letter. Moreover, it is quite as satisfactory as I could have expected, as it leaves me the hope that hereafter you may be induced to comply with our very earnest wishes. I agree with you that the Puritan chord is monotonous, and would indeed *prefer* any other theme. I know with what power you can touch other themes, for I have just read "The Blithedale Romance." And perhaps, having lived so long in England as I am glad to hear you have, and enjoyed your sojourn, you may have acquired such an interest in some phases of English life that you may be prompted to weave these into a story. In this respect you seem to have an advantage possessed by none of your inventive compatriots whom I can recall, except Washington Irving;

and I sincerely believe it is open to you, by striking into this track, to achieve as thoroughly an English and European reputation as he has. Highly honored as you are in England, in my opinion your name has not acquired here, as yet, nearly as much prestige as should fairly belong to it; and I do think your association with us would materially help towards this, — in the first place, because of our great and increasing circulation, and in the next, because I can put at your disposal for illustrative purposes the best artistic resources in this country. In this respect we are aiming at something unique. I may add that it will equally suit us if we could make arrangements with yourself for some time hence, say even towards the close of 1860. I shall be greatly pleased if you will give me a further warranty to discuss the matter with Bradbury and Evans, who are quite prepared to meet you on your own terms in a pecuniary sense.

Believe me yours sincerely,

SAM. LUCAS.

— The new romance was placed in the hands of the printers in February, and was published in three volumes by Messrs. Smith and Elder at the end of that month, under the title of "Transformation."

CHAPTER VII.

THE MARBLE FAUN.

It was before leaving Leamington, I think, that Hawthorne accompanied his friend Henry Bright to Rugby, where the latter had been at school when a boy, and was introduced to Dr. Temple, the head master, since made Bishop of Exeter. Bright then took him over to Bilton Hall, across the fields, where Addison had lived; and he was much interested in some of the pictures there.

He met Bright again on coming to London, and (says the latter) "we spent several hours wandering about and chatting. I told him I had heard that his Miriam (it was Arthur Penrhyn Stanley's idea) was Mdlle. de Luzzy, the governess of the Duc de Praslyn. He was much amused. 'Well, I dare say she was,' he said. 'I knew I had some dim recollection of some crime, but I did n't know what.' He added, 'As regards the last chapter of "Transformation" in the second edition, don't read it; it 's good for nothing. The story is n't meant to be explained; it 's cloudland.' We went together to the National Gallery, and looked for a faun among the Bacchanalian pictures; but no

faun we could see had furry ears. The satyrs all had. We had a great deal of fun about this."

Hawthorne went in March to Bath, and remained there six or seven weeks. "I have no longer any impulse to describe what I see," he writes, "and cannot overcome my reluctance to take up the pen." A brief but comprehensive description of Bath will, however, be found in the Note-Books. He found the air preferable to that of Leamington, "yet heavy enough, in the lack of any object of interest which I at present have, to make me feverish and miserable. Perhaps," he adds, "I will describe the Pump-Room some time; and no matter if I don't!" He appends to his journal two or three notes for use in possible stories, — the last notes of the kind he ever made.

"At the shop-window of a carpenter and undertaker, the other day, I saw two or three rows of books, of all sizes, from folio to duodecimo, and mostly wearing an antique aspect. There was the old folio of Fox's 'Book of Martyrs,' and volumes of old sermons, and histories, looking like books that had long been the household literature of families, and which the present owner had got possession of, probably, when he went to measure the dead man for his coffin, and perform the other funeral rites, — taking these volumes, perhaps, in part payment of his services."

"Imagine a ghost, just passed into the other state of being, looking back into this mortal world, and shocked by many things that were delightful just

before, — more shocked than the living are at the ghostly world."

"A pretty young girl, so small and lustrous that you would like to set her in a brooch and wear her in your bosom."

— The first English reviews of "Transformation" appeared early in March, 1860. The book was received with eagerness; but general disappointment was felt at what was considered to be its inconclusive conclusion. Most of the reviewers, and many of Hawthorne's personal acquaintances, shared in this feeling. The most shining exception to the rule was John Lothrop Motley, who wrote the author an admirable letter about the romance, which, since it has been quoted in another place (together with Hawthorne's reply), I will not give here. The book was the first that Hawthorne had written which had not been cordially welcomed, and no doubt the change was a disappointment to him. He was always too ready to think slightly of his own work, and, in his then condition of mind, he found little spirits to make head against what seemed the popular verdict. He used to read the letters and the reviews with a smile, and sometimes with a laugh, but sadly, too. "The thing is a failure," he used to say. He meant, perhaps, that he had failed in making his audience take his point of view towards the story. Certainly, he had taken most of them out of their depth. There was a general demand for an "explanation" of the mysteries of the tale; and at last Hawthorne, in a half-ironic mood,

wrote the short chapter now appended to the book. Nothing, of course, is explained; it was impossible to explain to the reader his own stupidity. It was not till many years afterwards, when Hawthorne was in his grave, that a more intelligent criticism began to perceive that the story had been told after all.

One of the first letters received was from Henry Bright.

". . . I'm in the middle of 'Monte Beni' (why did Smith and Elder transform it into 'Transformation'? — they are rather given to playing these pranks with author's titles), and I am delighted with it. I am glad that sulky 'Athenæum' was so civil; for they are equally powerful and unprincipled, and a bad word there would have done harm. I think your descriptions of scenery and places most admirable; and as for statues and pictures, I think they never were so described before, — you seem to enter into their (or their artists') very soul, and lay it bare before us. As I've not read more than a volume yet, I can say nothing about the plot, except that it interests and excites me. Donatello I hardly quite like and understand as yet; a being half man, half child, half animal, puzzles me; to me there seems a something a little — just a little — *wanting*, and that gives me an uncomfortable feeling of half development, half idiocy, which is of course unpleasant. But as I know him better I may like him more. Harriet says you've stolen the description of Miriam from *her* Jewess — as

she calls the extract you gave her — and intends to accuse you of plagiarism if not of theft. In Hilda it seems to me you had a thought of Una. My acquaintance with Kenyon is as yet too slight. You have not, I trust, forgotten about the precious manuscript which is to be the gem, the Koh-i-noor, of my autographs. . . .

"I've finished *the* book, and am, I think, more angry at your tantalizing cruelty than either 'Athenæum' or 'Saturday Review.' I want to know a hundred things you do not tell me, — who Miriam was, what was the crime in which she was concerned and of which all Europe knew, what was in the packet, what became of Hilda, whether Miriam married Donatello, whether Donatello got his head cut off, etc. Of course you'll say I ought to *guess;* well, if I do guess, it is but a guess, and I want to *know.* Yesterday I wrote a review of you in the 'Examiner,' and in spite of my natural indignation, I hope you will not altogether dislike what I have said. In other respects I admire 'Monte Beni' more than I can tell you; and I suppose no one now will visit Rome without a copy of it in his hand. Nowhere are descriptions to be found so beautiful, so true, and so pathetic. And there are little bits of *you* in the book which are best of all, — half moralizing, half thinking aloud. There is a bit about *women sewing* which Harriet raves about. There are bits about Catholicism and love and sin, which are marvellously thought and gloriously written." . . .

— To the first instalment of this letter Hawthorne wrote the following reply: —

DEAR MR. BRIGHT, — I thank you very much for your letter, and am glad you like the romance so far and so well. I shall be really gratified if you review it. Very likely you are right about Donatello; for, though the idea in my mind was an agreeable and beautiful one, it was not easy to present it to the reader.

Smith and Elder certainly do take strange liberties with the titles of books. I wanted to call it "The Marble Faun," but they insisted upon "Transformation," which will lead the reader to anticipate a sort of pantomime. They wrote me some days ago that the edition was nearly all sold, and that they are going to print another; to which I mean to append a few pages, in the shape of a conversation between Kenyon, Hilda, and the author, throwing some further light on matters which seem to have been left too much in the dark. For my own part, however, I should prefer the book as it now stands.

It so happened that, at the very time you were writing, Una was making up a parcel of the manuscript to send to you. There is a further portion, now in the hands of Smith and Elder, which I will procure when I go to London, — that is, if you do not consider this immense mass more than enough.

I begin to be restless (and so do we all) with the anticipation of our approaching departure, and, almost

for the first time, I long to be at home. Nothing more can be done or enjoyed till we have breathed our native air again. I do not even care for London now, though I mean to spend a few weeks there before taking our final leave; not that I mean to think it a last leave-taking, either. In three or four more years or less, my longings will no doubt be transferred from that side of the water to this; and perhaps I shall write another book, and come over to get it published.

We are rather at a loss for a suitable place to stay at during the interval between this and the middle of June, when we mean to sail. Liverpool is to be avoided, on Mrs. Hawthorne's account, till the last moment; and I am afraid there is no air in England fit for her to breathe. We have some idea of going to Bath, but more probably we shall establish ourselves for a month or two in the neighborhood of London. But, as I said before, we shall enjoy little or nothing, wherever we may be. Our roots are pulled up, and we cannot really live till we stick them into the ground again. There will be pleasure, indeed, in greeting you again at Liverpool (the most disagreeable city in England, nevertheless), but a sharp pain in bidding you farewell. The sooner it is all over, the better. What an uneasy kind of world we live in! With this very original remark, I remain

Most sincerely your friend,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

— Mr. Bright answered as follows : —

My dear Mr. Hawthorne, — Thank you most heartily for your kind letter, and for the manuscript of " Transformation," which has this morning reached me. Please get the missing pages from Smith and Elder. I am going to bind the book up in three gorgeous volumes ; there always seems to me to be a peculiar *color* about every story you write, and my binding will depend on what I think when I have finished the book. What binding do you think would be most appropriate ? I must really try to be in London again in May, that I may meet you in that most heavenly place, — that we may again dine together at the Club, and see strange, out-of-the-way nooks, and watch the carriages in the Park. Please let me know where you are to be found. If before going to London you are looking for a pleasant place to spend a month, why not Malvern ? I do so want you to see it and love it as I do.

Ever most truly yours,

H. A. Bright.

— Concerning the bound volumes of the manuscript, Mr. Bright writes to me : " It is beautifully written, and I remember that he spoke of the few corrections with some pride. Kenyon's name was originally Grayson, and is altered throughout."

Among other letters, there was this from Monckton Milnes : —

My dear Sir,—I would not return you my thanks for the gift of your book till I could return thanks for the delight of reading it. I enjoyed it as a true Anglo-Roman; it took me back twenty years, and gave me a true sentimental journey round all my old haunts and impressions. Your moral is bold and most true, —

> "Man cannot stand, — he must advance, or fall,
> And sometimes, falling, makes most way of all!"

Had you any real "Tale of Horrors" in your mind, as the solution of your enigma? Where are you? Shall we meet?

Yours very truly,
Richd. Monckton Milnes.

— Mr. Henry Bright's review of "Transformation" followed generally the lines of his letter, though the grumbling was toned down to a mild remonstrance. But I will append extracts from the "Athenæum's" (Mr. Chorley's) notice, and from that in the "Saturday Review," which is amusingly characteristic.

"To Mr. Hawthorne truth always seems to arrive through the medium of the imagination. . . . His hero, the Count of Monte Beni, would never have lived had not the Faun of Praxiteles stirred the author's admiration. . . . The other characters, Mr. Hawthorne must bear to be told, are not new to a tale of his. Miriam, the mysterious, with her hideous tormentor, was indicated in the Zenobia of 'The

Blithedale Romance,' — Hilda, the pure and innocent, is own cousin to Phœbe in 'The House of the Seven Gables,' — Kenyon, the sculptor, though carefully wrought out, is a stone image, with little that appeals to our experience of men." — Of the plot the writer says: "We know of little in romance more inconclusive and hazy than the manner in which the tale is brought to a close. Hints will not suffice to satisfy interest which has been excited to voracity. . . . Hilda and Kenyon marry, as it was to be seen they would do on the first page; but the secret of Miriam's agony and unrest, the manner of final extrication from it, for herself and the gay Faun, who shed blood to defend her, then grew sad and human under the consciousness of the stain, are all left too vaporously involved in suggestion to satisfy any one whose blood has turned back at the admirable, clear, and forcible last scenes of 'The Scarlet Letter.'"

— This was the best Mr. Chorley could do, under his sense of disappointment; and no doubt he might have done worse. But Mrs. Hawthorne, who had formed a high idea of the clever little critic's ability, was not satisfied to let his exceptions pass without a protest. It was a part of her creed that agreeable people would always take just views of things if they were afforded a proper opportunity; and she had found Mr. Chorley very agreeable. So she sat down and wrote him the following letter, which, were he conscious of error, might, one would fancy, have consoled him for having fallen into it. Whether or not

he made amends, there is nothing to show; his answer, if he wrote one, not having been preserved.

My dear Mr. Chorley, — Why do you run with your fine lance directly into the face of Hilda? You were so fierce and wrathful at being shut out from the mysteries (for which we are all disappointed), that you struck in your spurs and plunged with your visor down. For, in deed and in truth, Hilda is not Phœbe, no more than a wild rose is a calla lily. They are alike only in purity and innocence; and I am sure you will see this whenever you read the romance a second time. I am very much grieved that *Mr. Chorley* should seem not to be nicely discriminating; for what are we to do in that case? The artistic, pensive, reserved, contemplative, delicately appreciative Hilda can in no wise be related to the enchanting little housewife, whose energy, radiance, and eglantine sweetness fill her daily homely duties with joy, animation, and fragrance. Tell me, then, is it not so? I utterly protest against being supposed partial because I am Mrs. Hawthorne. But it is so very naughty of you to demolish this new growth in such a hurry, that I cannot help a disclaimer; and I am so sure of your friendliness and largeness, that I am not in the least afraid. You took all the fright out of me by that exquisite, gemlike, æsthetic dinner and tea which you gave us at the fairest of houses last summer. It was a prettier and more *mignonne* thing than I thought could happen in London; so safe

and so quiet, and so very satisfactory, with the light of thought playing all about. I have a good deal of fight left in me still about Kenyon, and the "of course" union of Kenyon and Hilda; but I will not say more, except that Mr. Hawthorne had no idea that they were destined for each other. Mr. Hawthorne is driven by his muse, but does not drive her; and I have known him to be in an inextricable doubt, in the midst of a book or sketch, as to its probable issue, waiting upon the muse for the rounding in of the sphere which every true work of art is. I am surprised to find that Mr. Hawthorne was so absorbed in Italy that he had no idea that the story, as such, was interesting! and therefore is somewhat absolved for having "excited our interest to voracity." . . . I dare say you are laughing (gently) at my explosion of small muskets. But I feel more comfortable now I have discharged a little of my opposition. With sincere regard I am, dear Mr. Chorley,

Yours,

SOPHIA HAWTHORNE.

— On the blank page Mr. Hawthorne added the following: —

DEAR MR. CHORLEY, — You see how fortunate I am in having a critic close at hand, whose favorable verdict consoles me for any lack of appreciation in other quarters. Really, I think you were wrong in assaulting the individuality of my poor Hilda. If her portrait bears any resemblance to that of Phœbe,

it must be the fault of my mannerism as a painter. But I thank you for the kind spirit of your notice; and if you had found ten times as much fault, you are amply entitled to do so by the quantity of generous praise heretofore bestowed.

Sincerely yours,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

— Hawthorne had sent a copy of the book to Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, who had received it as coming from the publishers, and Mr. Hall reviewed it in the art periodical of which he was at that time the editor, but made no communication to Hawthorne on the subject. Subsequently, however, the fact of the book's having been an "author's copy" came out, and Mrs. Hall wrote: —

I wish I could prevail on you to come to us on the 30th. I will write and ask dear Mrs. Hawthorne to give you her sanction — for *one day more*, if she will but do so. It is sad to think we cannot have you together, that one evening; but, if to have *both* is impossible, do please come yourself. Mr. Bennoch wrote me that you were so kind and gracious as to send me your book. I only heard *that* on Saturday. Mr. Hall thought it came as usual from the publishers, — with the line written by *them* "from the author," — and he reviewed it in the "Art Journal." I took up my pen more than once to thank you most gratefully for the *intense enjoyment* the book gave us,

— eloquent and poetic and thoughtful as it is, — such a glory of a book! — but I imagined again you might think it presumptuous, and so I restrained myself, little thinking the book was mine from its gifted author! Please, when you dine with us on the 30th, you must write my name in it. Mr. Hall would call on you if you would graciously fix an hour to receive him.

My dear sir, with great admiration, sincerely yours

ANNA M. HALL.

— This was as flattering as the most exacting romancer could desire; and Mr. Hall took pains to express his enthusiasm over the romance in no less measured terms, and gave it to be understood that his review of it had been the deliberate concentration of his spoken delight. The review itself, however, was not produced, for some unexplained reason, and Hawthorne never saw it. Twenty years afterwards the present writer met Mr. Hall in London, when the latter, in the course of conversation, recurred to the above episode, and gave a glowing reminiscence of the criticism in the "Art Journal." It so happened, however, that I was shortly afterwards in the house of a friend, in whose library I found a complete edition of the volumes of the "Art Journal;" and it occurred to me to look up the famous review of "Transformation." It was a brief notice, and began as follows: —

"We are not to accept this book as a story; in that

respect it is grievously deficient. The characters are utterly untrue to nature and to fact; they speak, all and always, the sentiments of the author; their words also are his; there is no one of them for which the world has furnished a model." — The reviewer then goes on to commend some of the descriptions of scenery, and so concludes. No doubt the "review" expressed Mr. Hall's genuine opinion; but it is perplexing that he should so promptly have forgotten what that opinion was, and even have imagined it to be quite the opposite of what is here recorded. But the incident is so characteristic of Mr. Hall that no one who has had the pleasure of knowing him will be surprised at it. His temperamental tendency to paint the lily of truth is beyond his control and even beyond his consciousness. I recollect his having related, before a company of gentlemen at dinner, an anecdote of "myself and my friend Hawthorne," which was accurate enough in all particulars, except that the "myself" in question happened to have been, not Mr. Hall, but another gentleman, there present, and occupying the next chair to my own.

The "Saturday Review" notice appeared on the same day as that in the "Athenæum," and is worth recalling as another thoroughly English effort to deal with an abstruse problem. We are told that "a mystery is set before us to unriddle, and at the end the author turns round and asks us what is the good of solving it. That the impression of emptiness and unmeaningness thus produced is in itself a blemish to

the work, no one can deny. Mr. Hawthorne really trades upon the honesty of other writers. We feel a sort of interest in the story, slightly and sketchily as it is told, because our experience of other novels leads us to assume that, when an author pretends to have a plot, he has one." The reviewer goes on to say that, in regard to Donatello, "Mr. Hawthorne does not refrain from giving the loosest rein to his fancy;" while as for "Miriani" (as the name is printed throughout the article), — "the lady for whom this unhappy animal conceives a passionate love," — she "belongs scarcely less to the region of pure fancy. She first presents herself as an artist; and it appears to be accepted as an axiom in every description of artist life that a man or woman who paints pictures or moulds clay is released from all the ties and burdens of life, — that it is impertinent to inquire whence they came or how they live, or with whom or on what." "Hilda" is "the type of high-souled innocence, purity, and virgin modesty. She also is an artist; and we are therefore supposed not to feel surprise at finding that she lives, without any one to protect her, at the top of a high tower in the centre of Rome, where she feeds a brood of milky doves, and keeps a lamp burning in honor of the Virgin. . . . A lover is assigned her, both that his successful love may mitigate the blackness of the story, and also because, as he is a sculptor, Mr. Hawthorne has the pleasure of describing the real works of American sculptors at Rome under the fiction that they were the creations of the imagi-

nary artist." The reviewer goes on to remark that "Mr. Hawthorne seems to have been greatly attracted by Catholicism. . . . No one could fall more entirely than Mr. Hawthorne into the modern fashion of asking, not whether a religion is true, but whether it is suitable to a particular individual. . . . As it happens, however, the same sensibility that attracts him to Catholicism also repels him from it; and when he ceases to reason he is as little able to make allowances where they are due as to discover faults where they exist. It is the priests and the Papal Government that seem to have scared Mr. Hawthorne from the Romish Church. They are such poor, mean creatures, and the Papal Government produced so much misery, poverty, and dirt, that, as the clean citizen of a State accustomed to make its own way in the world, he would not mix himself up with what he so thoroughly despised. His Protestantism seems to have been greatly indebted to the theory in which he finally rested, — that the Papal system is dying out." But, although feeling constrained thus to condemn the characters, plot, and sentiment of the romance, the reviewer awards it high praise as "a tourist's sketch," and "we may add that the style is singularly beautiful, the writing most careful, and the justness and felicity of the epithets used to convey the effect of scenery unusually great. The Americans may be proud that they have produced a writer who, in his own special walk of English, has few rivals or equals in the mother country, and they

may perhaps allow this excellence to atone for the sincere contempt with which he evidently regards the large majority of his countrymen who show themselves on this side of the Atlantic."

— This must suffice as an exposition of the English attitude towards "Transformation" at the time of its first appearance; for the following poetic tribute to the writer, though emanating from the pen of a born Londoner, Mr. William Bennett, can hardly be considered English in its tone. Mr. Bennett, it will be remembered, had always been among the most sincere of Hawthorne's admirers, and he did not fail now to avouch that admiration in the heartiest terms at his command. As a poem, the writing may perhaps be open to criticism; but as an honest and cordial effort at appreciation and friendly sympathy, it is well worth preserving.

I.

O mightiest name of Death, — O awful Rome, —
How has he writ, in marble, on thy hills
His presence! Death thy stony valleys fills;
There, with the ghostly past, he makes his home;
Yet, in the shadow of thy mighty dome,
What life eternal lives — a breath that stills
His boasts to dumbness, and thy conqueror kills.
Who breathe thy air, deathless henceforth become;
For ears that hear, thy lips have mystic lore;
To those who question thee, in the weird might
Of genius, lo, thy thousand tongues restore
The spells that scare oblivion to flight;
Greatness is in thy touch. Lo, here once more
To one thou givest thy glory as his right.

II.

Here is the life of Rome ; — the air of death,
Silence and solitude and awe, are here,
Spectres of grandeur, at whose bygone breath
Earth stilled and trembled, from these leaves appear ;
From these weird words steal wonder and strange fear,
An awful past, which he who listeneth
In solemn awe, with trembling heart, may hear,
Hearing what from her stones the bygone saith.
Here is the double life that haunts Rome's hills,
Power spelt in ruins, art that wreathes all time,
Beauty eternal that the rapt air fills
With reverence from fit souls from every clime.
Hawthorne, henceforth, here, with life's joys and ills,
Rome's thoughts are with me, and her dreams sublime.

III.

"From evils, goods, — from sin and sorrow, peace,
A holier future, and a loftier faith," —
This to the soul thy mystic volume saith,
Hawthorne, and bids doubt's spectral night to cease,
Offering from its dread gloom what bless'd release !
If any say, "Evil accuses Him
From whom is all, of evil," here, in dim,
Wan characters is writ, "Good hath increase
Even from the stifling ill with which it strives ;
God's wisdom is not ours. From blackest ill
Souls, sorrow-deepened, have won whitest lives ;
Bless Him for all things : all things are His will.
His stroke the granite of our hearts but rives,
That light may enter and His ends fulfil."

W. Bennett.

Early in May, Hawthorne wrote the following letter to Henry Bright : —

13 Charles Street, Bath, May 5, 1860.

Dear Mr. Bright, — Here is Mr. Lemprière Hammond's very kind note. Under your auspices, I think I may venture to accept his hospitality, and I should be delighted to spend one night within the walls of Trinity. Is Mr. Hammond a descendant of Lemprière's Classical Dictionary? — or perchance a mythical personage? Do not let him hear of this foolish query; for people are as touchy about their names as a cat about her tail.

I mean to go to London either the latter part of next week or the first of the succeeding one. Part of the time I shall be at the house of Mr. Motley (the Dutch historian), 31 Hertford Street. It is not my purpose to return to Bath till after our visit to Cambridge.

You will not find any photograph nor (so far as I am aware) any engraving of the Faun of Praxiteles. There are photographs, stereoscopic and otherwise, of another Faun, which is almost identical with the hero of my romance, though only an inferior repetition of it. My Faun is in the Capitol; the other, in the Vatican. The genuine statue has never been photographed, on account, I suppose, of its standing in a bad light. The photograph of the Vatican Faun supplies its place very well, except as to the face, which is very inferior.

I think your club is the Oxford and Cambridge. When I come to London, I shall send or call there unless I otherwise hear of you.

Truly yours, Nath. Hawthorne.

— Soon after his arrival (on the 16th), they took breakfast with Monckton Milnes, meeting Lady Galway, Thirlwall (Bishop of Saint David's), and one or two more; and, on the 19th, went to Mayal, the photographer, where Hawthorne sat for his photograph (the same that has been etched for this work). In regard to this photograph, by the by, an erroneous story has gone abroad, which it may be as well to correct. I know not by whom it was originally invented; but I find it quoted from the "Salem Gazette" as follows: "J. Lothrop Motley, who well knew Hawthorne's aversion to photographic processes, set a trap for his friend in this wise. He invited him to walk one day in London; and as they were passing the studio of a well-known photographer, Motley asked Hawthorne to step in and make a selection from some pictures of himself, which were ready, he supposed, for examination. They entered, chatting pleasantly together, Hawthorne at the time being in the best of spirits. Dropping into a chair, which Motley placed for him, he looked brightly after his friend disappearing behind a screen in quest of the proofs. At this moment, and with this look of animation upon his face, the photograph referred to was taken, the artist having made all necessary preparations to capture a likeness from the unsuspecting sitter. Motley's proofs were produced and examined, and Hawthorne was never told that he had been taken. This was shortly before the family returned home. One of the children, it seems, — I think it was the

ethereal Una, — had seen the surreptitious picture at Motley's or at Bennoch's, and on the homeward voyage she referred to it, and said it was a beautiful likeness, far better than she had ever seen before. Hawthorne, of course, was incredulous, and assured his wife that the child must be mistaken. After her husband's death, Mrs. Hawthorne became acquainted with the facts as above narrated, and at her earnest entreaty the photograph was sent to her."

This story is a real curiosity in fabrication. There is not one syllable of truth in it from beginning to end; but the ingenious and elaborate manner in which it is worked up from point to point is remarkable, showing as it does that the writer was in no respect laboring under a misapprehension, or suffering from a defective memory or incomplete information, but that he was consciously inventing all the way through, and enjoying his invention. The real facts are as follows, — I will quote the entire passage from a recent letter from Henry Bright to me: "The account of the photograph being taken for Mr. Motley is quite wrong. I went with Hawthorne to the photographer (Mayal), as he had promised me a photograph of himself. He gave his name, and Mayal came up in a great state of excitement. Hawthorne got very shy, and grasped his umbrella as if it were the last friend left him. This, of course, was taken away from him by the photographer, and a table with a book on it was put in its place. 'Now, sir,' said Mayal, 'please to look *intense!*' He was afterwards

told to look smiling (at the portrait of a lady!). I chose the 'intense' one, and afterwards had a copy taken of it for a friend of Hawthorne. I am amused to find (in the current anecdote) that Mr. Motley attracted Hawthorne's attention 'at the critical moment.' This is quite imaginative; for Mayal insisted on my going behind a screen, where your father could not see me. After your father's death the photograph was engraved, and I sent other copies to your mother, Mr. Longfellow, and one or two more. The original (there was only one taken at the time) hangs in my own room." — It may be worth noting, for those who are interested in coincidences, that the 19th of May, four years afterwards, was the date of Hawthorne's death. The note which Bright had sent to Hawthorne the previous day, reminding him of his appointment, runs thus: —

THURSDAY, May 18, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. HAWTHORNE, — *If* to-morrow is sunshiny enough to photograph you, and *if* you are not otherwise engaged, well, let us get it done! I shall be here (Oxford and Cambridge Club) at twelve, and again at four, if you will look in at either time. Milnes says I am to bring you punctually at ten on Saturday; so I will call for you five minutes before. It is no party; and Mrs. Milnes, who has just come, will be there. I was very glad indeed to see Mr. Motley last night.

Ever yours, H. A. BRIGHT.

— On the following evening Hawthorne was at the Cosmopolitan Club, where he and Mr. Layard found a great deal to say to each other; and on the 25th of May he left London for Cambridge, by previous appointment with Bright, who was to receive his master's degree there. Mr. Bright says: "My old friend, Lemprière Hammond (well known at Cambridge), got rooms for him in the oldest part of the old Court of Trinity. I remember how amused Hawthorne was to find that the room had been so dark that he had lost his umbrella — the precious umbrella — in it for two days! He was much delighted with Cambridge, and saw everything, including Cromwell's picture in Sydney College, and 'Byron's Pool.' He also visited the Union. Our best friends there were Hammond, and that most accomplished of Cambridge men (whose too early death was a real loss to the University), W. G. Clark, the public orator, and afterwards vice-master of Trinity."

— Hawthorne has himself given some impressions of this excursion in a letter to his daughter. The "Uncle John" referred to is John O'Sullivan.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, May 25, 1860.

DEAR UNA, — I am established here in an ancient set of college rooms, which happen to be temporarily vacated by the rightful possessor. I arrived yesterday evening, and am pretty well wearied by a day of sight-seeing, — as you may suppose, Mr. Bright being the cicerone. I snatch just this moment to write, before

going to dine with one of the fellows of the college. You ask about Uncle John. I have very little to say on that subject, except that I called at his hotel some days ago, and found him not there; and shortly after received a note, informing me that he had left for the Continent. I think you had better intermit writing to him till we hear more. I shall return to London on Monday morning, go to Canterbury the same day, return to Bennoch's the next day (Tuesday), and probably stay there till Thursday morning, when I am resolved to come home. I have received an invitation to dine with Smith and Elder, and meet the contributors to the "Cornhill Magazine;" but I declined it, being tired to death of dinners, and longing to see you all again; and this dinner would detain me another weary day. You had better direct your next letter to the care of Bennoch, unless there should be urgent need of communicating with me between now and Monday, in which case you might direct to the care of Lemprière Hammond, Esq., Trinity College, Cambridge. But I trust there will be no necessity for this. I long to see you all again, for it seems ages since I went away. I heard a nightingale — two or three, indeed — last night! Give my best love to mamma, and very warm love to Julian, Rosebud, and yourself. Affectionately yours,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

— He returned to Bath about the 1st June, and we shortly afterwards set out for Liverpool, whence,

after a brief sojourn at Mrs. Blodgett's, we embarked for Boston, under the captaincy of our old friend Leitch, After a pleasant voyage of ten days, we were safely landed at our destination.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WAYSIDE AND THE WAR.

It was a hot day towards the close of June, 1860, when Hawthorne alighted from the train at Concord station, and drove up in the railway wagon to the Wayside. The fields looked brown, the trees were dusty, and the sun white and brilliant. At certain seasons in Concord the heat in summer stagnates and simmers, until it seems as if nothing but a grasshopper could live. The water in the river is so warm that to bathe in it is merely to exchange one kind of heat for another. The very shadow of the trees is torrid; and I have known the thermometer to touch 112° in the shade. No breeze stirs throughout the long, sultry day; and the feverish nights bring mosquitoes, but no relief. To come from the salt freshness of the Atlantic into this living oven is a startling change, especially when one has his memory full of cool, green England. Such was America's first greeting to Hawthorne, on his return from a seven years' absence; it was to this that he had looked forward so lovingly and so long. As he passed one little wooden house after another, with their white clapboards and their green blinds, perhaps he found his thoughts not

quite so cloudless as the sky. It is dangerous to have a home; too much is required of it.

The Wayside, however, was not white; it was painted a dingy buff color. The larches and Norway pines, several hundred of which had been sent out from England, were planted along the paths, and were for the most part doing well. The well-remembered hillside, with its rude terraces, shadowed by apple-trees, and its summit green with pines, rose behind the house; and in front, on the other side of the highway, extended a broad meadow of seven acres, bounded by a brook, above which hung drooping willows. It was, upon the whole, as pleasant a place as any in the village, and much might be done to enhance its beauty. It had been occupied, during our absence, by a brother of Mrs. Hawthorne; and the house itself was in excellent order, and looked just the same as in our last memory of it. A good many alterations have been made since then; another story was added to the western wing, the tower was built up behind, and two other rooms were put on in the rear. These changes, together with some modifications about the place, such as the opening up of paths, the cutting down of some trees, and the planting of others, were among the last things that engaged Hawthorne's attention in this life.

The John Brown episode had just taken place, and Mr. Frank Sanborn, a citizen of Concord, and the principal of a private school there, had taken a prominent part in connection with it. It was to this

school that Hawthorne sent his son, being specially moved thereto by the following letter from Ellery Channing: —

CONCORD, Sept. 3, 1860.

MY DEAR HAWTHORNE, — In numbering over the things that had been added to the town, t' other day, I left out the first and best, which is, the school for girls and boys, under the charge of Mr. Sanborn. No words that I could use on this occasion could do justice to his happy influence on the characters of those confided to him, and more especially of the girls. He has supplied a want long felt here, and, by having a school for young children, leaves nothing to be desired. His scholars are from desirable families, and many of them are very attractive and pleasing persons. The mere fact of associating with him and those he has drawn about him I should regard as a matter of first importance. I have never heard of a school before where there was so much to please and so little to offend, and in this country, to every one who purposes to take the least part in any social affairs, the value of a good school is unquestioned. Our school-days are *the* days of our life; it is then we learn all we ever know, and without these mimic contests, these services, sports, and petty grievances, what were all the after days! If you were as intimate with Mr. Sanborn as I have the good fortune to be, I think nothing would give you so much satisfaction as to have such nice girls as yours seem to be directly under his charge. Nothing seems to me

more unfortunate in this land of activity than to bring up children in seclusion, without the invaluable discipline that a good school presents. Forgive me for dwelling a little on this, out of regard to Mr. Sanborn, who deserves to be sustained. I was greatly pleased with the success of your last book, "The Marble Faun." It seemed to me at first, until I got well a-going, a little difficult to seize the thread; but when I once found it, I went rapidly forward unto the end. I always consider the rapidity with which I can read a story the test of its merit, at least for me. Many others have spoken to me of its effect on them. I greatly enjoyed the Italian criticism. As a matter of art, there is possibly always a certain danger in combining didactic and dramatic situations; but if any field is open to this, it should be Italy. "Corinne," I think, deals in character rather than criticism. I should be ashamed to tell you how often I have read "The Marble Faun," or "The Blithedale Romance." The latter is, I think, of all your pieces the one I like the best. No book was ever printed containing better effects for illustration. I also have often read over the sorrows of Aunt Hepzibah.

I am a little late in welcoming you back to the stern and simple fields of this ancient Puritan land; but a traveller is like coffee, and needs to be well settled.

With regards to Mrs. Hawthorne, believe me

Ever faithfully yours,

W. Ellery Channing.

— Hawthorne and his wife had themselves borne the chief part in the instruction of their children hitherto. The former had grounded his son carefully in Latin, and had introduced him to Greek, — his own acquaintance with these languages being sound, if not critical. French and Italian had been added by Mrs. Hawthorne and Miss Shepard; and during his mother's absence in Lisbon, the boy had received the benefit of training in drawing from an eminent artist in Liverpool. He also took many "quarters'" lessons in the small-sword from a certain Corporal Blair, of the Fourth Dragoon Guards, — the most amiable and unexceptionable of British soldiers, gently imperturbable of manner, courteous of speech, six feet in height, erect as a mast, and with the chest and shoulders of a Greek athlete. I also cherish tender recollections of an old Peninsula veteran, Major Johnstone, who trained me in the use of the broadsword, and who, during the pauses of the encounter, used to regale us with anecdotes of Spain, Waterloo, and Wellington. The thorough education of his children was, in short, Hawthorne's one extravagance; he spared neither pains nor money to that end. His own patience and conscientiousness as a teacher seem more and more wonderful to me, as time goes on: nothing escaped him; he shirked nothing. Nor did he ever speak a harsh word, no matter how trying the circumstances, — and they must often have been very trying! Were all instructors like him, the world would soon be wise.

He did not fall in with his friend Channing's opinion as to the expediency of sending his daughters to the school; which, however, it may be remarked in passing, fully bore out Mr. Channing's recommendation. But Rose was still very young, and Una was delicate · and, besides, Hawthorne was always very chary of his daughters. But the school was not more excellent as a school than in its social aspects; every week there was a school-dance, and, twice or thrice a year, a grand picnic, not to mention other jollifications; and in these Hawthorne's girls took part. Mr. Emerson's house was also a centre of polite and intellectual amenities; and another unfailing spring of hospitable entertainment was always to be found at the Alcotts', our next-door neighbors. Altogether, it may be surmised that there never was and never will be such a genial Concord — for young people at least — as that which existed from 1859 to 1865, or thereabouts; and several marriages were among the happy results of the experience.

Hawthorne, meanwhile, was taking counsel with Mr. Wetherbee and Mr. Watts, the Concord carpenters, as to the best way of augmenting the Wayside's commodiousness; the estimates were made out, and the work was begun. For many months thereafter the sound of hammering and sawing was heard every day; boards were piled up on the lawn, and the barn was full of shavings and sawdust. Hawthorne had always wanted a tower to write in. There was a tower at Montaüto; but unfortunately it contained

accommodations only for a couple of owls and a ghostly monk. The present tower was a less picturesque and gloomy affair, built of American deal boards, and haunted by nothing but the smell of new wood. A staircase, narrow and steep, ascends through the floor, the opening being covered by a sort of gabled structure, to one end of which a standing-desk was affixed; a desk-table was placed against the side. The room was about twenty feet square, with four gables; and the ceiling, instead of being flat, was a four-sided vault, following the conformation of the roof. There were five windows, the southern and eastern ones opening upon a flat tin roof, upon which one might walk or sit in suitable weather. The walls were papered with paper of a pale golden hue, without figures. There was a closet for books on each side of the northern window, which looked out upon the hill. A small fireplace, to which a stove was attached, was placed between the two southern windows. The room was pleasant in autumn and spring; but in winter the stove rendered the air stifling, and in summer the heat of the sun was scarcely endurable. Hawthorne, however, spent several hours of each day in his study, and it was here that the "Old Home" was written, and "Septimius Felton," and "Dr. Grimshawe," and the Dolliver fragment. But in the afternoon he was in the habit of strolling about the grounds with his wife; and about sunset he generally ascended the hill alone, and paced to and fro along its summit, wearing a narrow path

between the huckleberry and sweet-fern bushes and beneath the pines, of which some traces, I believe, still remain. In the evenings he sat in the library, — the room in the western wing, which had formerly been the study; and here he either read to himself or aloud to the assembled family. Messrs. Ticknor and Fields published a complete edition of Walter Scott's works about this time, and sent him a handsomely bound copy; and, beginning at the beginning, he read all those admirable romances to his children and wife. There was no conceivable entertainment which they would not have postponed in favor of this presentation of Scott through the medium of Hawthorne. I have never since ventured to open the Waverley Novels.

He took few or no long walks after his return to America: Walden Pond (about two miles distant) was the limit of his excursions; and he generally confined himself to his own grounds, except on Sundays, when we all strolled together about the neighboring fields and wood-paths. His physical energy was on the wane, and he lost flesh rapidly. The first winter, with its drifting snows, imprisoned him much in the house, and the ensuing spring found him languid and lacking in enterprise. Meantime the war had broken out; and he, in common with the rest of his countrymen, perused the bulletins with great diligence.

Among his son's earliest recollections are the lessons of vigorous patriotism which Hawthorne used to inculcate upon him. He told him the story of the Revo-

lution until it was the most vivid and familiar part of the boy's life, and the latter went to England almost with the idea of carrying fire and sword into a hostile country. There was an innate love of battle and of warlike emprise in Hawthorne's nature; and except when he took pains to make his reason supersede his instinct, his expressions of enthusiasm against the Southern pretensions were as rousing and hearty as any utterances of the time. "I hope," he used to say, "that we shall give them a terrible thrashing, and then kick them out." He did not hope for the preservation of the Union; because, if it came peacefully, it would sooner or later involve the extension of slavery over the Northern States, and if by war, it seemed to him it would be only superficial and temporary. The essence of all true union being mutual good-will, it would follow that compulsion could effect nothing worth having. At the same time the prospect of the dissolution of that mighty nation which had embodied the best hopes of mankind was a deep pain to him; it seemed likely to be the death of that old spirit of patriotism which had come down to us from the Revolution. A civil war, in the Republic of the Future, was a sorry thing, no matter what the pretext for it; nor was it easy to discover what the real pretext was. In wars between countries foreign to each other, there is seldom either opportunity or desire to investigate the moral attitude of the opposing party; but it was otherwise in our civil war. It was impossible not to hear the arguments of the other side, or not to under-

stand that those arguments might seem unanswerable to the men whose geographical and traditional accidents had brought them under their influence. The conflict, in short, appeared to be less moral than irrepressible, — the result of spontaneous and inevitable natural tendencies; and, if this were so, then so much the less hope was there that it would fail to destroy whatever was most imposing and majestic in our national life. As for abolition, considered as a motive for battle, Hawthorne rejected all belief in it. He regarded slavery as an evil, and would have made any personal sacrifice to be rid of it, as an element in the national existence; but to maintain that we were ready to imperil our life merely out of regard for the liberation of the negroes was, in his opinion, to utter sentimental nonsense. The best reason that he could give himself for going to war was, that the arrogance of the slave-holders would otherwise reach such a pitch that the Republic would in effect be transformed into an oligarchy, or possibly something worse. There must be a limit to Northern concession, and, "if compelled to choose," he said, "I go for the North." But the choice was between two evils, — not between an undoubted good and its opposite.

Thus his deeper feeling could not but be one of depression and misgiving. Let us fight the South and conquer her, since so it must be, but let us not rejoice too much at our victory; for victory will cost us almost as much as defeat. As the war continued, however, and luck went uniformly against us, he postponed

more and more all speculations as to the ultimate result, and allowed the grim spirit of battle to take possession of him. Had we conquered the South more easily, Hawthorne would never have found it in his heart to feel so hardly towards her, and would have advocated all possible leniency. As it was, the utmost restraint his conscience could impose upon him was to abstain from stimulating and inflaming, by any public utterance, the public hatred against our fellow-countrymen, which was already more than enough aroused. In what little he has written having reference to the struggle, he has adopted a colder and more dispassionate tone than he actually felt, lest, by yielding to the animosity of the moment, he should be found to have swerved from the permanent truth. This course brought upon him some local odium at the time; but he was of course then, as always, utterly unmoved by anything of that kind.

For more than a year after the outbreak of hostilities, however, he made no serious attempt to resume the habit of imaginative composition. Every morning brought fresh news, of hope or of disaster, from the seat of war, and there was no escape therefrom into calm regions of meditation. As he wrote in the preface of "Our Old Home:" "The Present, the Immediate, the Actual, has proved too potent for me. It takes away not only my scanty faculty, but even my desire for imaginative composition, and leaves me sadly content to scatter a thousand peaceful fantasies upon the hurricane that is sweeping us all along with it,

possibly, into a limbo where our nation and its polity may be as literally the fragments of a shattered dream as my unwritten romance." He could not sit calmly inventing stories, while the fate of his country was in suspense; he must wait either until war had become our second nature, or until the issue was beyond doubt. And though he struggled hard to overcome this disinclination, — indeed, his circumstances could ill afford that he should be idle, — the effort was too much for him. The seclusion of his tower was not secluded enough.

Among other of Hawthorne's correspondents at this period was a young poet, possessing his full share of the suspicious sensitiveness of the poetic fraternity, though not, perhaps, overburdened with genius. The two following specimens of his epistolary style will be found entertaining: —

GREENFIELD, April 4, 1861.

NATH'L HAWTHORNE, Esq.

DEAR SIR, — I have just sent to your address, through my sister now in Rome, a little volume of poems (the same that you will find herewith), supposing that you were still abroad. Please accept it as an acknowledgment of deep indebtedness for very great pleasure and instruction that I have received from your writings; indeed, so great that it has run into my blood and bones, and perhaps out of my fingers' ends. I had the pleasure not long since of sending to Alfred Tennyson (whom I knew in England) your

"Mosses," as he wanted to see more New England poetry from the pen of the author of "The Scarlet Letter." But it seems almost irreverent to speak passingly of your works, or in terms of compliment; and I beg you will pardon my having spoken of them at all, but will accept this little volume as a very slight return of what I cannot in any way repay. With the hope that you may find something that will reward perusal, and that you will pardon what may seem a liberty in a stranger,

I remain with great respect, yours,

F. G. TUCKERMAN.

N. B. Will you permit me to ask, before sending the book, whether it will be acceptable? As in one instance such an act has received no acknowledgment from the recipient.

— Hawthorne replied to the young poet, whose faith in human nature had been so cruelly betrayed, in terms as encouraging as the circumstances admitted, and got this answer: —

GREENFIELD, April 10, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your kind note has just reached me, and I hasten to avail myself of your permission to send my little volume. If I had only waited one day more, I should have had no occasion for insisting upon a manifestation of willingness from yourself; for the acknowledgment, and a graceful one, came at last. For the book, which I offer with a certain

tremor to yourself, I claim little, but that it is New Englandy (I hope), was not written to please anybody, and is addressed to those only who understand it, — and this latter clause, because the other day I had a line from a clerical critic who, after reading the "Sonnets," gravely accuses the author of "idolatry," and then goes on to remark that "Margites" would have been much better employed in some work of Christian usefulness. Pardon this, and let me hope that you will find something that may deserve your favorable opinion, which I shall be proud to know of. My hope is to have the book published in England (if it seem worthy), as here I fancy it would be but coldly received, even with that proviso. Thank you for receiving so pleasantly what I said about yourself, or rather what I did *not* say; only your own audience know the value of your benefactions, hardly to be communicated; and many a time have I laid down your volume with the conviction "that only silence suiteth best." Still I cannot promise, should we ever meet, to be always so discreet. Please pardon a few corrections and emendations that I have made in the margin of my book, and many that I should, but have not, made; and believe me, dear sir,

Both warmly and gratefully yours,

F. G. TUCKERMAN.

— There were various inducements to social activity held out to him by his friends in Boston at this time; especially the meetings of the famous

club of which Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, and others were members; but he uniformly declined the invitations. He had tried the experiment of such things pretty thoroughly on the other side of the Atlantic, and was doubtful of his ability either to give or to receive much benefit from them. Besides, he was not in the physical or mental humor for general social intercourse; and probably wished to avoid the political discussions which would be apt to arise, and in which he might be compelled to oppose the views of those with whom his friendly relations were most agreeable. He reserved the expression of his opinions on those matters for his letters to Bright and Bennoch in England, and to Horatio Bridge in this country. The following, written to the latter not long after the outbreak of hostilities, has, I think, already found its way into print, but should be preserved here as a part of the history of his thoughts at this juncture: —

CONCORD, May 26, 1861.

MY DEAR BRIDGE, — . . . The war, strange to say, has had a beneficial effect upon my spirits, which were flagging wofully before it broke out. But it was delightful to share in the heroic sentiment of the time, and to feel that I had a country, — a consciousness which seemed to make me young again. One thing as regards this matter I regret, and one thing I am glad of. The regrettable thing is that I am too old to shoulder a musket myself, and the joyful thing

is that Julian is too young. He drills constantly with a company of lads, and means to enlist as soon as he reaches the minimum age. But I trust we shall either be victorious or vanquished before that time. Meantime, though I approve the war as much as any man, I don't quite understand what we are fighting for, or what definite result can be expected. If we pummel the South ever so hard, they will love us none the better for it; and even if we subjugate them, our next step should be to cut them adrift. If we are fighting for the annihilation of slavery, to be sure it may be a wise object, and offer a tangible result, and the only one which is consistent with a future union between North and South. A continuance of the war would soon make this plain to us, and we should see the expediency of preparing our black brethren for future citizenship by allowing them to fight for their own liberties, and educating them through heroic influences. Whatever happens next, I must say that I rejoice that the old Union is smashed. We never were one people, and never really had a country since the Constitution was formed. . . .

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

— Two letters from Henry Bright, though written a couple of years apart, may be placed together here, as there is nothing in them of especially chronological importance. The second one refers to the renowned passage about Englishwomen in "Our Old Home,"

which retains to this day a ludicrous power to make the great nation gnash its teeth with resentment.

. . . I went to the opening of the Exhibition. It was a dull sight, and rather a sad one: the ghost of the poor Prince would *not* be laid! — and then, too, one thought of the Exhibition of 1851, with its charming gayety, its freshness, its beauty, and the dream of lasting peace and good-will among men, which lingered about it, and half hallowed it. *Now,* that dream could not come again; and the Exhibition seems but some big bazaar, — and the friendship of nations is only the buying and selling of luxuries, — and everywhere there seems to be a spirit of self-seeking and greed and hollow pretence of lofty purpose. Beautiful things of course there are in all the courts, but they are beautiful in detail, not as parts of one grand whole. *Most* beautiful are the pictures, though even here I for one remember the art-galleries of Manchester still more pleasantly, and would readily give up French galleries and Belgian galleries for that head of Fra Angelico, the Murillo, the Rubens Rainbow, and others, which you will at once call up again. — Then, some of the sculpture here is good. First and best is Story's "Cleopatra," which *you* it was, who told us of. It *is* a noble statue, and every one admires it, — every one thinks it the finest statue there. How good your description is (I read it over again yesterday); and how wise you were to recognize the power of Story's work. It is curious that both in 1851 and now

America should carry off the palm of Phidias. As for Gibson's "Venus," I hate and despise her. So meretricious a lady should not venture into decent company. How *cruel* too she looks, — with that blue, stony eye, with no particle of light to give it life. She is a goddess of Corinth in the worst days, — or the Venus of the Tannhaüser!

I saw a good deal of Milnes. He is more *Northern* in his sympathies than any one I met except Hughes (I suspect Tom Brown wishes to avenge the death of his kinsman "Old John"), and the editor of "Macmillan's Magazine." I spent one pleasant evening at the "Cosmopolitan;" — Milnes was there, Sir John Simeon, Captain Bruce, and one or two others whom you will remember. I had also a pleasant talk with Millais, Woolner the sculptor, and Hughes. Another night I was at a soirée at Milnes's, — such a den of lions! Du Chaillu, the gorilla; Jules Gérard, the lion-slayer; Rupell of the "Times;" Theodore Martin; an exiled Prince; certain grandees, and certain unknown characters. Milnes is really the kindest, most lovable man, and is a perfectly fearless Daniel in the midst of it all. Synge you certainly remember. I went to Thackeray's new house, where he was staying, to bid him good-by. . . .

My dear Mr. Hawthorne, — Thank you most warmly, most heartily, for all your kindness, — for sending me your book, — and for the too generous words of friendship in which you speak of me. It is

one of the best things of my life to have made a friend of you. With this I send a review of mine, in the "Examiner," of "Our Old Home." Don't think me very ungrateful for my abuse of your abuse of English ladies. You see I positively could not help it. An inevitable lance had to be broken, both for the fun of it and the truth of it. It really was too bad, some of the things you say. You talk like a cannibal. Mrs. Heywood says to my mother, "I really believe you and I were the only ladies he knew in Liverpool, and we are not like beefsteaks." So all the ladies are furious. Within the last day or two I also have become more intolerant, for I am the happy father of a little girl who promises to be a typical Englishwoman; and were I again to write a review, my lance, for her sake, must needs be sharper, and my thrust more vigorous!

I will not write politics to you, for I have nothing new to say. "Fraternization or death" is no doubt a good and eminently logical cry, and no doubt the result will prove its admirable expediency. When all the men are killed, the women and children will be left, and "fraternization," or more intimate relationship, will of course be possible. I'm glad you're not to fight us about these "rams;" but perhaps Jeff Davis will: it is so very difficult to please every one. I went over one of the "rams" the other day. It looks formidable enough: two revolving turrets, immense iron plates, huge battering-prow. One is sorry for the intending punchatees, — so nearly ready as she was,

—and now the "broad arrow" is upon her, and she must not stir. Mr. Ward Beecher has been lecturing here. I regret to say that some one was unmannerly enough to placard the walls with "sensation" placards in black and red, quoting from a speech of his (Ward Beecher's) on the Trent affair, in which he was pleased to remark that "the best blood of England must flow" in consequence. I'm afraid that Mr. Beecher found a portion of his audience inattentive, and given to groans and stamps; however, there was no *regular* row; and Mr. Beecher's audacity in lecturing at all had a touch of sublimity in it. Mr. Channing has also been lecturing in Leeds and elsewhere. I am very sorry to have seen so little of him, but I am afraid he has not a strictly philosophic mind, and would resent any expression of opinion adverse to his own. . . .

Your affectionate friend,

H. A. BRIGHT.

—During the summer the "beneficial effect" of the war upon Hawthorne's spirits sensibly diminished, and the severe heat contributed to render him uncomfortable. Still, he was not actually ill, and was very far from admitting any need of change of scene. That was a medicine which he had tried (he thought) more than enough. His wife, however, was very anxious to get him off to the seaside; but it was vain to urge him to take any such step on his own account. As good luck would have it, his son Julian was

enabled to become the *deus ex machina* of the predicament. In swimming across Concord River under water (during a competitive contest with his schoolfellows) he had contrived to produce a congestion of blood to the brain, which laid him up for several days with a smart illness, and made it possible for his mother to insist upon his being immediately taken to the seaside by his father, to obtain the necessary rest and refreshment. This was in July, 1861, and is alluded to by Hawthorne in a letter to Lowell. "I am to start, in two or three days," he says, "on an excursion with Julian, who has something the matter with him, and seems to need sea-air and change. If I alone were concerned, I would most gladly put off my trip till after your dinner; but, as the case stands, I am compelled to decline. Speaking of dinner, last evening's news [of the first battle of Bull Run] will dull the edge of many a Northern appetite; but if it puts all of us into the same grim and bloody humor that it does me, the South had better have suffered ten defeats than won this victory."

We started, accordingly, on the morning of Saturday, July 25th, and proceeded to an out-of-the-way place called Pride's Crossing, some miles out of Salem. The following letter from Mrs. Hawthorne gives a good picture of the domestic situation at the time:—

SATURDAY EVENING, July 25, 1861.

MY DEAREST HUSBAND, — My babies are a-bed, and I must write down my day to you, or it will not be

rounded in. I do not know how to impress you with adequate force concerning the absolutely inspiring effect of thy absence! I have been weighed to the earth by my sense of your depressed energies and spirits, in a way from which I tried in vain to rally. I could not sit down in the house and think about it, and so I kept out as much as possible, at work. For in the house a millstone weighed on my heart and head, and I had to struggle to keep off the bed, where I only fell into a half — a stupid and an unrefreshing — sleep. Of all the trials, this is the heaviest to me, — to see you so apathetic, so indifferent, so hopeless, so unstrung. Rome has no sin to answer for so unpardonable as this of wrenching off your wings and hanging lead upon your arrowy feet. Rome — and all Rome caused to you. What a mixed cup is this to drink! My heart's desire has been, ever since the warm days, to get you to the sea under pleasant auspices, in a free and unencumbered way, — the sea only, and no people. I saw no way, until this plan of taking Julian occurred to you; and devoutly I blessed God for it, and do now bless Him. I felt so sure that Julian would be only a comfort and a pleasure to you, and am easier to have him with you. It is good for him to be out of the fret of common routine, and it is good for you to have a change from river-damps and sand-heats to ocean fogs and cool sands, — and also from the usual days. You especially need *change* of scene and air. I can flourish like purslain anywhere if my heart is at peace. I

cannot flourish anywhere if it be not at peace, — not in any imaginable Paradise. Well, beloved, you were no sooner fairly gone, — it was no sooner half-past eight o'clock, — than a great thick cloud rose off my heart and head. I had a thousand things which I meant to do in the house; but Rose wanted me to weed the paths with her while she weeded the beds. So I took advantage of the shaded sun and went out. First she took a small basket and I took a big one, and we went down into the garden to get potatoes and squashes. I gathered four squashes, and she got a basket nearly full of potatoes. Then we weeded. At ten, Mary Ellen Bull came to draw, and I set her to work, and continued to weed the paths, feeling better than I had for months, — feeling an endless energy and a new joy quite intoxicating. I went on weeding till after twelve! — Rose and Joanna wheeling off wheelbarrows full of my spoils, and leaving such delightful order as would rejoice your eyes to see. Una went down for the mail, and thereby caught a history lesson from Aunt Lizzie Peabody. She brought a letter from London for you, from Miss Adelaide Procter, probably the lovely daughter of Barry Cornwall. I shall send you the letter to amuse you, for I hope it will not bore you to receive such a request. If it do, I shall wish the Society Victoria Regia abolished. "Hawthorne, Nathaniel" need only say that he cannot write now, but will in some future time, — unless he choose to send an extract from his journals. After dinner, instead of being *obliged* to

lie down, as usual, I felt a new lease of life and awakeness. Una became a "blue being" and sat to sew, and Rose and I returned to our muttons, — that is, weeds. Presently the Blue Being came out to nail up vines, and Rose cut her thumb with the sickle, and had to leave off work. . . .

— Pride's Crossing, as I remember it in those days, consisted of a farm-house standing near the railway, and surrounded by woods. We ate and slept in the farm-house, and tramped through the woods, which, traversed in an easterly direction, led to the sea-shore, where there was an agreeable alternation of sands and rocks. We used to spend most of our days on the beach, and in the evenings Hawthorne would generally go in swimming. Fishing, likewise, was our daily diversion, and we caught every day sea-perch and bass enough to serve for our supper. The people at the farm-house were quiet and uninquisitive; but newspapers found their way there, as they did to every other place in the States at that epoch, and we were obliged to remember that the civil war was still going on. Hawthorne, however, merely glanced at the "Latest News" column, and let the rest go; and in the course of a week or so he had recovered somewhat of his elasticity. Our conversation had little relation to war-matters; but he had been familiar with this part of the coast in his boyhood and youth, and used to tell tales of those early days, and recall various old local traditions of the neighborhood. He

had begun to show himself to me as a friend, as well as a father, and sometimes spoke to me about my possible future, — my approaching college days, and what was to come after. "I suppose, when you are grown up, you will do so and so," he would say, — usually suggesting something so preposterous or distasteful as to stimulate me to define an alternative, which he would then criticise. But he always carefully avoided forcing upon his companion any wishes or expectations of his own; he would suggest, and then observe and perhaps modify the effect of his suggestions.

Before the end of the week, Mrs. Hawthorne wrote again: —

JULY 30, 1861.

. . . While Rose drew, I read aloud to her the "Miraculous Pitcher." It is the divinest exposition of hospitality that ever was written or thought. It is altogether perfect in every way. You only can use language, or have adequate ideas to clothe with it. This is my multum-in-parvo criticism upon your works. After dinner we made a settlement with chairs and a table and crickets out by the acacia path, in a delicious shade on thick grass, hard by the tomato-bed. It was delightful out there, and the air nectar; and we all thought how you and Julian were enjoying the fine weather. We had early tea, and soon after — it being Wednesday, our reception-day — a stream of ladies appeared from the Alcott path, — the larch path, — which gradually was resolved into

Mrs. Emerson, Mrs. Brown, and Elizabeth. They made a long call, and then Mrs. Emerson and Mrs. Brown left, and E. P. P. remained. At seven she said, "Why, do you have no tea?" and I exclaimed we had finished tea an hour and a half ago! But we ran and found some bread and butter and cheese, and she ate a sorry supper. All I can boast of in the way of Baucis is, that she was saved from water-porridge and unleavened bread. When she had gone, Rose and I went on a sentimental journey up the acacia path to the hill-top, and to your winding foot-track; and we sat down under your tree, and I rejoiced that you were not there! I had no need of sleep to-day again, so restored am I by your absence. We saw the sunset glory, and then descended. Upon dressing at the glass this morning, I was really attracted by the immense change in my own face, — such a relief, such a serenity, such a health! and Una remarked the entire difference of my look: it seemed miraculous. So you perceive that the only way to restore *me* is for you to remain at the sea, having thrown care into Walden Pond as you steamed away. You will surely stay as long as possible *for my sake.* Do not grudge money for it. It is better to spend money so than to give it to doctors, — and I shall have to go to Dr. Esterbrook if you come back pretty soon. Yours and Julian's shirts and collars can be washed by the divine Mrs. Pierce when they fail; but stay — stay — stay, at Pride's Crossing, or somewhere where there is sea, with a happy

and easy mind; and we shall all be better in health for it. It is far better than if *I* went to the sea, or to anywhere. It restores my life to have you breathing in the salt. I hope you will have sea-bathing as well as Julian, and do always have towels to rub dry the skin. So now good-night, and God bless thee ever.

— Hawthorne had written, a day or two before, to his daughter Una (whom he called "Onion," for love). The "Aunt Lizzie" mentioned was Miss Elizabeth Hawthorne, whose abode was but two or three miles from our farm-house.

WEST BEACH (or somewhere else), July 28, 1861.

DEAR ONION, — We arrived duly, yesterday afternoon, and find it a tolerably comfortable place. Indeed, Julian seems to like it exceedingly, and I am not much more discontented than with many other spots in this weary world. It is a little, black, old house, on the edge of the railroad, and close by a wood which intervenes between it and the sea, and in which Julian finds high-bush blueberries, and blackberries half ripened. The host and hostess are two uncouth specimens of New England yeomanry, very unobtrusive, however, and as attentive as they know how to be. Julian was delighted with the supper-table, inasmuch as it afforded him a pie made of dried apples, and some tarts of barberry stewed in molasses; and he seemed to think it princely fare. In the way of literature, we have half a dozen

religious books, such as "The Life of Christ, with a Portrait" (from an original photograph, I suppose), "Solomon's Proverbs, illustrated," "Pearls of Grace from the Depths of Divine Love," and several others of the same stamp. We have abundant accommodations of every kind, — one bowl and pitcher between us, there being no other in the house, and everything on a similar scale. Nevertheless, if the weather is favorable, we shall have little to do with the inside of this house, but shall haunt the woods and the seashore. I shall thank Heaven when we get back. Aunt Lizzie came to see us yesterday after tea.

I don't know what is the direction of this place, but am of opinion that a letter sent to "West Beach, Beverly," would reach the nearest post-office. Julian is redundantly well.

Love to all. N. H.

P. S. *Monday Morning.* We went yesterday afternoon to see Aunt Lizzie, and had a very pleasant ramble through the woods, gathering berries all the way. Julian enjoys himself very much, and I do not think we shall come home so soon as Saturday, as I at first intended. I forgot to mention that I was recognized in some inscrutable way by a gentleman in the train, who brought us to the door in his carriage, and put his house, his beach, and everything else, at our disposal. O ye Heavens! How absurd that a man should spend the best of his years in getting a little mite of reputation, and then immediately find the annoyance of it more than the profit.

I hope you keep mamma in good order, and do not let her do anything imprudent. Aunt Lizzie wants Rosebud to come and stay with her.

N. H.

West Beach, Beverly Farms, I think.

— We remained another week, and then Hawthorne wrote, "I suppose we shall come home Saturday. I am very well, which is a wonder, considering how I am daily fried in the sun. I do really sizzle, sometimes; but I guzzle more than I sizzle!"

Some correspondence, chiefly about war-matters, took place between Hawthorne and his friends Bright and Bennoch, during the ensuing months. Hawthorne's letter has already appeared in a newspaper; the letters of the two Englishmen are worth preserving, as voicing the attitude of a very large and intelligent part of the British nation during the time of our greatest need.

My dear Bennoch, — . . . We also have gone to war, and we seem to have little, or at least a very misty idea of what we are fighting for. It depends upon the speaker; and that, again, depends upon the section of the country in which his sympathies are enlisted. The Southern man will say, "We fight for State rights, liberty, and independence." The Middle Western man will avow that he fights for the Union; while our Northern and Eastern man will swear that from the beginning his only idea was liberty to the

blacks and the annihilation of slavery. All are thoroughly in earnest, and all pray for the blessing of Heaven to rest upon the enterprise. The appeals are so numerous, fervent, and yet so contradictory, that the Great Arbiter to whom they so piously and solemnly appeal must be sorely puzzled how to decide. One thing is indisputable, — the spirit of our young men is thoroughly aroused. Their enthusiasm is boundless, and the smiles of our fragile and delicate women cheer them on. When I hear their drums beating, and see their colors flying, and witness their steady marching, I declare, were it not for certain silvery monitors hanging by my temples, suggesting prudence, I feel as if I could catch the infection, shoulder a musket, and be off to the war myself! Meditating on these matters, I begin to think our custom as to war is a mistake. Why draw from our young men in the bloom and heyday of their youth the soldiers who are to fight our battles? Had I my way, no man should go to war under fifty years of age, such men having already had their natural share of worldly pleasures and life's enjoyments. And I don't see how they could make a more creditable or more honorable exit from the world's stage than by becoming food for powder, and gloriously dying in defence of their home and country. Then I would add a premium in favor of recruits of threescore years and upward, as, virtually with one foot in the grave, they would not be likely to run away. I apprehend that no people ever built up the skeleton

of a warlike history so rapidly as we are doing. What a fine theme for the poet! If you were not a born Britisher, from whose country we expect no help and little sympathy, I would ask you for a martial strain, — a song to be sung by our camp-fires, to soothe the feelings and rouse the energies of our troops, inspiring them to meet like men the great conflict that awaits them, resolved to conquer or die — if dying, still to conquer. Ten thousand poetasters have tried, and tried in vain, to give us a rousing "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." If we fight no better than we sing, may the Lord have mercy upon us and upon the nation!

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

LONDON, Aug. 1, 1861.

MY DEAR HAWTHORNE, — . . . It would be easy to write a thrilling trumpet-blast which should rouse almost the dead to action. But I cannot feel savage enough or indignant enough with these Southerners. Whenever I attempt it, some blatant folly (such as was published at Paris by your precious foreign representatives, among whom was Burlingame, who ought to have known better) on the part of the North rushes into our system, and condenses what was becoming patriotic steam into a few drops of tainted water; and so I, and millions more, remain quiescent, almost impassive, being unable to find out from any speech or statement what the principle involved really is.

The President argues in favor of secession, and permits it, if he does not treacherously encourage it; the succeeding President ignores it, pooh-poohs it, and then fights it. If the second is right, the first should be arraigned for treason against the State, and be treated *according to law*. The obnoxious members of your body politic wish to slough off and be independent. The stigma of the North, and the scandal of the world, wishes to be amputated, and leave the Northern system a purer and more healthy constitution. The North rebels against the rebels, and so they get to fisticuffs. Europe, and especially England, is warned against intermeddling; she has no wish to intermeddle, and warns her subjects against having anything to do with the quarrel. Then she is accused of lukewarmness, and of being untrue to her principles of abolition of slavery, which is the real aim of the North! We don't believe a bit of it. We don't think that the Northerners desire to liberate the slave by the violence now in action. We feel that this was merely a ruse to excite fury and rouse the passions, while it wins the support of genuine Northern abolitionists. Altogether, the absence of a distinct, well-defined object to be settled by the fight bewilders not only our public men, but also our public writers. To me, it has been partly plain that, first, the Union must, by peace or war, by cajoling, coercion, or imagination, be held unbroken. Next, how keep the South, or how let them go? If held, must slavery be extended, or the slave emanci-

pated? If the former, what becomes of the principle so loudly proclaimed? and if the latter, is it to be done piratically, or honorably, by giving compensation to the owners? Altogether, your statesmen, at first, did not believe in war, but by considerable ingenuity excited the South to strike (see Lincoln's message), and then "cry havoc and let slip," etc. Having begun, I have failed to discover the precise grounds on which or principles for which they are fighting. The money voted for the war, which is not one fourth of the loss sustained by the people, would have bought every slave and set him free. We are persuaded that the end is near, and we believe that the South will attain *all* they wanted, — extension and security to slavery; while the North will give up all for which it has vaunted it was fighting. If so, an everlasting stigma will remain on the names of your present rulers, while the hated South will rise with the consciousness of triumph. My dear Hawthorne, I may be mistaken in all this. I almost hope I am; it has humbled us all greatly; to think that our high-spirited and highly moral friends and dear cousins should have exhibited such a desire to imitate the blood-spilling propensities of despots, has touched our conceit not a little.

What a terrible catastrophe that is that has befallen poor Longfellow! I wish he would come to us for a few weeks. Try and persuade him to do so. Love to all.

I am ever yours, F. Bennoch.

— The allusion to Longfellow recalls the tragical death of his wife, which occurred this year.

The next two extracts are from Henry Bright's letters; the omitted portions being charming descriptions of his new-married life, — too intimate and lovable to be published.

. . . Your thoughts no doubt are all taken up with your own country; and so indeed are many of our thoughts too. What is to come of it all? Here in England, among those who have known and loved America best (and I *have* loved America, though you and I used to break a lance or two in not unfriendly tilt!), there is but one feeling, — of great sadness and great regret. We do not know whose is the fault, — whose the crime, — but we *do* feel that we cannot endure this dreadful civil war, and that any separation would be better. Still, we can understand how you, who are on the spot, may be carried away by the hot tide of battle, and we don't blame or reproach you; we only do regret most deeply the saddest event which has taken place this half-century.

What are you writing now? Is Longfellow writing anything? Don't let him forget me. Have you seen Norton lately, or Mr. Ticknor? Can you tell me anything about a Mr. Holland, who has written a poem called "Bitter-Sweet"? It is very clever. Milnes admires it immensely. The excitement of this year's London season is a countryman of yours, — Mr. Paul du Chaillu. . . .

H. A. BRIGHT.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1861.

. . . I don't know what you are thinking about this most frightful war; I can only hope that somehow or other it will soon be ended. *Here,* we cannot but feel that the end is inevitable. The South must and will be independent of the Union, — as the United States would be independent of this country. Why, then, this cruel waste of blood and treasure? In your last letter, I remember you said, "We shall be better off without the South, — better and nobler than hitherto, — without them." Is not this still true? Let them go; they will suffer for it. You cannot hold them as conquered provinces. You cannot compel them to become sister States again. A fraternity brought about by the cry of "Fraternity or death," will not be *very* cordial. But perhaps you will think all this indifferent and heartless. Indeed, indeed it is not. It is because I feel so very strongly every horror of this civil war, — because I know men on both sides, — that I have said these few words. My personal feelings must of course always be with dear old Massachusetts; but my reason and conscience are clear as to the wrong and uselessness of this most dreadful struggle. You will forgive me, if you disagree with me.

— All this goes to confirm the old saying that, in politics as in other things, it is not safe to prophesy unless you know. A calmer, more sympathetic, and more penetrating view of the situation is contained

in the following letter from another Englishman, Henry Wilding, Hawthorne's former clerk at the Liverpool Consulate, and at this time holding the rank of vice-consul: —

MY DEAR SIR, — . . . I often think of you, and wonder what your feelings are with regard to the fearful events now happening. On this side, "the American Civil War" is the prevailing topic, and the commercial and manufacturing classes, at all events, are decidedly Southern in their sympathies, and I believe a great majority of the leading men in politics also are. It is not easy to see why this is so, after what appeared to be the feeling in England against slavery. The anti-slavery people profess to believe that slavery has nothing to do with the struggle; that the Federal Government are no more contending for the abolition of slavery than are the Confederates. They *won't* see that the contest is for the abolition of slavery in the only way that reasonable men in America have ever supposed it possible, by confining it to its present limits; and that the South, rather than submit to that, will, if they can, destroy the Union. There are many reasons for this feeling in England. In the first place, I believe Englishmen instinctively sympathize with rebels — if the rebellion be not against England. A great many also desire to see the American Union divided, supposing that it will be less powerful, and less threatening to England. All the enemies of popular

government — and there are plenty even in England — rejoice to see what they suppose to be the failure of Republican institutions. The ship-owning community dislike the United States on account of the coasting navigation laws, and believe the Southern profession of free trade. Merchants and manufacturers want cotton, and are mad with the United States because she won't make peace on any terms so as to let cotton come. Then there is the multitude who are habitually led by the "Times," and the "Times" has been Secession all along. There is no doubt great suffering will be felt among the working classes of England this winter on account of the war. I feel that if the North be in earnest, and the leaders honest, she will succeed; and I hope success may come soon. Thinking men are in great perplexity, and watch with intense interest this struggle of popular liberty with its old enemy, oligarchy, — the government of the few. If it emerge successful, and its own master, — well for free institutions in Europe! If unsuccessful, or under the yoke of military despotism, then woe for them! They will be in the dust, but not subdued. Passing events will indeed depress one, but for the hope in Christ of a peaceful hereafter, when the selfish and unchristian passions of men will no more have place. . . .

Ever yours, H. WILDING.

— I will bring this chapter, and the year 1861, to a close, with this note from an old friend of Haw-

thorne. It would appear, from the mention of "gray-head spiders," that Hawthorne had begun to turn his thoughts in the direction of Dr. Grimshawe.

OLD SALT HOUSE, LONG WHARF, BOSTON,
Monday, Oct. 28, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR, — I took the liberty of sending you this morning a paper containing a view of the exterior of my old store, but forgot to tell you that I have been on Long Wharf forty years! — thirty-one of which have I been an occupant of the old store. There are old gray-head spiders still here with whom I have been acquainted for nearly twenty years, and *you* can well understand that we have become well acquainted with each other. Pray drop in and see the old fellows. I doubt not they will recognize you as an old friend.

Always sincerely yours,

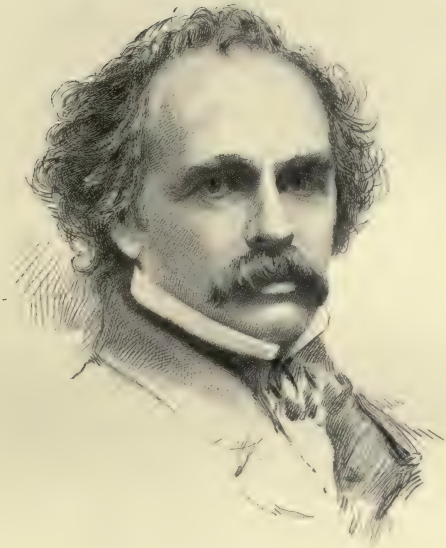
JAMES OAKES.

NATH. HAWTHORNE, Esq.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

THE following winter was a wearisome one for Hawthorne, who was not fond of cold weather, and was not in the humor to warm himself by vigorous exercise in the open air. In the "Old Manse" days he had been in the habit of walking and skating, — according to his wife, he was a graceful skater, — and of sawing and splitting the wood for the family hearth. But now he devolved these offices on his son, and himself remained for the most part within-doors. He had begun to struggle with his new romance the previous autumn, and wrote the first study for "Septimius," which has never been published; though, as a study, it is more interesting than the second (published) version, and covers more paper. It did not satisfy him, and the failure increased his depression, by confirming the notion he had acquired that he was no longer up to the writing mark. In order to get the "Septimius" matter off his mind, however, he rewrote it rapidly to a conclusion, though the latter part of it at least was, I think, composed in a spirit of irony towards himself. "The whole thing is nonsense," he seems to say; "let us



see what it looks like." He could not bring himself into sympathy with Septimius's infatuation, and yet he had not wished to write a commonplace satire. That a studious and intelligent young man, even a hundred years ago, should solemnly persuade himself that he could brew a drink that would confer immortal life, was found, upon examination, to be too improbable to be entertained. The young man must be a fool; and Hawthorne finally decides that he is a fool, and makes him appear so. The fault of the story was, that the idea had not been presented in the right way. The idea in itself was good: a spiritual moral was to be deduced from it; but it must not be deliberately and consciously evolved, by the chief actor in the drama. Moreover, the Bloody Footstep episode did not assimilate kindly with the Immortality part of the plot. The main interest should be concentrated upon the latter, and therefore the former became supererogatory; though this, too, would be available enough by itself.

In fact, he next began to consider whether it might not be advisable to make the Bloody Footstep the central thread of his English romance, and to postpone, for the present at any rate, all reference to the theme of immortality. He had already, while in Florence, jotted down some notes for such a story, and he now proceeded to reinvestigate the matter. The first result was a partially complete sketch, in which the American portion of the tale is dismissed in a dozen pages or so, and the hero is brought to England and

carried through his adventures there, ending with the discovery of the imprisoned ancestor in the secret chamber. In the manuscript as written the story continually breaks off, and the author plunges into a conversation with himself (as it were) upon this or that obstinate feature of the plot or characters; and, having arrived at a temporary and approximate solution thereof, goes on with the thread of the narrative, until another hitch occurs, which is again canvassed as before. By the time he got to the end, Hawthorne had perceived the expediency of introducing certain modifications into the plot, and in particular of giving more space and minuteness to the American scenes. He consequently turned back, and began the book again, importing new scenes and characters, and continuing until the hero is fairly landed in England, and has come into relations with the English personages of the tale. Here the revised first part overlaps the first, and connects itself with it, the last sentence of the former being identical with a corresponding one in the latter. In printing the story under the title of "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret," I ignored so much of the original as is covered by the revise, and omitted the intercalary studies, some parts of which were afterwards printed in a New York magazine. Of course, the author would have rewritten and remodelled the whole, before publishing it.

But he seems to have come to the conclusion to abandon the whole thing, — whether from lack of

physical strength to carry it out to his satisfaction, or from distrust of the value of the story itself. By this time also he had got new light upon the other theme, — that of immortality. Instead of taking as his hero a youth who should brew the elixir of malice prepense, he would have an aged and simple-minded man, just on the brink of the grave, who, half inadvertently, should dose himself from time to time with a few drops of a certain mysterious cordial, which was among the legacies of a deceased predecessor. By this treatment he should gradually become younger; yet the change was to be so gradual that the reader, as well as the old gentleman himself, might be in doubt whether it were real or imaginary. By this means the technical difficulties and incongruities of the "Septimius" version would be avoided, or, at all events, so softened and moulded as not to interfere with the essential power and beauty of the conception. And it was upon these lines, accordingly, that "The Dolliver Romance" was begun; which, so far as it goes, is the most exquisite specimen of the mere charm of narration that ever came from Hawthorne's pen.

But I am anticipating a little. After giving up "Grimshawe," Hawthorne — not entirely to lose the labor of his English journalizing — composed from his Note-Books, from time to time, the series of essays on English subjects which were printed in the "Atlantic Monthly," and afterwards collected in a volume under the title of "Our Old Home." They were paid for

at the rate (I believe) of two hundred dollars each in the magazine. Hawthorne himself took little interest in the completed work. It was, in one sense, the record of a failure, — a failure to use the material to better purpose. The book would probably have been different had it been intended, from the first, to write a book of that kind. The key, however, such as it is, having been once struck, is perfectly kept throughout, and no more beautiful example of English composition could well be produced: and yet the changes from the original version in the journals are apparently very slight. But they are just the right changes; and a certain magical translucence is given to the style that is inimitable and indescribable. The book — much to the distress and consternation of its publisher — was dedicated to Franklin Pierce. "I find," Hawthorne wrote, "that it would be a piece of poltroonery in me to withdraw either the dedication or the dedicatory letter. . . . If Pierce is so exceedingly unpopular that his name is enough to sink the volume, there is so much the more need that an old friend should stand by him. I cannot, merely on account of pecuniary profit or literary reputation, go back from what I have deliberately felt and thought it right to do. . . . As for the literary public, it must accept my book precisely as I see fit to give it, or let it alone." The volume was accepted very cordially, at least in this country, and Hawthorne expressed his pleasure at the appreciation, though remarking that he felt "rather gloomy" about the book himself.

In England, as will be remembered, it aroused a good deal of what the English themselves called indignation. We should probably describe the feeling by another name. Here are two letters, — one from Fanny Aikin Kortright, whose *nom de plume* was Berkeley Aikin, the author of some very able novels; the other from Francis Bennoch. The latter's defence of English fruit is not, as might be supposed, a jest, but is made in all sadness and sincerity. I have myself heard highly educated and intelligent Englishmen express the same sentiments; and it is also a fact that they prefer — at any rate, they say that they prefer — their oysters to ours! If they really do so, it would seem almost too kind a dispensation of Providence.

DEAR MR. HAWTHORNE, — . . . I believe and am sure that "The Scarlet Letter" will endure as long as the language in which it is written; and should that language become dead, the wonderful work will be translated. Mr. S. C. Hall says I am to tell you that your works will live when marble crumbles into dust. I can well understand that even genius stands breathless in silence, watching events; still, master, you must send us forth some fresh enchantment erelong, though you have done so much. Forgive my freedom, dear Mr. Hawthorne, and imagine me the reader you speak of in the preface to "Transformation." Forgive me also if I ask you a question. What is the event you refer to in that romance,

which, you say, must be fresh in the memories of men as having happened some years before the work was written? . . .

Alas, my dear Sir, what have you been doing to the English ladies? You might almost as well have sent circular letters to them asking their ages, as have reflected on their personal appearance! I have not seen your new book, but on every hand I hear, "Mr. Hawthorne has written such a book! He says the English ladies are all like — like — beef!" I cannot make out even from literary folks that you have said anything else; but this bovine matter will not easily be forgiven, to even so great a favorite as yourself. Oh, pray do write another romance to wipe out this *crime!* Let us have a new Donatello or something else very beautiful, such as you alone — I really believe — can produce; how much pleasanter it will be reading that than running to the looking-glass to see if one really is like — like — beef! . . . I hope you will accept my best good-wishes for yourself and all yours, and believe me, despite the bovine question, as much as ever

Your very admiring and faithful

B. Aikin.

My dear Hawthorne, — The "Atlantic" Magazine brings you prominently forward. If all your notes are calculated to cast such poetical halos round ordinary places as those you have wreathed round one old cottage in Blackheath Park, I fear the owners

and neighbors will hardly know their own homes. It is of course to us a marvellous evidence of power. Had every incident been photographed, the descriptions could not have been more vivid. Let me, however, set you right on two points. You refer to some wretched fruit-trees fastened to a dingy wall, and wonder if anybody ever tasted good fruit in England. Now it so happens that the only fruit-trees so impaled were one or two morella cherries, not meant to be eaten until they have had a month's soaking in good brandy, and *that* cherry-brandy is tipple for the goddesses. We won't be put down as to the quality of our fruit, but challenge all creation. I should like to know whether all America could equal our strawberries, cherries, grapes, Ribston pippins, pineapples, etc., etc.; and as for pears — my teeth water when I think of them. A friend of mine who was in America last year declares on his honor that, with one or two exceptions, he never tasted throughout America an apple better than a crab-apple in England. They were so sour that he has never been able to look pleasant since.

"Kiss in the Ring," too, you misdescribe, and make what is really a very pretty game of forfeits when played with pretty people, to appear absolutely loathsome. The game is this: boys and girls alternately take hands and form a ring. A youth armed with a handkerchief paces round the ring and drops it at the feet of the girl he admires. He then slips under the festooned hands, escapes from the ring and

runs; not to escape but to be overtaken; when, being caught, he gallantly conducts the damsel back into the centre of the ring, where, lifting his hat, he kisses the cheek of the fair one, takes the place where she had stood, completes the ring, and the beauty drops her handkerchief at the feet of some eager swain, and off she flies like a deer pursued by the swift-footed buck. At the first she runs rapidly, but, somehow, she always slackens her pace in time, and willingly becomes a captive; and so the game goes on. Here, too, you take the opportunity of having a fling at English beauty, contrasting it unfavorably with that fragile and most delicate fabric of American womanhood. This won't do! For either grace or loveliness, good bearing or refined gentleness, I'll back England's daughters against the world; unless it be our new princess, who is a very charming piece of humanity.

I have neither time nor inclination to talk politics, so I won't begin. I should only irritate you, although I must congratulate you on personally belonging to the rising and what must be the controlling party soon. When are we to have your new romance?

With all best wishes from me and mine to you and yours, I am

Your attached

F. BENNOCH.

— In the spring of 1862 Hawthorne took a trip to Washington and to the outskirts of the seat of war,

chiefly for the benefit of his health. The journey proved to be an agreeable one; and its literary result was an article, "Chiefly about War Matters," contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly." While in Washington he met Leutze, the artist and consented to sit to him for a portrait. I do not know what has become of this portrait; but it is said to have been successful. In the sitter's opinion, it would be "the best ever painted of the same unworthy subject." He was also photographed twice or thrice, with only indifferent results. "My hair is not really so white. . . . The sun seems to take an infernal pleasure in making me venerable — as if I were as old as himself." He saw the President, and also General McClellan, whose aspect and bearing pleased him greatly; and he came into close enough contact with the Confederates to be conscious of a passing shadow of peril. Altogether, the experience was of some benefit to him. He sent the following letter to his daughter: —

WASHINGTON, Sunday, March 16, 1862.

DEAR UNA, — I have never a moment's time to write, for I move about all day, and am engaged all the evening; and if ever there is a vacant space, I want to employ it in writing my journal, which keeps terribly behindhand. But I suppose mamma and the rest of you sometimes remember there is such a person, and wish to know what I am about. I went up yesterday to Harper's Ferry (a distance of eighty miles from Washington) by invitation of the directors of a

railroad; so that I made the whole journey without expense, and partook of two cold collations besides. To be sure, I paid my expenses with a speech; but it was a very short one. I shall not describe what I saw, because very likely I shall print it in the "Atlantic Monthly;" but I made acquaintance with some rebel prisoners, and liked them very much. It rained horribly all day, and the mud was such as nobody in New England can conceive of. I have shaken hands with Uncle Abe, and have seen various notabilities, and am infested by people who want to exhibit me as a lion. I have seen a camp, and am going in a few days to Manassas, if the mud of the Sacred Soil will permit. Tell mamma that the outcry opened against General McClellan, since the enemy's retreat from Manassas, is really terrible, and almost universal; because it is found that we might have taken their fortifications with perfect ease six months ago, they being defended chiefly by wooden guns. Unless he achieves something wonderful within a week, he will be removed from command, and perhaps shot, — at least I hope so; I never did more than half believe in him. By a message from the State Department, I have reason to think that there is money enough due me from the Government to pay the expenses of my journey. I think the public buildings are as fine if not finer than anything we saw in Europe. I am very well. I have no doubt that Julian well supplies my place as the head of the family. I hope the masquerade passed off to the satisfaction of all

concerned. I send my love to everybody (within our own circle, I mean), and remain

Your dutiful father, N. H.

I forget the date of mamma's last letter; but two days have intervened since I received it. I shall set out on my return within a day or two after I have been to Manassas; but the weather is so uncertain, and the road so difficult, that I scarcely hope to go thither much before the end of this week. I have really so little time to write, that you may very probably see me again before hearing from me; but not, at soonest, till the early part of next week.

Thank Bab for her note. Neither you nor Julian can claim any thanks on that score; and as for mamma, her letters are beyond thanks.

—The article above mentioned was published in July, 1862. It was written with great frankness, insomuch that the editor of the magazine was somewhat apprehensive of the consequences; but Hawthorne would abate nothing of his utterances. He, however, ironically appended annotations to the more hazardous portions, purporting to be the horror-stricken comments of the editor upon the writer's want of patriotism. Intentionally absurd though these "comments" were, they seem to have possessed verisimilitude enough to deceive most readers; and I remember that one person, who felt the indignation which they pretended to express, declared, when

apprised of their true authorship, "Then I have no respect for a man who runs with the hare, and hunts with the hounds!" But our sense of humor in New England was, at this period, not seldom exanimated by our insatiable political conscientiousness. Another gentleman, whose letter is subjoined, takes an equally serious view in the opposite direction.

EDGEWOOD, NEW HAVEN, July 5, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am glad to see your mark in the "Atlantic;" but should be ready to swear — if I swore — at the marginal impertinences. Pray, is Governor Andrew editor? A man's opinions can take no catholic or philosophic range nowadays, but they call out some shrewish accusation of disloyalty. It is to me one of the most humiliating things about our present national status, that no talk can be tolerated which is not narrowed to the humor of our tyrannic *majority*. I can recognize the enormity of basing a new nationality, in our day, upon slavery; but why should this blind me to all other enormities? I have no hope for the country, as a unit, in our generation; and I hope your personal relations (if you have any) with General Butler will excuse my saying that he is the best representative of barbarism in our epoch. It is quite in keeping that "Harpers' Journal of Civilization" should eulogize him.

I remain very truly yours,

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

NATH. HAWTHORNE, Esq.

— In the course of the article Hawthorne made an allusion to the recent action between the "Cumberland" and the "Merrimac," in which the former was sunk by the Confederate ironclad. Longfellow has immortalized the same incident in one of his most stirring lyrics, beginning, —

> "At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
> On board of the 'Cumberland,' sloop-of-war."

The "Cumberland" was commanded by a gallant young officer, George U. Morris: —

> "'Strike your flag!' the rebel cries,
> In his arrogant, old-plantation strain;
> 'Never!' our gallant Morris replies, —
> 'It is better to sink than to yield!' —
> And the whole air pealed
> With the cheers of our men."

Among the letters left by Hawthorne I found one from "our gallant Morris" himself, written in a round, schoolboy hand, but well worth reproducing here.

U. S. Gunboat "Port Royal," Appalachicola, Fla.,
March 20, 1863.

Mr. N. Hawthorne.

Dear Sir, — I received to-day from a friend the July, 1862, number of the "Atlantic Monthly." Please accept my heartfelt thanks for the flattering manner in which you mentioned my having performed my duty faithfully. As you almost predicted, the Government has not promoted me, though it did Worden; but you

must remember he was successful, and without loss, — I unsuccessful, and with a very heavy loss. But, sir, even had I been "honored by Government and other authorities," I assure you it could not have caused me more pleasure than I felt when reading your remarks concerning the fight between the "Merrimac" and "Cumberland." It was a proud and high honor to receive for having tried to sustain unspotted the honor of our Flag, which my father had so well sustained before me. Believe me

Respectfully and gratefully yours,

GEORGE U. MORRIS,
Lieut. Com'g U. S. N.

— Hawthorne returned to Concord about the end of March, 1862, but did little literary work besides finishing his article, and writing a short narrative for the "Weal Reaf," — a small sheet published at a fair at the Essex Institute, in aid of some patriotic purpose. It described a boyish reminiscence of a legend connected with an old house in the neighborhood, called "Browne's Folly." In sending the narrative to his sister, he wrote: —

DEAR ELIZABETH, — It seemed to me most convenient to write this article in the form of a letter, and it may be published just as it stands. I wish you to correct the proof-sheets, and to be very careful about it. The Essex Institute certainly ought to be grateful to me, for I could get $100 for such an article. N. H.

— In the following July he made another excursion to the seaside with his son, this time to West Gouldsboro', Maine, on the mainland opposite Mt. Desert. The journey thither was made by boat, rail, stage, turn and turn about, and made an impression of adventure upon the younger of the two travellers; from whose journal I will make a few extracts: —

"Our boat was to start at seven in the evening; and after eating some ice-cream in a restaurant, we drove down to the wharf. The boat is described as 'The New and Splendid Steamship, Eastern Queen;' but it could not have been new less than twenty years ago, and all the splendor consisted in a gaudily painted paddle-box. We were already hungry when we got on board, but were then informed, to our surprise and consternation, that nothing to eat was ever provided on these steamers. It was a long time before we could get a stateroom, and then it was only six feet square, with no window to let in the air. We turned in supperless. During the night there was a big thunderstorm, and the waves were pretty high. Next morning there was a thick fog, but it gradually cleared away, and showed the rocky banks of the river.

"At last we stopped at a small place called Bath, and papa said he would go on shore and get something to eat. I went with him, and we had just drunk a glass of cider, and were bargaining for half a dozen biscuits, when there was an alarm of the boat starting. We ran back just in time to get on board by a desperate leap. Continuing on up the river, with occasional

short stoppages, we finally reached our destination, Hallowell, and immediately boarded an old stage-coach, with 'Hallowell House' written on it. The town was in great commotion at the departure of its volunteers, who were just going off in the train. It was then about eleven: our train was to start at four. The most interesting thing we did in Hallowell was to eat our dinner, which consisted chiefly of thin soup and a very tough beefsteak. When the train came, it was so crowded that we could hardly find seats; and tired as we were already, we had a three-hours' hot ride before us. The road lay through tangled pine-woods, and clearings covered with the stumps of trees, and over bridges with rocky streams tumbling underneath, and then into another wild wood, and so on. It was dusk when we reached Bangor. We got into an old stage, and drove to the 'Penobscot Exchange.'

"This morning we took a walk round the town. It is large, with well-built brick houses and broad streets. There are a great many churches, and stables, and stove-shops, and a great dearth of bookstores for so large a town. Enlisting is going on here very fast; crowds of men are collected all about, talking it over.

"We left Bangor at night by stage-coach, and drove all night over rough roads, up hill and down, for thirty miles. Papa rode inside, and I outside. There were more than twenty passengers on board, and a great deal of luggage. I sat on the box with the driver, and a returned invalid soldier from the Pen-

insula, who drank out of a bottle, and sang songs, and told stories, all the way. The driver, on being offered whiskey, refused, saying, 'I never drank a drop in my life, — no, sir! nary!' There was beautiful moonlight, but it was very cold. We drove among high hills, with now and then a lake between them, reflecting the moon. Most of the hills were covered with loose boulders of rock. We had four horses. The men here are fine fellows, better than our Massachusetts folk; they are mostly six-footers or seven-footers. Mr. Sanborn would be thought nothing of here.

"We have just met Mr. George Bradford, who says West Gouldsboro' is a delightful place, with beautiful scenery, entire seclusion, plenty of fishing, and a boat to row. Papa enjoys the prospect very much. The only drawback is, that it is rather rainy.

". . . We are living in a small farm-house close by the beach. Our landlord, Mr. Hill, is tall and broad-shouldered, with a high head, aquiline nose, and large chin. He is over sixty, but looks strong and hearty. At such an age a man's head is generally partly bald; but though his hair is perfectly white, it covers his head all over, and is cropped short. When in doubt or perplexity, he scratches it. He is sensible on politics, and is not (like his daughter) an abolitionist, but can hear and understand two sides of a thing. He eats with his knife; but so does everybody here. He blows his nose every day at dinner, once, and very hard. When one answers a question of his, he always says, 'Oh, yes!' as if he was reminded of something

he had forgotten. His daughter does the same. She is about thirty, very deaf, square and broad-shouldered, with a strong-minded sort of face. When she is talking, she keeps her hand to her right ear, to catch the answer. She says she has an ear-trumpet, but she does not use it. Every evening papa has political discussions with Mr. Hill and Miss Charlotte. He addresses himself chiefly to Mr. Hill, but since the daughter is always sitting by, papa has to talk loud so that she may hear; but the old man is not deaf, and does not need to be shouted at. Altogether it is rather awkward."

Hawthorne himself made some brief entries in the journal. Speaking of the volunteers, he says: "The bounties offered by the General and State Governments, and largely increased by the towns, make a very strong inducement to young men who have never seen, or would be likely to see, so much money together as is now within their reach, — between two and three hundred dollars in some cases; and no doubt Yankee thrift combines with love of adventure and love of country, to urge them on. It is remarkable how many stalwart men cannot pass the medical examination, on account of some unsuspected and unapparent defect. One third, at least, seem to fall within this class.

"The people of Maine, I think, are very much ruder of aspect than those of Massachusetts, but quite as intelligent, and as comprehensive of the affairs of the time. Indeed, intelligence might well

be more general than with us, because high and low sit down together in bar-rooms, and intermix freely in talk. At one hotel in Ellsworth there was a Colonel Burnham, home on furlough from the Army of the Potomac, — quite a distinguished officer, I believe, and in my judgment a very reliable man, fit to lead men in perils and difficulties. He is a middle-aged man, or little more; a dark, intelligent, rather kindly-looking man, with black hair curling on his head, and a black beard and mustache, and wearing a black national wide-awake, — giving him an air something between a soldier and a bandit, — his shoulder-straps having two stars on them, in token of his rank. He was smoking a German pipe, and talked in a quick, good-humored, familiar way about his adventures, answering the questions of all and sundry familiarly, not repelling the humblest, but yet with a kind of natural dignity that would not be presumed upon. He had been in all McClellan's six days' battles, and in how many more I know not; and without volunteering any account of his perils and achievements, was quite willing to talk of them, in an unaffected way, when asked. He had been in the lumber business, and had doubtless met with adventures, and been thrown into positions, as a captain of logging men, that gave him some experience such as a military man might need; at least, he had led a hardy life, and so was not to be abashed by the roughness of war. Another officer, an elderly man, who had likewise been with the Army of the Poto-

mac, came to see him, and eke out his camp and battle reminiscences; and there was a young lieutenant from Port Royal, a handsome youth, who had returned in very ill health, but now seemed in a hopeful state of convalescence. There were likewise in the group some of the notables of the town: the lawyer, probably, and the editor of the village newspaper; and besides these, some private soldiers of the Colonel's own and other regiments. These latter made him the proper military salute; after which he conversed affably with them, and one or two of them hesitated not to put in their remarks among those of the other interlocutors, — the Colonel not shunning their familiarities, yet neither he nor they forgetting their relative positions. It was curious to see how all parties could so freely dispense with ceremony and formalities, and yet not transgress any nice respect that ought to be observed. There was no condescension on the Colonel's part, nor aspiration on the other side, and yet they met in a very natural and agreeable way. By and by the Colonel (who was quite the lion of the day) drove off with a friend in a one-horse wagon, and the company (after discussing him for a while, with a laudatory summing-up, and somebody remarking that the Colonel was making more money now than in the lumber business) dispersed."— This is an American Van Ostade, painted with the careless ease of a master.

We lived at Mr. Hill's in peace and plenty for two weeks or more. We went out rowing every day

in the boat, and fished for flounders in the bay, and landed on the islands, and went in swimming. There was a society of young girls and fellows in the neighborhood, and one day we went on a picnic with them, — about twenty of us, — and cooked a chowder on the beach, which we ate with clam-shell spoons; and afterwards danced in a barn, while Miss Charlotte played on the fiddle. Every day we took walks through the pastures and along the coast, eating great quantities of blueberries, blackberries, raspberries, and gooseberries, and pelting each other with green elderberries on the way home. Sometimes we would sit for hours beneath the shadow of a rock, with a lovely scene spread out before us, while Hawthorne smoked a cigar, and his son wished he might do likewise. At length Hawthorne wrote home that "it will be impossible for us to stay longer than till a week from to-morrow, because Julian's breeches are in such terrible disrepair, what with bushes, briers, swamps, rocks, beach, mud, sea-water, and various hard usage and mischances. Neither could I keep myself decent a great many days longer. I struggle hard to prevent him from spoiling his light trousers, because if he spoils them, he will inevitably be compelled to stay in bed all summer." So we bade farewell to our host and hostess about the 1st of September, and got back to Concord two days later. We hoped to go back again next year; but this was the last excursion we ever were to make together.

During the autumn there was a good deal of social

gayety in Concord, in spite of the war, and although several of our schoolboys had enlisted and gone to the front; we had one or two little parties at our own house; and several times Mr. Alcott's daughters came over to play cards. The "Nonsense Verses" were coming into vogue at this epoch, and everybody was trying his own hand at producing them; and Hawthorne once took a piece of paper and scratched off the following bit of doggerel, which I am sure the revered subject of it will not object to see in print:

"There dwelt a Sage at Apple-Slump,
Whose dinner never made him plump;
Give him carrots, potatoes, squash, parsnips, and peas,
And some boiled macaroni, without any cheese,
And a plate of raw apples, to hold on his knees,
And a glass of sweet cider, to wash down all these, —
And he 'd prate of the Spirit as long as you 'd please, —
This airy Sage of Apple-Slump!"

Another ballad, on another subject, ran as follows:

"There was an old Boy, with a new coat and breeches,
Who jumped over fences, and tumbled in ditches,
While the mud and the mire
Spattered higher and higher,
Till he went to the fire,
And, as he grew drier,
Burnt great holes in his new coat and breeches!"

And here is still another: —

"There was an Old Lady of Guessme,
Whose talking did greatly distress me;
She talked of the nigger,
And still she grew bigger,
This tiresome Old Lady of Guessme!"

The winter had always been Hawthorne's best time for work; and after completing his volume of English sketches, he applied himself to the "Dolliver Romance." Contrary to his usual custom, he permitted his publisher to begin the serial issue of the story in a magazine, but he never expected to furnish the monthly instalments regularly; and it was against his better judgment that any of it saw the light until the whole was finished. It was hoped, however, that when he had once made a beginning, he would be stimulated to continue. But, "there is something preternatural," he writes, "in my reluctance to begin. I linger at the threshold, and have a perception of very disagreeable phantoms to be encountered if I enter. . . . I don't see much probability of my having the first chapter of the Romance ready as soon as you want it. There are two or three chapters ready to be written, but I am not robust enough to begin, and I feel as if I should never carry it through." And again: "I am not quite up to writing yet, but shall make an effort as soon as I see any hope of success. You ought to be thankful that (like most other broken-down authors) I do not pester you with decrepit pages, and insist upon your accepting them as full of the old spirit and vigor. That trouble, perhaps, still awaits you, after I shall have reached a further stage of decay. Seriously, my mind has, for the present, lost its temper and its fine edge, and I have an instinct that I had better keep quiet. Perhaps I shall

have a new spirit of vigor, if I wait quietly for it; perhaps not."

His untoward condition was made worse by the illness of his daughter Una, caused chiefly by the after effects of the quinine she had taken in Rome. The least mischance to Una wrung her father's heart; and it seemed, for a time, as if her ailment might turn out very seriously. Her aunt, Miss Elizabeth Hawthorne, who was also extremely fond of her, wrote inviting her to visit Beverly, near Salem, for change of air and scene, and Una went. In the course of her letter Miss Hawthorne says in reference to "Our Old Home:" —

"I do not, as you suppose I do, like to see the English abused; but your papa is never abusive, only appreciative, which I think nobody ever was before, and only an American ever can be; for the mind of a cultivated American must necessarily be fed upon the best that other nations can supply, and so is likely to share in the qualities of all, — sufficiently, at least, to discover their real nature. As for the English, there were no eyes, at least no earthly eyes, to survey them before they came under your papa's observation; and as for any supervision from on high, they seem to live in the most heathenish unconsciousness of it, and, indeed, of the existence of anything above themselves. Their supreme praise is, that a thing is English; and their censure, when bestowed upon any person of another nation is, that an Englishman would not have done or said so and so. There is

no right and wrong, — only English and un-English. What time is to develop in them, of course, cannot be foretold; but if they were to perish now, to be turned into stone, for instance, becoming motionless in whatever movement was in progress, would they not save their life by losing it? And should you not revisit England with more interest than you could feel to see them in their present transition state? There are symptoms of weakness apparent in their condition which I am half sorry for. Lord Palmerston is always assuring the public that 'the most perfect concord subsists between the cabinets of France and England,' that 'no steps will be taken without the concurrence of France;' and now the 'London Times' asserts that when the Emperor has conquered Mexico he will oblige the Americans to make peace! A threat ominous of evil to England, who thus lets '"I dare not" wait upon "I would,"' and relies upon France for what is beyond her own power, though within her desires."

— This secluded old lady was always observant of politics, and her opinions are often both shrewd and profound, and are expressed in a very entertaining manner.

While Una was at Beverly, her mother wrote to her as follows: —

CONCORD, Dec. 11, 1862.

MY DEAREST UNA, — Great events seem thickening here. Louisa Alcott has had her summons to the Washington Hospitals; and Abby came to ask me

about some indelible ink she had, and I offered to do anything I could for Louisa. She said if I could mark her clothes it would assist very much. So I went over, in the divine afternoon, and marked till dusk, and finished all she had. Mrs. Alcott says she shall feel helpless without Louisa, and Mr. Alcott says he sends his only son. Louisa is determined to make the soldiers jolly, and takes all of Dickens that she has, and games. At supper-time Julian came in with the portentous news that the battle has at last begun, and Fredericksburg is on fire from our guns. So Louisa goes into the very mouth of the war. Now, to-day, is the Bible Fair. I carried to Mrs. Alcott early this morning some maizena blanc-mange which Ann made for papa, and turned out of the sheaf-mould very nicely. A letter has been received from Sergeant-Major How, who reported dirty, ill-ordered barracks, drunken hotels, and general discomfort. He is at Long Island, and may stay five or six weeks there.

Papa has not a good appetite, and eats no dinners except a little potato. But he is trying to write, and locks himself into the library and pulls down the blinds.

General Hitchcock has sent me a catalogue of his Hermetic Library. Good-night.

Your most affectionate MAMMA.

— The visit to Beverly was of decided benefit to Una, and after her return home her aunt wrote her

frequent letters, full of sense and dry humor. I append a few extracts: —

". . . Concord seems a good place for you, but it must be dull for your father, who, as far as I could observe, has no society at all out of his own family. But there is pleasure now in reading the newspapers. I heard a man say yesterday that our people are doing 'a handsome piece of business.' It is said that every eighth man in Marblehead is in either the army or the navy. And I have heard that it was the Salem Zouaves who charged upon the redoubtable Obadiah Jennings Wise and his followers, and put them to flight. I suppose Mrs. Dike will send me the Salem papers containing the achievements of the regiment from Essex County, and I mean to send them to your papa.

"I am glad you were all well when you wrote, 'including the cats,' whom I always like to hear from. Palmetto, the Secessionist, has become an exemplary Union animal. She is as fierce as ever, and scratches *me* to show how she would treat any rebel she could get at. I only wish we had an army actuated by her spirit. . . . I congratulate you upon the pleasure you must have felt in hearing your papa read Scott's novels. I have read the 'Gray Champion' lately with renewed delight. I wish he would write something in the same spirit now, for the 'Atlantic Monthly.' It is certainly time for the 'Gray Champion' to walk once more. Ask him to think of it. I am glad Julian is no older than he is, otherwise I should

expect to hear he was gone to the wars. I am very sorry that your papa has not been well. I wish you were not settled at Concord. The air of the place is not invigorating. People born near the sea require its breezes. . . .

"There is a Secession lady here, who has two daughters married to South Carolina planters. She knows Mr. Yancey and other leading men, and admires Yancey excessively. I am quite in luck, for I have longed to see a Secessionist. . . .

"I agree with your mamma as to who upholds the 'Atlantic,' which was certainly dull before your papa contributed to it, and I wish he would publish something more from his English journal. Is he aware that he has 'earned the undying enmity of all Englishmen, by his remarks upon Englishwomen'? I never doubted that the English were as sensitive as other people, if you could only hit them in the right place. But it may be some compensation to know that the Emperor of Brazil is a warm admirer of both his writings and his photograph, — having been made acquainted with both by some Baptist minister, and singling out your papa's likeness, of his own accord, from a book full of portraits of eminent men. I wish your papa would read, or at least look at, Napier's 'History of the Peninsular War.' I have read it with much satisfaction, finding that other nations blunder, when they are in difficulties, as badly as we do; and that the British Government (according to Napier) did nothing but blunder. Do not forget to speak

about the 'Gray Champion.' I should like to know whether it seems so wonderful a thing to you as it does to me. It should be read at war-meetings. Men would enlist after hearing it. It would be well to have it printed in the form of a tract, and distributed to the soldiers. I know of nothing written in America so effective."

— There was no improvement in Hawthorne's condition during the spring and summer of 1863. He seemed to have no definite disease, but he grew thinner, paler, and more languid day by day; he sat indoors most of the time, or, when he went out, would walk slowly and feebly, or stand gazing across the fields, with his hands in the side-pockets of his coat, — a wistful, grave look. Early in the summer he had an attack of nose-bleeding, which lasted without intermission for more than twenty-four hours; and though he joked about it, and took it lightly, he was distinctly feebler from that time, and his death occurred within the twelvemonth. He no longer, indeed, seemed to find any sufficient interest in life; and he had always dreaded surviving his own ability to take care of himself, and thus becoming (as he supposed) a burden upon others. The breaking-down of his romance was another weight upon his shoulders. It was at this period, I think, that his friend Richard Henry Stoddard sent him a poem, "The King's Bell," embodying a profound and sombre moral. Hawthorne, in acknowledging the receipt of the poem, gives a glimpse of his state of mind. "I sincerely

thank you for your beautiful poem," he says, "which I have read with a great deal of pleasure. It is such as the public have a right to expect, from what you have given us in years gone by; only I wish the idea had not been so sad. I think Felix might have rung the bell once in his lifetime, and once again at the moment of death. Yet you may be right. I have been a happy man, and yet I do not remember any one moment of such happy conspiring circumstances that I could have rung a joy-bell at it." Hawthorne had a high regard for Stoddard, both as an author and as a man, and would have been glad had circumstances enabled him to see and know more of him.

Hawthorne's son was to undergo the autumn examinations for admission to the class of '67 this year; and his father felt more interest in the matter than he, at the time, permitted to appear. He was not ambitious of high rank in scholarship for the boy, — and this was well, for the boy was never out of arm's reach of the bottom of the class, — but he ascribed great importance to the general and incidental instruction that college life brings, and to its social aspects. When Julian left home to meet his trial at Cambridge, his father shook hands with him, and said, smiling, "Mind you get in; but I don't expect you will!" The saving clause was, of course, to soften my own mortification in the event of failure. Happily, I succeeded after a fashion; but only afterwards learned that he would have been much cast

down had my fate been different. I remember the happy expression with which he greeted the new-fledged collegian's return home.

In September Hawthorne made a short visit to the seaside with Una; and I find a letter to the latter from her mother:—

SEPTEMBER 10, 1863.

MY DARLING UNA,—. . . I hoped to hear about papa's visit to Rockport, and "all sorts," as dear Mrs. Browning used to say. But I know it is very difficult to write when a guest. When I was writing in that gay sort of way, yesterday, I was very ill myself, and determined you should not know it. I had a most terrific cold, and coughed my very worst, so that I thought all my blood-vessels would literally burst. I was really alarmed. I even coughed all night, which generally I do not. Oh, I was so thankful that papa could not hear me! I was all praise just for that. When Rose had gone to school, I coughed in real peace, because nobody was hurt. Yesterday morning I lamented over the rain for you, but by driving-time it was all clear and lovely, much to my joy. Last evening Aunt E. P. P. and Miss Eliza Clapp came. You know that I like Miss Clapp very much indeed, and I was therefore glad to see her. Aunt Lizzie looked infinitely delightful, just like a mighty Peace and Union. Rose looked angelic in white muslin, with low neck and short sleeves, and blue sash, and blue bows on her shoulders. She had a sort of pearl-and-rose look that was exquisite. Miss

Clapp talked very enchantingly, and I consider her a rare and remarkable person. . . .

— During the winter Hawthorne's state became, for the first time, somewhat alarming. A chief difficulty about him was, that he was extremely reluctant to be thought ill, and to receive the care which illness requires. He wished to do everything for himself. Mrs. Hawthorne, of course, was his nurse, and her tact and discretion achieved what nothing else could have accomplished; she contrived, too, to maintain her cheerfulness in his presence, but her heart was full. In her letters to her daughter, also, she assumes a hopeful tone, in order that Una might not be deprived of the pleasure of her holidays by home anxieties; but the anguish cannot be entirely hidden. I will close the present chapter with two extracts referring to this period: —

CONCORD, Dec. 17, 1863.

MY DEAREST UNA, — I have a moment to write before Rose goes to the mail. Papa grew better towards last evening, so that he read in one of his huge books of the English State Trials. He had been lying down on the couch and sitting up alternately all day; and at noon he wrapped up and walked out for ten minutes. He slept quietly all night, and went up to bathe feeling quite well. When he came down, after a long time, he looked very ill, and said he had felt very sick in the too hot room; and, as far as I could understand, he had been faint. He is

better now, and asleep on the couch. Rose is admirable. . . . My darling, I meant to write you a long letter, but no time is left. I love you with an infinite love. Enjoy yourself heartily; we are doing well here.

Your most loving MAMMA.

I am perfectly well.

DECEMBER 19.

DEAREST UNA, — Papa is comfortable to-day, but very thin and pale and weak. I give him oysters now. Hitherto he has had only toasted crackers and lamb and beef tea. I am very impatient that he should see Dr. Vandersende, but he wants to go to him himself, and he cannot go till it be good weather. How forever I shall bless the old German doctor if he can give papa again the zest of life he used to have! It is long since he had it, — four or five years, I think. I am amazed that such a fortress as his digestion should give way. But his brain has been battering it for a long time, — his brain and his heart. The splendor and pride of strength in him have succumbed; but they can be restored, I am sure. Meantime he is very nervous and delicate; he cannot bear anything, and he must be handled like the airiest Venetian glass. . . . The earth is gorgeous now with diamonds. Every twig and blade are incrusted with crystal, and the sun makes a glory that must be seen to be known. But our trees are sadly broken by such a weight of icy splendor. I love you with a mighty love, my darling.

Your own MAMMA.

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

It is not probable that Hawthorne deceived himself as to the gravity of his condition; and when the New Year of 1864 came, he must have felt that it was his last year in this world. He did not, however, give way to despair, or even to dejection. On the contrary, there was a more than usual cheerfulness in his manner. The vein of arch playfulness, never long out of sight in him, appeared now with a touching and beautiful quality superadded; he seemed to admit his feebleness and physical decay, and to make a gentle sport of it. He bowed to the inevitable, not with a groan but with a smile. His face was pale and wasted, so that his great eyes, with their dark overhanging brows, looked like caverns with a gleam of blue in them; his figure had become much attenuated, and his once firm and strong stride was slow and uncertain. But his mind was awake, composed, and clear; and whenever he spoke, — in a voice that had now become very low, — it was to utter some pleasant and gracious thing. He professed to take a hopeful view of everything, and perhaps succeeded in concealing the extent of his illness from

every one except his wife. I remember reading to him, some time during this winter, a passage from Longfellow's "Evangeline," — where she, after long wandering, at last finds her lover on his death-bed, and holds him in her arms while his spirit passes. My father listened silently and intently; and, as I read the last verses, a feeling came upon me that there was something in the occasion more memorable than I had thought of, so that I could hardly conclude without a faltering of the voice. That was my fore-glimpse of the truth; but afterwards I persuaded myself that he must, after all, be well again.

In January, 1864, Una wrote to Hawthorne's sister that he seemed very unwell, and received the following in reply: —

My dear Una, — I was very glad to see your handwriting again; I was beginning to be a little anxious, because you said that your papa was not particularly well; and now, in your last letter, you say that General Pierce had heard of it, and came to see for himself. I want to know as much as General Pierce does, and you must tell me if he is seriously indisposed. But I infer that it is no more than a cold, and perhaps the influence of the weather, which has been unusually gloomy this winter. And there is no society in Concord that suits him. I enjoy winter more now than when young, because I never could imagine the pleasure of skating, and sliding down hill, and amusing myself in the way

other children did; and all I want is to sit quietly and read. If I am disposed to talk, it must be to myself, — to whom I do sometimes talk; indeed, it has become so much a habit with me, that when I go to meeting, in Salem, I am afraid to forget for an instant where I am, lest I should speak out loud. Think how terrible it would be if I did. So you see I am deprived of the benefit of my own meditations, and even of my own being, in such a situation. Fortunately it does not often happen that I am obliged so to stultify myself. My last visit to Salem was not very long. I came home Christmas day, bringing a cold with me, imbibed in that close atmosphere. I have been reading Bayard Taylor's "Hannah Thurston," and could not help saying, "Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having on a wedding garment?" The characters are people gathered from the highways and hedges of the outer world, but in no way fit for fiction; indeed, there is no atmosphere of fiction in the book, which is as dreary as actual life.

E. M. H.

— In March it was decided that Hawthorne should make another journey southward with his faithful friend and publisher, W. D. Ticknor. The limits of the trip were not defined; they were to move or to pause, as the humor and occasion suited. Miss Hawthorne was apprised of this plan, and wrote in reply: —

". . . I feel very badly about your father being

unwell, especially because his health has been so uniformly good. I am afraid I am hard-hearted towards confirmed invalids, but for a well person to become ill is a pity. I wish he could be prevailed upon to wear more clothes, an abundance of which are necessary to comfort in this climate. We hardly feel the changes if we are dressed warmly; but cold benumbs all the vital powers, and the stomach especially suffers. But perhaps he has not eaten animal food enough; he ate none when I was in Concord. You know the stomach needs to be exercised, else it will lose its vigor. I think people should habitually eat a good deal, and that a variety of food is good. He never had a great appetite, and perhaps now it needs to be tempted with delicacies. He ought to eat fruit, which is always wholesome. I am glad he is going away for a little while. When he went with Mr. Ticknor to Washington a year or two ago, I believe he enjoyed his journey and was benefited by it; and not only he, but the public, for then he wrote the best article that has ever appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, — 'Chiefly about War Matters.' It is amusing to see how little time seems to mollify the wrath of the English, who continue to quote his description of the fat dowager, and would make a war matter of that, I think, if they dared. I have read 'The Marble Faun' again, lately, with even more interest than at first. . . ."

— On the 27th or 28th of March Hawthorne went to Boston, and while there saw Dr. O. W. Holmes, who

was to endeavor, without Hawthorne's suspecting it, to get an idea of his condition. His opinion, as reported afterwards, was unfavorable. He was startled at the change in Hawthorne's appearance, who seemed to him to be suffering from a gradual wasting or consumption of the bodily organs. There was not much to be hoped from the pharmacopœia; a journey, with change of scene, and a succession of minor incidents, sufficient to keep the spirits awake, was about as good a prescription as could be made. And it was not thought at this time that all hope need be abandoned. Hawthorne was a man so peculiarly constituted — his mind and his body were so finely interwoven, as it were — as almost to make it seem that he might live if he would firmly resolve to do so. But it is characteristic of a high organization not to cling strongly to life, — at any rate, to life under mortal conditions. The spirit uses the body, and uses it thoroughly, but never comes to look upon it as other than a hindrance to the full realization of its aims. Hawthorne could not "resolve to live" in this world, because he inevitably desired, and felt the need of, the greater scope and freedom of a life emancipated from material conditions. Nevertheless, for the sake of those he loved, and who loved him, he was willing to co-operate in whatever measures they saw fit to adopt for the improvement of his condition. He would have preferred, perhaps, to await the end quietly; but he would not let his friends have the pain of supposing, after he was dead, that anything had been left undone that they could do. So he

started on his journey with Ticknor, determined that it should not be his fault if it did not do him all the good that was anticipated from it. Mr. Ticknor was an admirable companion for such an emergency,— active, cheerful, careful and sagacious, and full of affectionate regard for his charge. Whatever a man can do for his friend, he was ready and eager to do for Hawthorne.

They left Boston on the evening of the 28th, and arrived the next morning in New York. They put up at the Astor House, and remained there nearly a week, being imprisoned most of the time by rainy and inclement weather. Ticknor wrote repeatedly to Mrs. Hawthorne, describing Hawthorne's condition from day to day, and noting a slight but steady improvement. I subjoin these bulletins, the last of which was dated at Philadelphia, — the limit which destiny put to their travels together.

ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK, March 30, 1864.

MY DEAR MRS. HAWTHORNE, — I regret that I am too late for the afternoon mail, but that can't be helped now. A worse than a northeaster has prevailed here to-day. I have hardly been out of the house; Mr. Hawthorne not at all. But we have been very comfortable within. He needed the rest, and the storm seemed to say that both he and I must be content, and we have not complained. I do not think that Mr. Hawthorne suffered any inconvenience from the journey, but, on the contrary, I think he is better to-day

than when we started. He is looking better, and says he feels very well. It will take a few days to see what effect this change will have upon him; but I can't but hope that it will prove the right medicine. I shall remain here two or three days, and perhaps more. The storm has prevented my doing what I intended to-day, and of course I cannot at once decide what shall be best to do. I can only say that I hope the trip may accomplish what we all desire; and I have great faith. I will keep you advised.

Sincerely yours, W. D. TICKNOR.

MARCH 31, 1864.

DEAR MRS. HAWTHORNE, — The storm of yesterday continues, but not as violent. Mr. Hawthorne is improving, I trust. The weather makes everything very gloomy; notwithstanding, we took a short walk this morning. I hope the sun will appear to-morrow, so that we may see something of New York. Mr. Hawthorne left me, saying that he proposed to sleep an hour before dinner. He seems afraid that he shall eat too much, as he says his appetite is good. I assure him he is very prudent, and there is no fear of his eating too much. He slept well last night, and is evidently gaining strength. But it will take time to restore him.

Truly yours, W. D. T.

P. S. Mr. Hawthorne said this morning that he thought he must write home to-day; but I hardly think he will do so.

ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK, April 3, 1864.
12 o'clock, noon.

MY DEAR MRS. HAWTHORNE, — Your letter has just arrived. The mail was very late. I handed it to our "King," and he read it with interest and delight, and is now writing an answer. I assure you he is much improved, but he is yet very weak. The weather has been as bad as possible, and of course we have not been out much. I intended to have left New York yesterday, but I thought it not best to leave in a driving storm. We took quite a long walk this morning, and Mr. Hawthorne does not seem fatigued. I cannot now say where we go next, as I shall be governed by what shall seem best for him. We shall float along for a while. Probably to Philadelphia to-morrow. I will keep you posted, though at this time I do not feel like laying out any definite plan. I shall be much disappointed if our friend does not return in much better health than when he left Boston. We have been very quiet here, and this, I am satisfied, was the right thing at first. He slept well last night. I write this short note now, as you will have from him his own account.

Sincerely and truly yours,

W. D. TICKNOR.

ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK, April 4, 1864. 7 A. M.

MY DEAR MRS. HAWTHORNE, — I wrote you a short note yesterday upon the receipt of your letter. I have not much to add. The fact that we have a bright sun

to greet us this morning is most cheering. Yesterday afternoon we went to Central Park, in spite of the weather. Mr. Hawthorne seemed to enjoy the drive, and was not much fatigued on our return. We had a good cheerful evening in his room. He retired as usual at nine, and I hope to find him bright this morning. He is gaining strength, but very slowly. I think we may go to Philadelphia to-day, but am not certain. We could n't have had more unpleasant weather; but I tell him we will make it up by staying so much longer. Hearing from home did him much good. He reads the papers, moderately to be sure, but at first he declined entirely. His appetite is very good, but he eats very moderately. Perhaps it is as well, at present.

Sincerely yours,

W. D. TICKNOR.

PHILADELPHIA, April 7, 1864.

DEAR MRS. HAWTHORNE, — You will be glad to hear that our patient continues to improve. He wrote to you yesterday. He reads the papers, and sleeps well. The first real sunshine since we left Boston came upon us yesterday. On Tuesday it rained and blew furiously. Mr. Hawthorne did not go out; I only for an hour — by his permission; but was glad to return and keep within doors. It was too blue a day even to write. I hardly know how we got through the day. The bright sun of yesterday was a relief. We improved it. Made calls on some of the publishers,

then on Mr. John Grigg, a retired *rich* bookseller. After dinner a gentleman called and invited us to drive. We had a pleasant drive to Fairmount, Girard College, etc. Mr. Hawthorne seemed somewhat fatigued. Retired before nine. This morning he is bright, and said at breakfast he was feeling much better. Now, I don't know exactly what next, but, if he is inclined, I shall go to Baltimore. But it is not best to lay out a business plan, or feel that so much must be done in a given time. I tell him we will float along and see what "turns up." One thing is certain, it has been altogether too stormy to try the sea.

Sincerely and truly yours,

W. D. TICKNOR.

— Matters were looking thus far favorable, when, without warning, the fair prospect was made dark by Ticknor's sudden death. Such a calamity would have been a poignant shock to Hawthorne at the best of times, but it smote the very roots of his life now. From the patient, assisted and guided in every movement, he was all at once compelled to become responsible and executive; to make and to carry out all arrangements, and this among strangers, and when weighed down not only by physical weakness, but by heavy grief for the loss of his friend. A more untoward event — one more fatal in its consequences upon him — could scarcely have occurred. He found strength to perform the duties that had devolved

upon him, but it was the last strength he had. He telegraphed home the news, had the body prepared for transportation, and after its departure in charge of a son of Mr. Ticknor, who had come on for the purpose, he returned to Boston, — a melancholy and grievous journey. When, at last, he reached home, his wife was appalled at his aspect. He showed the traces of terrible agitation; his bodily substance seemed to have evaporated. He appeared to feel that there had been a ghastly mistake, — that he, and not Ticknor, should have died. There was pain in his glance, and heart-breaking recollections. He brooded over what had passed, and could not rouse himself. The image of death that he had witnessed would not be banished.

After Ticknor's funeral it speedily became evident that Hawthorne must not remain in Concord, or he would sink into the grave at once. Nothing, indeed, could have saved him now; but we could only feel that nothing must be left untried. Pierce immediately arranged with him for an excursion through Northern New England. No man was better fitted than Pierce to be of use to him. Of widely different natures, and of not less divergent tastes, pursuits, and experience, these two men had been life-long friends. They loved, understood, and believed in each other. They could afford each other, in the fullest sense, companionship; they could converse without words. The quiet, masculine charm of Pierce's manner, his knowledge of men and the world, his strength, and

his tenderness were, moreover, precious qualities in such nursing as was needed now. There was no man with whom Hawthorne would more willingly have passed the last hours of his life; and perhaps it was for this reason that he consented to go with him. He must have known that the journey was to be his final one, and that the farewell to his wife was probably the last farewell of all. And though to say good-by to the beloved woman who for more than twenty years had been nearest and dearest to him of anything in the world, must have been the worst pang of death, he could bear it, in the conviction he felt that he was thereby saving her from the lingering anguish of seeing him fade out of existence before her eyes. It was better for her that the blow should be dealt suddenly; that she should not know he was going, but only that he had gone. He had always dreaded the slow parting scenes that precede death, and had often expressed the hope that he might die in his sleep, and unawares. And it was according to his wish that the end came to him.

A few days before he and Pierce set forth, I came up to Concord from Cambridge to make some request of him. I remained only an hour, having to take the afternoon train back to the college. He was sitting in the bedroom upstairs; my mother and my two sisters were there also. It was a pleasant morning in early May. I made my request (whatever it was), and, after listening to the ins and outs of the whole matter, he acceded to it. I had half anticipated re-

fusal, and was the more gratified. I said good-by, and went to the door, where I stood a moment, looking back into the room. He was standing at the foot of the bed, leaning against it, and looking at me with a smile. He had on his old dark coat; his hair was almost wholly white, and he was very pale. But the expression of his face was full of beautiful kindness, — the gladness of having given his son a pleasure, and perhaps something more, that I did not then know of. His aspect at that moment, and the sunshine in the little room, are vivid in my memory. I never saw my father again.

The friends started about the middle of May, and, travelling leisurely, reached Plymouth, New Hampshire, on the 18th of the month. There is a little memorandum book, in which are jotted down, in a small and almost illegible handwriting, a few words as to the results of each day's journey; but there is no entry after the 17th. They put up at the Pemigewasset House, and Hawthorne went to bed early. Pierce's room communicated with Hawthorne's; the door was open between, and once or twice during the night Pierce went in to see whether his friend were resting easily. Hawthorne breathed quietly, and lay in a natural position, on his right side. Some time after midnight Pierce, who had been disturbed by the persistent howling of a dog in the courtyard of the hotel, went to Hawthorne's bedside again. He still lay in precisely the same position as when he first fell asleep; but no breathing was now perceptible. Pierce quickly

laid his hand on the sleeper's heart, and found that it had stopped beating.

By noon of that day the news of Hawthorne's death was known to his family and immediate friends. On the 20th I met General Pierce in Boston, and heard from him the details of the event. In the afternoon I took the train to Concord, and found my mother and sisters at the Wayside. The next day Hawthorne's body arrived. It was taken to the Unitarian Church, and the coffin was there decorated with flowers by Mrs. Hawthorne and her daughters. They showed that exalted kind of composure which is created by a grief too tender and profound for tears. But, indeed, he did not seem dead; we could only feel that a great change had come to pass, in the depths of which was a peace too sacred to be invaded by the common shows of mourning.

The funeral took place on the 23d, and was conducted by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, who had performed Hawthorne's marriage service two-and-twenty years before. The church was filled with a great crowd of people, most of them personal strangers to us, though not to Hawthorne's name. It was a mild, sunny afternoon, — "The one bright day in the long week of rain," as Longfellow has said; and the cemetery at Sleepy Hollow was full of the fragrance and freshness of May. The grave was dug at the top of the little hill, beneath a group of tall pines, where Hawthorne and his wife had often sat in days gone by, and planned their pleasure-house.

When the rites at the grave were over, the crowd moved away, and at last the carriage containing Mrs. Hawthorne followed. But at the gates of the cemetery stood, on either side of the path, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Pierce, Emerson, and half a dozen more; and as the carriage passed between them, they uncovered their honored heads in honor of Hawthorne's widow.

Miss Hawthorne had written as follows on receipt of the news of her brother's death:—

My dear Una, — Rebecca is going to write to you to tell you that I cannot come. I do not think you will be surprised. The shock was so terrible that I am too ill to make the necessary preparations. Happy are those who die, and can be at rest! When I look forward, I can anticipate nothing but sorrow; few people are so completely left alone as I am,— all have gone before me. It is sad to hear, as we sometimes do, of whole families being swept away by disease; but it is far sadder to be the only survivor. I cannot tell you how much I feel for you all. I suppose you were no better prepared for what has happened than I am. I have been anxious all the week to hear about Dr. Holmes's opinion, but I hoped everything from travelling. Perhaps it would have been an effectual remedy if poor Mr. Ticknor's unfortunate death had

not occurred. But now your father will never know old age and infirmity. I shall always think of him as I saw him in Concord, when he seemed to be in the prime of manhood. It is not desirable to live to be old. Dear Una, do let me know, as soon as you feel as if you could write, whatever there is to tell.

Your aunt,

E. M. HAWTHORNE.

— When the news reached England, Henry Bright wrote to Longfellow, asking particulars, and received this answer. The "lines" referred to are, of course, the well-known ones which Longfellow wrote soon after the funeral.

NAHANT, July 16, 1864.

MY DEAR MR. BRIGHT, — I have had the pleasure of receiving your very friendly letter, and make all haste to answer your affectionate inquiries about Hawthorne's illness. I first heard of it in the winter. He suddenly withdrew from the publisher the introductory chapter of the "Dolliver Romance," saying he was too unwell to go on with it. Later, he came to town, much worn and wasted, and discouraged about himself. Soon after came his journey to Philadelphia with Mr. Ticknor, who suddenly died there, as you have read in the papers, doubtless; and then his last journey with General Pierce to the White Mountains, from which he came no more back. This you will find, more in detail, in the July number of the "Atlantic" magazine; and in the August number

some lines by me on the funeral, which I will send you if I can get a copy in season.

Mrs. Hawthorne still remains in Concord, and people begin to find out what a loss they have suffered. I am glad to know how deeply you feel this loss; for I know, having heard it from his own lips, that he liked you more than any man in England. He always spoke of you with great warmth of friendship. I like very much your remarks in the "Examiner," and shall send them to Mrs. Hawthorne.

With kindest regards, yours truly,

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

— Mr. Bright himself wrote to me within the past year: —

". . . Your father's death was a great shock to me. I had hoped that our friendship might continue for years to come. I have beautiful letters from your mother and Una, but they are too sacred to publish. I need hardly say with what a feeling of affection I always regarded your father. He was almost the *best* man I ever knew, — and quite the most interesting. Nothing annoys me more than the word 'morbid' as applied to him, — he was the *least* morbid of men, with a singularly sweet temper, and a very far-reaching charity; he was reserved and (in a sense) a *proud* man, who did not care to be worried or bored by people he was not fond of. But he was, I am sure, a singularly happy man, — happy in all his domestic relations, happy in his own wonderful

imaginative faculty, and in the fame which he had achieved. He was full of a quiet common-sense, which contrasted strangely with the weird nature of his 'genius.' He had a strong sense of fun, too, and it was delightful when anything called out the low chuckle of his laughter. And then again I always felt with your father as Lord Carlisle once said he felt with Dr. Channing, — 'that you were in a presence in which nothing that was impure, base, or selfish could breathe at ease.'

"Justice has never yet been done to your mother. Of course she was overshadowed by *him*, — but she was a singularly accomplished woman, with a great gift of expression, and a most sympathetic nature; she was, too, an artist of no mean quality. Her 'Notes in England and Italy' contain much that is valuable, and much that is beautifully written. Dear Una, too, you will no doubt speak of her. Her memory must ever be very dear to all who knew her.

"You will (but you will know all this) find various allusions to my friendship with your father in various of his writings, — in the first chapter of 'Our Old Home,' twice within the last pages of the 'French and Italian Note-Books,' and often in the 'English Note-Books.' Here there may be some confusion: another Mr. B. (Mr. Bennoch, I think), also a third Mr. B. (Mr. Barber of Poulton), also a fourth Mr. B. (of the American Chamber of Commerce), are there mentioned. . . ."

— The present writer does not feel disposed to make a final summing-up of his subject's character, such as customarily closes a biography; but will append here a passage from a letter of Mrs. Hawthorne, which contains all that the occasion calls for. It was written soon after Hawthorne's death.

". . . Everything noble, beautiful, and generous in his action Mr. Hawthorne hid from himself, even more cunningly than he hid himself from others. He positively never contemplated the best thing he could do as in the slightest degree a personal matter; but somehow as a small concordance with God's order, — a matter of course. It was almost impossible to utter to him a word of commendation. He made praise show absurd and out of place, and the praiser a mean blunderer; so perfectly did everything take its true place before him. The flame of his eyes consumed compliment, cant, sham, and falsehood, while the most wretched sinners — so many of whom came to confess to him — met in his glance a pity and sympathy so infinite, that they ceased to be afraid of God, and began to return to Him. In his eyes, as Tennyson sings, 'God and Nature met in Light.' So that he could hardly be quarrelled with for veiling himself from others, since he veiled himself from himself. His own soul was behind the wings of the cherubim, — sacred, like all souls which have not been desecrated by the world. I never dared to gaze at him, even I, unless his lids were down. It seemed an invasion into a holy place. To the last, he was

in a measure to me a divine mystery; for he was so to himself. I have an eternity, thank God, in which to know him more and more, or I should die in despair. Even now I progress in knowledge of him, for he informs me constantly."

—Hawthorne's family remained at the Wayside until the autumn of 1868, when it was decided to go to Germany. We went first to New York, and after a week's stay there, sailed on a Bremen steamer on the 20th of October. We remained in Dresden until the summer of 1869, when I went back to America for a visit, leaving my mother and sisters in Dresden, whither I purposed to return again before winter. Circumstances, however, prevented this; and soon after, the outbreak of the Franco-German war constrained Mrs. Hawthorne to take her daughters to London. Here they dwelt, amid a circle of pleasant friends, for two years.

Before leaving America Mrs. Hawthorne had suffered from a severe attack of typhoid pneumonia, which came near proving fatal; and during the winter of 1870–71, in London, she had a return of the disease, and this time she did not recover. Her daughter Una, who tended her throughout, has left an account of this last illness, which may be quoted here: —

"On Saturday, the 11th of February, Mr. Channing was to lecture at the Royal Institution rooms, and mamma and I agreed to meet there at the appointed time. It proved to be the last thing I ever did with

her. I arrived first. She was quite late, but at last I saw the darling little black figure at the door, her face looking very pale and tired; but it lighted up when she saw me, and she said, 'Oh, there you are, my darling! I have been waiting for you downstairs.' The lecture was somewhat of a disappointment to us, and the next day mamma felt very tired. But she had an invitation to take tea with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hughes, and looked forward to it with so much pleasure that she made an effort to go. She came downstairs looking lovely, as she always did when dressed to go out, with delicate black lace on her white hair, and fastened under her chin, and a jet coronet; and she said, as always, 'Do you like my looks?' with her radiant, caressing smile. She came home very early, and could hardly wait to get upstairs before she exclaimed, 'Whom do you think I have seen? whom do you think?—Mr. Browning!' Then she gave us a glowing account of how delightedly he came forward to meet her; how he said he had been most anxious to see her, and was only waiting to hear we were settled in order to call; and how charming her talk with him was altogether. He was the only other guest; and Mrs. Hughes made tea on the parlor hob, and called their pretty children down for mamma to see; and Mr. Hughes was beaming, and she felt so glad she had not stayed at home.

"On Monday she felt very weary again; but Mr. Channing was to lecture once more, and she said she felt she ought to go, because so few people went, and

he must feel so discouraged; so she dragged herself there, and afterwards to call on Lady Amberly by appointment. The next day, Tuesday, a man came who was to finish hanging the pictures under mamma's directions, and do various other little jobs; and she wanted to oversee everything herself, and got dreadfully tired. As I was bidding her good-night, she said, 'I have a sort of defenceless feeling, as if I had no refuge.' It struck a chill to my heart; for they were the exact words she used the night before she was stricken with her dreadful illness in America. She did not, and indeed hardly could, look more pale and tired than she had often done during the last month or more; but she would never spare herself, and was always going beyond her strength, and I had been feeling very anxious about her, without seeing any possible way to make a change.

"The next morning when Louisa, the servant, brought my warm water, she said, 'I think your mamma seems very poorly, Miss.' It seems she had had nausea during the night, and when I went down she was looking wretchedly, — very feverish, lying with closed eyes, and other symptoms I knew too well. I wrote at once to the doctor; but then, fearing the note would be delayed, I sent Louisa in a cab with another note, and the doctor came. This was Wednesday, February 15, and during the following week she constantly spit blood. The nausea was almost unabated, and she had severe headache and much fever. The left lung was congested until the

last three or four days, when it began to clear, and pleurisy came on. The tongue and lips were parched, so that speech was difficult, and her words hard to catch, and her breathing was very short and hard, and terribly fatiguing; so that she often said, 'Oh, if I could rest from this a little while!' I made my bed on the couch every night, but there was little to do except to give her medicine every hour. Her continued sickness made her loathe food, and she would take only a little milk and water. At first the doctor was not anxious about her; and having inquired particularly about her former illness, and learned that it was worse, he said he could feel no doubt of her getting well. But when her strength decreased day by day, I saw that his anxiety was growing; and I, seeing how a few days had brought mamma where it took several weeks to bring her before, began to feel most terribly anxious indeed. She was very unwilling to yield to her weakness, and at first she would say, 'Now you can go to sleep, dear, and put the watch near me, and the medicine to take.' But she made no rejoinder when I would not consent.

"One day I had left Rose with her for a little while, and when I came back was utterly astonished to see her sitting up almost straight; and then I first realized how ill she looked. She said she wanted to ease her head. Of course she soon sank back, for she would not let me hold her, having a strange dislike of being touched in this illness. She wandered slightly, though she always answered a question

clearly; but she would sometimes think she was in the rush and noise of Piccadilly, or doing some wearisome and difficult thing. At other times the spheres of people she knew would seem to haunt her. Once she said, speaking of a friend of ours in Dresden, — Edward Hosmer, — 'I think he was a good, true man, — kind-hearted.'

"A letter came from her old Boston friend, Mrs. Augustus Hemmenway, which gave her much pleasure, though she was only able to hear from me the chief news in it. Then one came from Fanny Cammann, with a photograph of herself. Mamma was very anxious to see the photograph, and I gave it to her with a large magnifying-glass, and she held them for a long time, opening her eyes to look every now and then. At last she dropped them, and said, 'I can't see much, but it is very handsome.' Another letter came from Annie Bright, enclosing some snowdrops, which I put in water and they opened out beautifully; and I held them up to mamma and told her about them, and she was much pleased.

"The least noise was most distressing to her, and we had the door-knocker taken off, and sent away every hand-organ in the vicinity. There was a persistent church-bell which rang a long time, twice a day, and annoyed mamma excessively. I sent several times to ask them to ring only a few minutes; but they made scarcely any change.

"She liked the doctor, and his visits were always a pleasure to her. The only time she opened her eyes

with her own starry smile was at one of his visits; and another time she held out both her hands. 'My good, cold doctor!' she called him, for his hands were always cool, and she liked to have him put them on her head. He had a soothing influence upon her. He was much touched by her regard, and by her always inquiring after his wife and children.

"The least start or emotion was so liable to make her cough, that I seldom ventured to talk to her; and it was a day or two after a long letter from Julian came, that I told her of it. She smiled brightly, but did not speak till a good while after. She then said, 'Julian.' So then I gave her a sketch of the letter, and told her about Julian's arrangements in New York, and of his love for her. She was very happy in his marriage.

"On Monday, the 20th, she was very ill, and I began to feel as if the responsibility and care were wearing out my strength; and yet I did not know which way to turn for just the help I needed, when Mrs. Bennoch's Ellen walked in, and said, if I would let her, she would be most glad to stay with me. I felt at once she was the only person I should be glad to have; mamma also was fond of her, and now needed all we could both do. Ellen had so many nice little ways, and was so tender. The next two days mamma seemed a little better; we could lift her from one side of the bed to the other, which was a great refreshment. It was sweet to me always to notice how conscious mamma was of my presence, through

her closed eyes. She was glad to have Ellen relieve me, but she wanted me to be there just the same. Once Ellen and Louisa were lifting her, and she said, 'What is Una doing?' 'Oh, I am moving the pillows, mamma.' And then she smiled.

"We had a rubber hot-water bottle which was a great comfort to her; but once, in the middle of the night, when we wanted it very much, the stopper would not unscrew. Ellen, Louisa, and I all tried in vain. At last, as I was sitting before the fire, hopelessly turning it, it suddenly came off. We did not know mamma was aware of what was going on; but when we put it in the bed, she said, 'Who got the stopper out at last?' 'I did, mamma.' And though she did not say anything, I knew she was glad I did it. I sent for an air-pillow, which was a great rest to her. She asked, 'Oh, who thought of this?' I told her that I did, and she said, 'Just like my darling. She always thinks of the best things. There is nobody like her in the world!' I told her how many people came to inquire after her, and how dearly everybody loved her; and the sweet, deprecating look showed faintly on her face again.

"On one of these two comparatively happy days, when mamma was looking a little brighter, Lady Hardy sent up a loving message to her, and a request that I might go for a half-hour's drive with her. Mamma was delighted to have me go, and I shall never forget how sweet Lady Hardy was. She took me in Kensington Gardens, by the water; and it was

one of those exquisite, prophetic days, when all spring seems in the sunny air and the returning birds; and she watched the freshening of my face, and my enjoyment of it, with a sympathy that went to my heart. And I did feel, for a little while, as if my fears might be lightened after all.

"But the shadow came down again when I entered that hushed room, and mamma looked so much more ill in contrast with the bright air and the singing birds. I had hitherto worn a black dress, which I thought mamma liked; and at night I was robed in a blue dressing-gown. To my surprise, mamma now said, 'I wish you would n't wear that old thing: why don't you wear the purple one I bought for you?' I said I would; and, thinking her dear eyes might enjoy brightness of color, I wore in the daytime a purple merino, prettily made, and purple ribbons in my hair. The first time, I said, 'See, mamma, I have put on my nicest gown, and made myself look as pretty as I could.' It took several openings of her eyes to examine me all over, and then she said, 'Yes, that is very nice; you do look very pretty.' And I noticed the first time I came to her in the night, she looked to see if I had on the right dressing-gown.

"Until the 23d, I had always sent Ellen to bed about ten, having myself taken a sleep before; and I did the night nursing myself. But that night (Thursday) Ellen begged me to go regularly to bed in my own room; and mamma seemed quiet, and

Ellen felt quite able to take care of her. So I went, rather unwillingly; but when I fairly got to bed, the first time for nine nights, I remember nothing more, until Ellen's voice roused me, to ask about a lotion; for she said mamma had a pain in her chest, and wanted it. If I had not been so heavy with sleep, I should have gone down at once; but I hardly knew where I was for a moment, and mechanically gave Ellen the direction. It seemed but a moment after that Ellen came again, and said, 'You must come, please, Miss Una. Your mamma thinks nobody else can do anything for her.'

"I was wide awake in a second, then, and flew downstairs in an agony to think I had ever consented to leave her; but, indeed, I could not have foreseen the dreadful pain in which I found her. I think I must understand something of the agony of love with which a mother would rush to her child, for our positions seemed reversed; and I saw that Ellen's unwillingness to wake me had made her try things herself, when what mamma really wanted was to have me.

"'Oh,' she said, 'Ellen is so kind; but she does n't know what I wanted. I have such a terrible pain, it seems as if I could n't bear it; and I 'm sure the lotion will make it better.' It seems she had felt this pain beginning before I went upstairs, but had not said anything about it, because she thought nothing could be done for it. I put the lotion on her chest, but after a few moments she said it did not

burn at all; and then, that her chest suddenly felt terribly cold. I heated some of the lotion almost boiling hot, and put it on again, and even laid the bottle of boiling water over it, without the slightest effect. The pain became so excruciating that every breath was a cry; and Ellen and I, after trying every conceivable thing, were at our wit's end indeed; and I was most seriously alarmed, for the pain was in an entirely new place, and the doctor had told me the congestion was clearing, which had encouraged me very much. I think in this world I can never pass such awful hours again. Mamma, I am sure, thought she was dying, and once in a while she gasped, 'Oh, how long can this last! Oh, I cannot draw another breath!' And then every breath began to be a rattle in her throat, and tossed her about the bed; and I, knowing what her weakness really was, expected almost every moment would be the last. It was awful to think of her dying in such an agony; but I did pray from my heart that this might be the last time she would ever suffer so. And so the night wore away like weary years, and I hung over her broken-hearted, thinking, 'O Lord, how long, how long!' About six o'clock she became quiet, but hardly had strength to draw her breath; and I did nothing but listen for the doctor.

"The moment he saw her his face fell, and he said, 'Oh, what has happened?' and he was quite overcome for a moment. She smiled faintly as he took her hand, and said, 'Oh, such a bad

night!' He stayed a long time, rubbing her chest with oil, soothing her head, giving her brandy, and ordering various comforting things. When I followed him out of the room, he said he was very much alarmed about her, the exhaustion was so complete, and the disease had taken a turn for which he was not in the least prepared; and he said he would come again very soon, with another physician. Then the cold certainty came over me that hope was really gone; and when the door closed on him I sat down in the dining-room and shed a few bitter tears. Louisa came up to me, and, crying herself, said, 'Don't give way, Miss Una; while there 's life there 's hope.' I went back, quiet and cheerful again, and the hours seemed to pass very slowly till the doctors came.

"After talking together awhile they came into mamma's room, and our doctor said, bending over her, 'I have brought a friend of mine to see you, Mrs. Hawthorne.' She made a slight, consenting motion with her head, and opened her eyes to look at the new face. It was a kind, careful face; and he was quite an elderly man. He examined and questioned her very closely, and I interpreted the faint answers that no one else could understand. At last he bent over her, and said gently, 'You are very, very ill; but I see cause for some encouragement, and, please God, I hope you will get well.' Again she moved her head, and said, 'Yes.' After a long talk in another room they called me, and I saw by Dr. Wyld's agitated face that he, at least, had little

hope. The other doctor was spokesman, and told me that it was typhoid pneumonia, complicated with some other congestion; but still there were encouraging symptoms, if mamma could only rally from her excessive prostration; but this, he felt, was very doubtful. Still, I must not lose hope. If she could be kept from the least cough or disturbance, and with constant stimulants and nourishment, she might get through.

"When I went back, mamma asked me what they thought, and I said, 'They think you are dangerously ill, mamma, but you have so much vitality there is great hope still.' She said, 'I know the other doctor did not think I would live.' This I disclaimed, and talked to her cheerfully. She was very quiet all the afternoon, and who can tell how breathlessly Ellen and I watched her! And there was now the consolation of having little things to do for her constantly, and seeing her take nourishment in tiny quantities. She hated the taste of the brandy, and always made a face at it. When the doctor came in the evening, he stayed for several hours, going into her room two or three times to see how she got on. The last time, he said, 'Mrs. Hawthorne, I have now come to see how you feel, and to say good-night.' After he had gone, mamma said, 'I know the doctor thinks I am very ill.' 'Yes, mamma,' I said, 'he is very anxious, but we have great hope still.'

"Ellen would not consent to leave me, and after a while mamma noticed we were both there, and said,

'I don't see why you are both sitting up: I think one would do.' I said, 'Well, I am going to lie down by you now, mamma.' So I made Ellen lie down on the sofa, and placed myself on one side of mamma's broad bed, with the medicines and other things within my reach. And so the night passed peacefully; and on the next day (Saturday) I felt hope reviving again.

". . . In the course of the afternoon she said suddenly, 'Have you telegraphed to Julian?'—'Why, no, mamma, I never thought of it.' She said reproachfully, 'Oh, you should have telegraphed.'—'But you know, mamma, we hope you will get better.' I felt great sorrow that she should have thought of this, yet I could not but think it would have been a great mistake, and unnecessary pain to Julian.

"Mamma had been very fond of our kitten, which was a remarkably bright and pretty one, and used to come and lie on her bed, and cuddle up under her chin in the mornings. But the day she was taken ill kitty had disappeared, and we never saw her again. On this afternoon I happened to say, 'We have lost kitty, mamma;' and she said, 'Oh, I have wondered where she was, and why she did not come to see me. I know if she would lie on my chest it would make it warm.'

"It was near eleven o'clock that night, as Ellen and I were preparing to lie down, and were feeling quite cheerful, that mamma suddenly cried out, 'Send for the doctor!' I glanced at her face, on which

there was a deathly change, and I flew downstairs to call Louisa. She ran out of her room, and seized my hands, sobbing, and exclaiming, 'Oh, Miss Una, I could not go to bed, for I knew you 'd want to send!' In a moment she was gone, with orders to drive at utmost speed; and she was no sooner gone, than I remembered, with perfect misery, that I had directed her to the doctor's house, instead of to the place he told me. This occasioned some delay, though it was not more than an hour before he arrived. But poor mamma kept saying, 'Why does n't he come? Why does n't he come?' She complained of most deathly faintness and sinking; 'Oh, I never felt anything like this before!' and she eagerly took brandy, and asked for ammonia to smell, and said, 'I know when these things are needed. I never needed them before.' She said, 'There was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour. I know now how long half an hour can be!' I had told Rose, and she sat on the stairs till after the doctor came, and then she came into mamma's room, and did not go out again. She had been hysterical and frightened, but now she was perfectly calm and sweet. I was kneeling by the bed, and holding up mamma in my arms, when the doctor came in; and there was no need of words between us. He gave stronger stimulants than I had dared to use, — even spoonfuls of ammonia, with scarcely any water; but with hardly perceptible effect. After that mamma said, 'I pinned my faith on the ammonia; now I know

nothing can be done.' Her breathing became very labored, and she said, 'Oh, can't you give me something to make me sleep?' Dr. Wyld took me aside, and said it could only be a question of a few hours,— that there was absolutely no hope; but that if he gave her chloroform, it might hasten the end. It was very hard for me to say yes; but suddenly mamma said, 'Why do you wait? Can't you give me anything?' And I said, 'Yes, anything to give her a moment's ease.' So the chloroform was sent for; but even that only rendered her partially unconscious, and the deathlike rattle in her throat came all the time.

"Then I had the relief, for a little while, of passionate tears, down on the floor beside her, sobbing, and calling for Julian — Julian! It seemed as if I could not bear to have him away. And yet almost at once the revulsion came, 'Oh, I am so glad this agony is spared him! He could be of no use to her.' But oh, how I longed for him, to feel I had some one to do more than I! There was the bitter sense that mamma would never need my self-control or tender care again.

"Then I went out and sat by the doctor, and he told me that he did not think anything could have been done to save her, and, at the best, it could have been but for a very little while. She was too delicate, and unable to bear the slightest shock. Otherwise, she would not have failed so rapidly, for the actual complaint she began with was not sufficient to account for it.

"After a while the doctor went home to sleep; Rose and Ellen also lay down. I never expected to hear mamma's voice again, and it was as if she spoke after death, when she suddenly exclaimed that she wanted more air. Again the agony of losing her woke up fully in my heart, and also a wild hope that, if she could rally so wonderfully, she might get over it after all. We kindled the fire up brightly, and then opened the window wide, and the cold air from the starless night rushed in. We raised mamma upon pillows. She said she hoped Rose had gone to bed, and told Ellen to lie down; and then she said, 'Una, come here.' I got on the outside of the bed, and crept close up behind her, as she lay on her side; and so the rest of the night passed in a sort of dream, that was not rest nor sleep, but more a conscious holding of one's breath to hear the end.

"When the gray dawn came, she said she was very cold. We heated flannel and bottles, and put cotton-wool all about her face and neck. The upper part of her face looked already exquisite in its pale peace; but there was an expression of intense pain and laboring for breath about her mouth. She frequently opened her eyes partially, and seemed to take a yearning, fading look, that became more and more dim. We offered some nourishment, but she shook her head. 'No — no more — that is past!' And then I knew it was only a question of how long her unaided strength would flicker to the end. She had been very sensitive to touch throughout the illness;

but now I sat down close by the bed, where she could see me whenever she opened her eyes, and laid my hand close beside hers. In a few moments she grasped it, and held it with so tight a clasp, that, for hours after her death, I felt as if her hand were still in mine. Then I knew I was beginning the last precious office I could do for her on earth, — to make her conscious of my love and strength while she trod with her own sweet patience through the valley of the shadow of death.

"With my other hand I fanned her all the time with a slow, regular motion, hour after hour, hoping — praying that my strength might last while she lived. When her eyes were closed, the tears would pour over my face, and Ellen or Rose would wipe them away. They wanted me to let them take my place, but, if I had known I should die, I would not have left it. I felt as if my hand spoke to her all the words of cheer and comfort that I could not say, and to which doubtless she could not have listened. I was not sure she could see me, but whenever her eyes were partly open, I could smile brightly at her; and I answered a good many things that I knew she might be thinking about, if she could think at all, as I do not doubt she did. Once she said, very slowly, 'I am tired — too tired — I am — glad to go — I only — wanted to live — for you — and Rose.' Another time she said, 'Flowers — flowers — ' and I told them to bring an exquisite white hyacinth; and she smiled. Rose had brought in a little yellow crocus,

early in the morning, the first that had come up; and I told her about it, and it was laid on the bed beside her. The sweet church-bells sounded, and the sun shone brightly. 'It is Sunday morning, mamma, and a very lovely day.' Towards noon I saw that the little crocus had opened wide upon the quilt, — a perfect sun. Presently Mrs. Bennoch came in, and knelt down at the head of the bed. The doctor came in, and mamma seemed to know it, and, with a great effort, stretched out her other hand, and he knelt down, and hid his face upon it. I rose up, still holding her precious hand, and Rose came and stood behind me. Some one at the foot of the bed was sobbing; but I did not want to cry, then. I did not look at her face any more when I heard the last struggle for breath, but held her hand tighter. Then a breathless stillness and silence. I laid her hand gently down, still without looking, and Rose and I went upstairs together. . . .

"The next day we drove out and got flowers, the whitest and most fragrant, and put them around her on the bed, and they were kept there, fresh and fragrant, until the next Friday; and we would come in, from the sad business we were obliged to attend to, and gather peace and strength. Her face looked more and more like an angel's; a delicate color stayed upon the cheeks, a lovely smile upon the slightly parted lips; her beautiful white hair was brushed a little back from her face, under a pretty cap, and her waxen hands lay softly folded against each other upon her

breast; the last day we took off her wedding ring and I wore it. The Friday was my birthday, and I sat beside her a long time, and her presence seemed to bless me, as she had always done upon my birthday.

"On Saturday we followed her to Kensal Green, and she was laid there on a sunny hillside looking towards the east. We had a head and foot stone of white marble, with a place for flowers between, and Rose and I planted some ivy there that I had brought from America, and a periwinkle from papa's grave. The inscription is, — *Sophia, wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne;* and on the foot-stone, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'"

— Sophia Hawthorne had been loved by every one who knew her. She had given happiness and emancipation to one of the foremost men of his time. Apart from her blessed influence, he could never have become the man he was. Greater humility, tenderness, enlightenment, and strength have not been combined in a woman. She lived for her husband; and when he died, her love of life died also; but her children remained, and she stayed in this world for their sake. Their love and support was the very breath of her existence: had these failed, or had she felt that they no longer needed her, she would have vanished at once. Her every act and thought had reference to them; it was almost appalling to be the object of such limitless devotion and affection.

During these closing years of her life she had occupied much of her time in transcribing her husband's journals for publication. This work was a great pleasure to her, for much of the material she had never till then read, and much of it recalled scenes and events in which they had participated; so that it seemed as if they were still conversing together. Indeed, from a short time after his departure until the hour came for her to rejoin him, she always had a feeling that he was near her, — that their separation was of the senses only, not spiritual. After the journals were published, she turned to the posthumous novels, and had begun the transcription of "Grimshawe" when her earthly career ceased. Afterwards, her daughter Una, assisted by Robert Browning, deciphered the manuscript of "Septimius," and it was published in the "Atlantic Monthly," and then in book form in England and America. Meanwhile "Grimshawe" was lost sight of, and only came to light again recently.

The preceding transcript from Una's journal has a double interest, — in respect of its subject, and in respect of the light it throws upon the writer's character. The first-born child of Hawthorne and his wife was in every way worthy of her parents. Whatever they had hoped and prayed for was fulfilled in her character. Her short life was acquainted with more than enough of sadness; but no occasion for the manifestation of truth, charity, generosity, self-sacrifice, ever

found her wanting. After her mother's death she lived in London, and devoted herself for several years to the care of orphan and destitute children. Her great heart longed to love and benefit all poor and unhappy persons, and she brought succor and happiness to many. Her intellect was active and capacious, and at one period of her life took a radical turn, questioning and testing all things with a boldness and penetration, combined with a sound impartiality, rare in the feminine mind. But at length the lofty religious bias of her nature triumphed over all doubts, and she was confirmed in the Church of England. After leaving London, she lived for a time with her brother in Dresden; and then made a visit to her married sister in New York, where she became acquainted with Albert Webster, a young writer who bade fair to do great things for American literature. When I moved to London, she rejoined me there; and Webster wrote, offering her marriage. She accepted him. His health was delicate, and, in order to strengthen it, he started on a voyage to the Sandwich Islands. He died on the passage; and a friend wrote to Una, announcing the news. The letter came one afternoon, as we were all sitting in our little library. She began to read, but after a moment quickly turned over the page and glanced on the other side. "Ah — yes!" she said, slowly, with a slight sigh. She made no complaint, nor gave way to any passion of grief; but she seemed to become spiritualized, — to relinquish the world, along with her hopes of happiness in it. She made

no change in her daily life and occupations. She was a "district visitor" in the church, and she continued to make her regular rounds as usual. But before the end of the year her dark auburn hair had become quite gray, and her vital functions and organs were (as the physician afterwards told me) those of an old woman. In the summer of 1877 I went to Hastings with my family; but Una preferred to pay a visit to some friends of hers in a sort of Protestant convent at the little town of Clewer, near Windsor. We had no suspicion — nor, I think, had she — that her health was even precarious. But ten days after our parting I received a telegram from Clewer stating that Una was dangerously ill. Leaving Hastings immediately, I arrived at Clewer at midnight. The lady who met me at the railway-station said, "You are too late." We drove to the convent, and there, in the little cell-like room, on a narrow bed, she lay. She had died within an hour after the telegram was sent. We laid her in Kensal Green Cemetery, close beside her mother.

Hawthorne's nature was so large, vigorous, and in many respects unprecedented, and his objective activity was at the same time so disproportionately small, that it would be impossible to give his portrait relief and solidity without the aid of such reflections and partial reproductions of himself as were presented in those nearest and dearest to him. They serve to humanize and define what would else seem vague and obscure. He was a man who easily and indeed in-

evitably produced an impression upon the observer, but whom it was very difficult to know. Superficial men are readily described and understood; but men like Hawthorne can never be touched and dissected, because the essence of their character is never concretely manifested. They must be studied more in their effects than in themselves; and, at last, the true revelation will be made only to those who have in themselves somewhat of the same mystery they seek to fathom.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

SINCE the Biography was in print, the author has received from Mrs. Horace Mann the three following letters, written by Hawthorne to her husband at the time of his ejection from the Custom House. While they do not add anything of importance to our knowledge of the situation, they are interesting as defining his attitude in his own words, and as incidental evidence of the independence of his personal character.

SALEM, June 26, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have just received your note, in which you kindly offer me your interest towards reinstating me in the office of Surveyor.

I was perfectly in earnest in what I told Elizabeth, and should still be unwilling to have you enter into treaty with Mr. King, Mr. Upham, or other members of the local party, in my behalf. But, on returning here, I found a state of things rather different from what I expected; the general feeling being strongly in my favor, and a disposition to make a compromise, advantageous to me, on the part of some, at least, of those who had

acted against me. The "Essex Register" of yesterday speaks of an intention to offer me some better office than that of which I have been deprived. Now I do not think that I can, preserving my self-respect, accept of any compromise. No other office can be offered me, that will not have been made vacant by the removal of a Democrat; and even if there were such an office, still, as charges have been made against me, complete justice can be done only by placing me exactly where I was before. This also would be the easiest thing for the Administration to do, as they still hold my successor's commission suspended. A compromise might indeed be made, not with me, but with Captain Putnam, by giving him a place in this Custom House, — which would be of greater emolument than my office; and I have reason to believe that the Collector would accede to such an arrangement. Perhaps this idea might do something towards inducing Mr. Meredith to make the reinstatement.

I did not intend to involve you in this business, nor, indeed, have I desired any friend to take up my cause; but if, in view of the whole matter, you should see fit to do as Mr. Mills advises, I shall feel truly obliged. Of course, after consenting that you should use your influence in my behalf, I should feel myself bound to accept the reinstatement, if offered. I beg you to believe, also, that I would not allow you to say a word for me if I did not know that I have within my power a complete refutation of any charges of official misconduct that have been or may be brought against me.

Sophia and the children are well. The managers of

the Lyceum desire to know if you will deliver two lectures for them, before the Session of Congress.

Very truly yours,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

Hon. HORACE MANN, West Newton.

SALEM, July 2, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am inclined to think, from various suspicious indications that I have noticed or heard of, between the Whigs and one or two of my subordinate officers, that they are concocting, or have already concocted, a new set of charges against me. Would it not be a judicious measure for you to write to the Department, requesting a copy of these charges, that I may have an opportunity of answering them? There can be nothing (setting aside the most direct false testimony, if even that) which I shall not have it in my power either to explain, defend, or disprove. I had some idea of calling for these charges through the newspapers; but it would bring on a controversy which might be interminable, and could only, however clearly I should prove my innocence, make my reinstatement the more difficult; so that I judge it best to meet the charges in this way, — always provided that there are any. It grieves me to give you so much trouble; but you must recollect that it was your own voluntary kindness, and not my importunity, that involved you in it.

Very truly yours,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

SALEM, Aug. 8, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR, — My case is so simple, and the necessary evidence comes from so few sources and is so

direct in its application, that I think I cannot mistake my way through it; nor do I see how it can be prejudiced by my remaining quiet for the present. I will sketch it to you as briefly as possible.

Mr. Upham accuses me of suspending one or more Inspectors, for refusing to pay party-subscriptions, and avers that I sent them a letter of suspension by a messenger, whom he names, and that — I suppose after the payment of the subscriptions — I withdrew the suspension.

I shall prove that a question was referred to me, as chief executive officer of the Custom House, from the Collector's office, as to what action should be taken on a letter from the Treasury Department requiring the dismissal of our temporary Inspectors. We had two officers in that position. They were Democrats, men with large families and no resources, and irreproachable as officers; and for these reasons I was unwilling that they should lose their situations. In order, therefore, to comply with the spirit of the Treasury order, without removing these two men, I projected a plan of suspending them from office during the inactive season of the year, but without removing them, and in such a manner that they might return to duty when the state of business should justify it. I wrote an order (which I still hold in my possession) covering these objects, which, however, was not intended to be acted on immediately, but for previous consultation with the Deputy Collector and the head clerk. On consulting the latter gentleman, he was of opinion, for various reasons, which he cited, that the two Inspectors might be allowed to remain undisturbed until further orders from the Treasury, to which, as the responsibility was entirely with the Collector's department, I made no objec-

tion. And here, so far as I had any knowledge or concern, the matter ended.

But it is said that I notified the Inspectors of their suspension by a certain person, who is named. I have required an explanation of this person; and he at once avowed that, being aware of this contemplated movement, and being in friendly relations with these two men, he thought it his duty to inform them of it; but he most distinctly states that he did it without my authority or knowledge, and that he will testify to this effect whenever I shall call upon him so to do. I did not inquire what communication he had with the two Inspectors, or with either of them; for I look upon his evidence as clearing me, whatever may have passed between him and them. But my idea is (I may be mistaken, but it is founded on some observation of the manœuvres of small politicians, and knowing the rigid discipline of Custom Houses as to party-subscriptions) that there really was an operation to squeeze an assessment out of the recusant Inspectors, under the terror of an impending removal or suspension; that one of the Inspectors turned traitor, and was impelled, by the threats and promises of Mr. Upham and his coadjutors, to bring his evidence to a pretty direct point on me; and that Mr. Upham, in his memorial to the Treasury Department, defined and completed the lie in such shape as I have given it above. But I do not see how it can stand, for a moment, against my defence.

The head clerk (the same Mr. Burchmore whose letter I transmitted to you) was turned out a week ago, and will gladly give his evidence at any moment, proving the grounds on which I acted. The other person, who is said

to have acted as messenger, is still in office, as Weigher and Gauger, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars per annum. He is a poor man, having been in office but two years, and expended all his income in paying debts for which he was an indorser; and he now wishes to get a few hundred dollars to carry him to California, or give him some other start in life. Still he will come forward if I call upon him, but of course would rather wait for his removal, which will doubtless take place before the session of Congress. Meantime I have no object to attain, worth purchasing at the sacrifice he must make. My Surveyorship is lost; and I have no expectation, nor any desire, of regaining it. My purpose is simply to make such a defence to the Senate as will insure the rejection of my successor, and thus satisfy the public that I was removed on false or insufficient grounds. Then, if Mr. Upham should give me occasion — or perhaps if he should not — I shall do my best to kill and scalp him in the public prints; and I think I shall succeed. . . .

[Here a dozen lines or so have been cut out by Mrs. Mann, to satisfy the rapacity of some autograph-fiend, who, should this meet his eye, is requested to forward a copy of the passage to the publishers.]

I mean soon to comply with your kind invitation to come and see you, not on the above business, but because I think of writing a school-book, — or, at any rate, a book for the young, — and should highly prize your advice as to what is wanted, and how it should be achieved. I mean as soon as possible — that is to say, as soon as I can find a cheap, pleasant, and healthy residence — to remove into the country, and bid farewell forever to this abominable city; for, now that my mother is gone, I have no

longer anything to keep me here. — Sophia and the children are pretty well. With my best regards to Mrs. Mann, I am

Very truly yours,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

P. S. Do pardon me for troubling you with this long letter; but I am glad to put you in possession of the facts, in case of accidents.

— The order of suspension above referred to (with the day of the month left blank) is given below.

NOTICE.

SURVEYOR'S OFFICE, SALEM, Nov. —, 1847.

The services of temporary officers being seldom required at this season of the year, Messrs. Millet and Laidsey will consider themselves relieved from duty, after the discharge of the vessels on which they may be at present engaged, unless when the permanent Inspectors are all employed.

NATH. HAWTHORNE, *Surveyor.*

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